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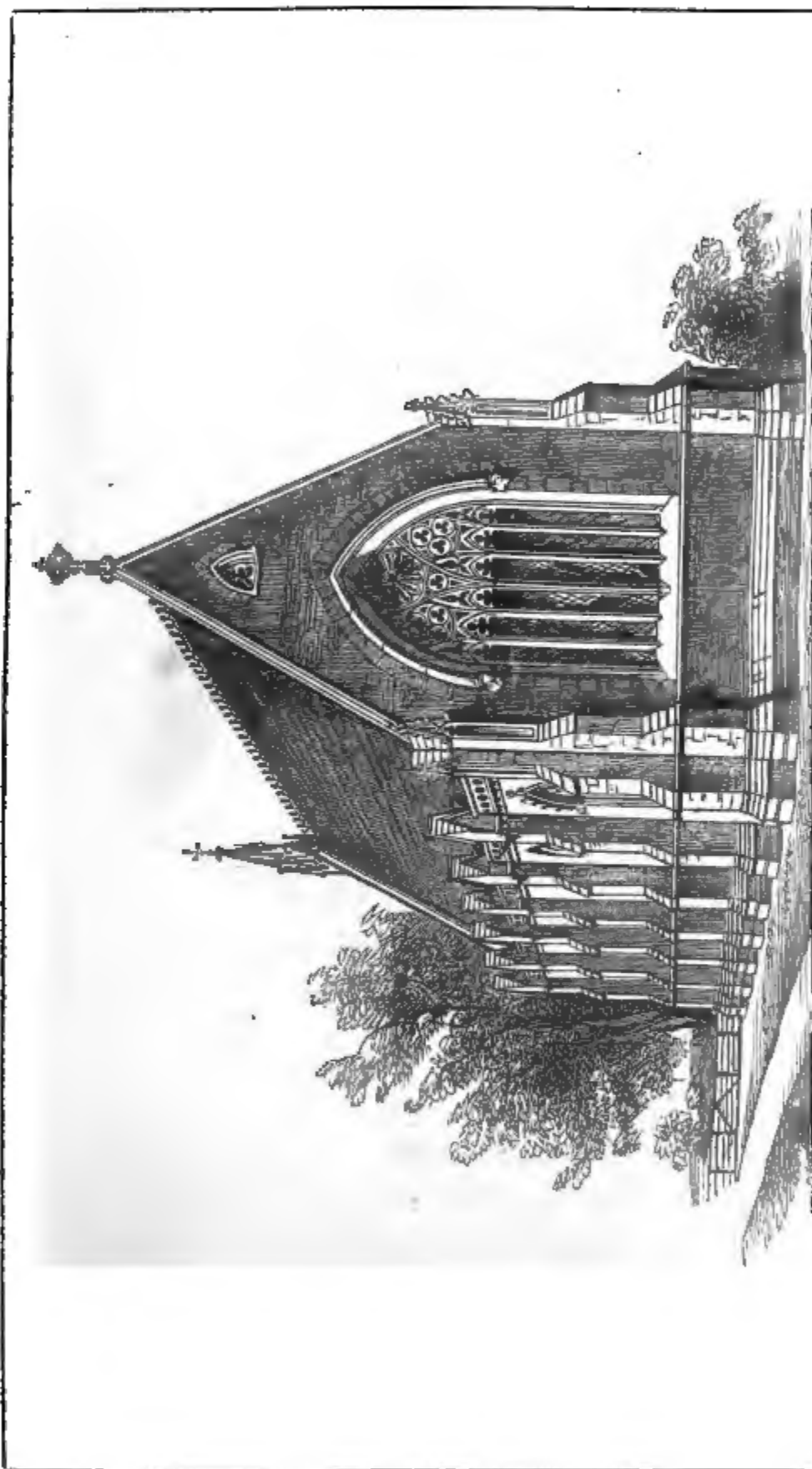
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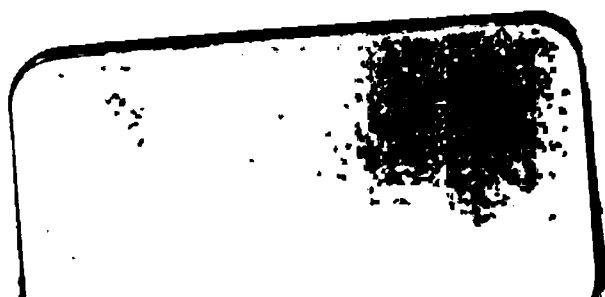
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[JANUARY, 1860.]

THE WYNNES; OR, MANY MEN, MANY MINDS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HOUSEHOLD RECORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

BARBARA awoke the next morning to find the sun streaming in gloriously, and to hear the birds singing gaily outside, but to feel at her own heart a dull heavy weight: few perhaps reach her age, without having at least, once thus awakened. What was it? she soon remembered, lay sad enough one minute, then met her gloomy temper with the surest weapons, sprang out of bed, said her prayers, and dressed with as much alacrity as if she was bound to be down at seven instead of eight.

Her energetic measures were rewarded; when brooch was fastened and sleeves buttoned, she felt brisk and blithe, though it would have been hard to say why; ready to smile at the peevishness and misery with which even that very morning, that one minute in bed, she had fretted herself so vainly against so irrecoverable a trouble. Besides, why should not dear Paul choose a wife if it pleased him?

She ran down for Macaulay, and secured an hour's reading before breakfast. But just before eight there was a knock at her door.

"Come in."

"Oh, you are ready, I have been waiting for you ever so long, downstairs."

"Oh, Paul!—I did not think—"

"So you see I am obliged to come and ask for congratulations."

"Dear Paul!" and Barbara put her arms round his neck, a mark of affection she had never shown to any one else, and not to him since his boyhood; "may she ever be half worthy of you."

This was a very equivocal compliment, but Paul took it as it was meant, "May I ever be half worthy of her," he answered. "I am sure we shall be very happy, and we could neither bear to settle far from you and all, so it won't be such a breaking up as poor Hetty's marriage was."

"But you are not thinking of marrying yet?" asked Barbara, anxiously.

"Why, we did not when we parted last night, but when I told my father, he made such generous propositions, that really I don't see that we shall have anything for which to wait."

"Well! perhaps it will be best even for me, the sooner over. I shall never remember you are not still mine, but you and Isabella must forgive me when I do forget it."

"What will there be to forgive? But—you do like her?"

"Very much," answered Barbara, heartily angry with herself for having left him the question to ask; "she is so good and happy, and clever too. I am sure you *will* be very happy."

Eight struck, and the brother and sister ran down stairs together; and certainly Isabella gave no symptom of jealousy at their entering the room side by side, but rather greeted both with one of her sunniest, prettiest smiles.

The event of the day was to be the party at Mrs. Storey's, at which Elizabeth was to make her first public appearance out of her own home, very reluctantly, and most willing to have submitted to another half year with Miss Barnard, if thus she could have postponed the evil day.

Isabella had, at her aunt's request, taken Mrs. Wynne a long drive in the afternoon, and opened to her her heart of hearts, so frankly, so confidingly, that Mrs. Wynne's liking was quickly ripening into esteeming love. The late dinner-party was the same in numbers as was now

usual, the party at Mrs. Storey's being an evening one in honour of the birthday of her second daughter, a girl nearly a year younger than Elizabeth.

Very happy and busy was Isabella after dinner, in making Elizabeth "do common justice to herself," as she told Paul. With her own hands she arranged her thick, wavy, nutbrown hair, with a foreign, flowing ease, which willing, but thoroughly English Hannah, or Barbara, could never have achieved, and finally fastened in behind a few of the graceful, drooping lilac flowers Paul had again gathered for her, with one spray of maiden-hair to set off their delicate hues.

"One moment more, Bessie," and Isabella ran away, returned with a long piece of black velvet, which with a dark-coloured, antique miniature, she fastened round her throat, and bracelets to match round her arms.

"Now you are perfect! Do let me call Paul." Up came Paul, Barbara, Laura and Will, admiring and criticising freely, whilst Elizabeth stood grave, and a little shyly enduring their inspection; looking very elegant and pleasing, the full, simple white muslin falling in graceful folds from her tall, slender figure, the black velvet, and delicate lilac contrasting and harmonising perfectly with her slender white arms and throat; her pale oval face as sweet and shy as ever.

"Why, Bessie, what have you done to yourself? you look almost like mother," cried Will.

"But Bessie, why didn't you have those pretty pink flowers in your hair?" asked Laura.

Whilst Isabella behind to Paul, whispered, "Ah! I wish those bright, bold little Frenchwomen could see her; 'l'air modeste' would be the rage for ever. Now if mamma had had such a daughter, she should have been 'Madame la Comtesse,' three years ago at least,—but here, poor dear Bessie will, some ten years hence, be a Mrs. Brown or Smith, with a red-haired husband in the city all day.—"

"And much the happier of the two, on your own frequent showing," interrupted Paul. "Well, dear Bessie, you look very nice, I hope you will enjoy yourself."

"Thank you," answered Elizabeth, as if she did not

much expect to do so, "but pray, Isabella, don't forget yourself."

"Oh, but I am very quick, have nothing to set off, that saves a world of trouble. But do just run down and show yourself to uncle."

"He is asleep; besides, what do gentlemen care?" asked Elizabeth, who thought she had submitted to quite inspection enough as it was.

"Well, I must go myself," and away Isabella ran.

The others gradually cleared away, and Elizabeth was left alone. She looked one second on the tall, slender figure reflected in the cheval glass Isabella had insisted upon bringing in from her own room that she might see the *tout ensemble* herself.

"Yes, I am nice looking, I cannot hide it from myself. Oh, why was I made so? if I could but have been like Barbara!—And I *am* pleased to see myself looking so pretty, though all the time Isabella was dressing me I cheated myself into thinking I could not help her taking all that pains, and that I should know better than to be puffed up by it. It is this way of doing my hair, Paul said so—I will—yes, there is time."

She flung her dressing-gown over her shoulders, and down came the flowing hair Isabella had arranged with such taste, out came the delicate westerias, and in ten minutes the thick hair was stowed away in Elizabeth's usual simple fashion, a plain head-dress of black lace and velvet replacing the flowers.

Then she knelt down, and of the purity of purpose in this intended act of self-denial there could no doubt. Her heart really beat at the thought of facing Isabella and Paul, and hearing and having to answer their surprise and remarks.

"But I must tell Isabella, she may think it unkind," she opened her door and went across to her cousin, who bade her come in joyfully.

"I am just ready, do fasten this bracelet, I cannot manage it; I hope aunt is not waiting.—Why, Elizabeth!" in amaze as she caught her cousin's face reflected in the glass above her own far plainer one.

"Isabella, I thought you would forgive me; it was

very kind of you to take so much trouble, but I ought not to have let you from the beginning."

"Oh, but I *can't* forgive you," interrupted Isabella, very much vexed and disappointed, "you did look so nice, and now you have made quite a dowdy of yourself. Oh, really! do let me put in a little black lace instead of that heavy—"

"No, no!" cried Elizabeth, drawing back as she saw Isabella's quick fingers already armed against her head-dress, "please don't, please let me be as I am."

"Did not aunt like the flowers or what?"

"She did not see them. But I—I—I am so vain already," she ended piteously, "that I ought always to be made as plain as possible."

"My dear Bessie, *you* vain! Well, if you think it right, I *can't* say a word, but now *I* think people ought to make themselves look their best, if only to please their relations; I am sure Paul will be so disappointed."

"I am very sorry, but—"

"Don't look so sad, Bessie," interrupted Isabella kindly, kissing her warmly, "you still look very nice; and as aunt has not seen you, *she* won't be disappointed; now, I am sure they must be waiting for us," and she led the way down stairs.

Mrs. Wynne was awaiting them in the drawing-room, staying with her husband till the last minute. The fly was already at the door, and so Mrs. Wynne (who in her grey silk and black lace had been admired incessantly both by husband and sons,) seeing the two girls coming downstairs, wished good-bye, joined them in the hall, and led the way into the high, old-fashioned vehicle which it took some little time to mount; from which, as Isabella, who was greatly amused at being perched so high, observed to Paul, they "had a splendid view of the surrounding country."

Paul was so occupied with Isabella, that he did not remark on the change of hair in his neighbour, till they had entered Mrs. Storey's drawing-room, and then wondered without being able to ask what had become of the westerias, and why her hair was so tightly tucked away?

At Mrs. Storey's all spent a very pleasant even Isabella enjoyed dancing greatly, and such a good dancer and lively partner combined were in great request. Elizabeth also came in for a share of rather different admiration, and Mrs. Wynne sat very happily amongst other mothers, thinking Elizabeth really was a very sweet looking girl, almost worthy to be Hetty's sister; while Paul, as was his wont, danced indefatigably with the plucky, or old young ladies, and enjoyed himself as much as any one there.

They reached Ford House again just as the clock struck twelve, so merry, animated, wide-awake, that the hushed silence of the house, and weary eyes of the mothers seemed unaccountable. Little more than half-an-hour later however the four outgoers themselves were as fast asleep as those around them. More innocent and more at peace than two of those whom they had left behind them. Just before prayers it had happened that Mr. Wynne and Barbara were both passing through the hall when Hargrave softly opened the front door and entered. Barbara saw him give a little start, not so Mr. Wynne who said casually,

"Oh, you have been out? a fine night?"

"Just to the post. Fine? yes, as fine as possible," he said quietly and deliberately taking off cap and gloves.

Mr. Wynne passed up stairs and thought no more of the matter. Not so Barbara; she stood watching Hargrave's calm, easy movements, more in wonder than contempt, then as he turned into the schoolroom followed him, and closing the door behind her, said with calm bitterness

"Hargrave, you have not been to the post."

"I beg your pardon," turning round at once so politely and unmoved, that Barbara felt half ashamed repeating her abrupt speech, though after a moment she did repeat it.

"I? indeed I have," quietly and unconcerned, moving towards the door. Barbara planted herself against it.

"Not *only* to the post."

"Come, Barbara, don't be so absurd, I have no time to quarrel about adverbs; be so good as to move out of the way."

Barbara raised her honest eyes to his; the brother

fell in spite of himself. "Then I am right," she said so sadly as to convince him she had really hoped that she was wrong; "oh, Hargrave, how can you do at all what you are ashamed to do openly?"

"If fathers are absurd—"

"Hargrave, you know what Mr. Harry Mason—"

"Mr. Harry; poor Harry—I know of what the world pleases to accuse him, but falsely as I stand here; and," with a sudden flash of earnestness and generous feeling, "I will never fling over an old schoolfellow for twenty thousand gossiping scandals!"

"You know papa made every inquiry before he forbade all intercourse, and—"

"Come, Barbara, I have no time to argue. I am too old to be told I may not go here and must not go there," mincing his voice.

Barbara's eyes flashed. "Too old to obey parents so indulgent as our father and mother have always been to you! Take care, Harvey, deceit never prospers."

"Nor a young lady's talking of what she does not understand."

"Happily a child can understand obedience."

"Come, Barbara, have done! be so good as to let me pass."

"Hargrave, how can you so lightly drift to ruin?"

"Ruin!" with a light satirical laugh; "you do not know of what you are speaking! Heaven defend me from a woman's tongue."

"Your mother's?" asked Barbara quietly.

"My mother is not like most women, though unfortunately prejudiced here. Now, Barbara, mark me, no good will come of your interference, so you had best let matters be."

He spoke sharply, almost rudely; but Barbara stood unmoved in quiet thought. "You mean I had better not tell others what I wish I had never suspected. In your eyes it would be a very mean thing to do."

"In your own too, I should think," indignantly.

"Yes, in my own too. Even if right, I am afraid I could scarcely make up my mind to repeat what I have accidentally discovered; but if it be right—"

"Right!" scornfully.

"Oh, Hargrave! do what is so much better, tell yourself!"

Her earnest tone moved him a moment, only a moment. He saw his advantage.

"Well," carelessly, "we are making a great fuss about nothing. As you say, it will be mean indeed, to say a word about the matter. What, ten!" as the prayer-bell rang. "Do you know if they mean to be late to-night?"

Barbara opened the door in silence and returned to the drawing-room. Prayers followed, and the brother and sister parted with the ordinary "good night." Hargrave dismissing the matter of her future conduct from his mind as an unpleasant subject, upon which it was useless to speculate: Barbara debating long what she ought to do, whether she ought to speak or be silent.

The next morning at breakfast, Isabella and Elizabeth were beset with questions as to how they had enjoyed themselves, and with whom they had danced.

"I say, mother," put in Will, in a momentary pause, "did not Isabella get up Bessie wonderfully?"

"Yes, she looked very well indeed, Will; but surely, my dear, you might have treated us to a little more of that hair."

"Why, mother, Paul said it was her hair made it look so nice: Isabella did it, you know."

Paul coloured in spite of himself, so did Isabella, while Will alone was happily unconscious. "And so I thought too; I am sure she had it much prettier than she has now."

"Well, I should have said it was tighter than ever last night: however, no doubt Isabella dressed it *à-la-mode*; it is only my unfashionable eyes that love a little more flow and ease," and Mrs. Wynne, who saw the warmth of glows upon Elizabeth's cheeks, and thought it was freshness under such public criticism, turned the subject off by some comment upon Emma Storey's playing.

"What is the history of Elizabeth's change of hair?" asked Paul in the two minutes' walk he and Isabella generally contrived to have now before starting time.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you; I was a little

disappointed at first, but the change only redounds to Elizabeth's credit."

Meanwhile Elizabeth was miserably discussing the ~~same~~ question in her own mind. She could not let her mother remain in the false impression under which she now laboured. But how could she explain herself? She could not lay her real motive bare to more eyes; she must tell her she herself had altered it, and beg her not to ask more. How she wished she had spoken out at the time; and yet how could she? How covered with confusion, and how perplexed she should have been, if any one had asked what motive could have induced the change; and yet sitting by in silence, and letting all gather a false impression, was too like equivocation for Elizabeth to look back on her silence with any peace.

She stayed on in the drawing-room watching to catch her mother as she came across from the kitchen, her heart beating, and her knees trembling, poor child. Truly, it was a stony path upon which her tender feet had entered.

At last her mother did pass, and her courage failed her; for the moment she was tempted to think that she might let the matter go, it was too trifling to make such a fuss about; the next she blamed herself bitterly for her cowardice, and going at once to the parlour asked her mother if she would come out for one minute.

Mrs. Wynne was lying on the sofa resting after the (for her) great exertions of the night before.

"Oh, mamma, pray do not mind, I did not see," said Elizabeth, colouring more deeply than ever, trusting it was not again cowardice that prompted this drawing back.

"Oh no, my dear," answered Mrs. Wynne, bright and pleasant in a moment, though a little surprised at the flushed cheek and faltering voice of one usually so composed, and she led the way to the drawing-room.

"Well, my love?" she asked, finding Elizabeth still silent.

"It is my hair, mamma;—Isabella did do it very nicely last night—quite differently, only—I altered it."

"Altered it, my dear? that was not very gracious.

What, did you not think it so becoming as this style?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, but—," Elizabeth stammered and broke down.

"Well, my dear, I am very sorry you did alter it independently of its being a very poor compliment to Isabella. Might there not be a little affectation in putting that mass of hair in one tight twist for an evening party?"

"Oh, mamma!" cried poor Elizabeth, more hurt than ever.

Mrs. Wynne looked puzzled. "I do not wish to hurt you unjustly, my love, and it is so unlike you to do anything unkind, but why did you disappoint Paul and Isabella? and why did you let me falsely accuse her of bad taste at breakfast?"

"Oh, mamma, if you would not ask!"

Mrs. Wynne stood a minute in thought. "My dear," she said gently, "your deeds and words are equally perplexing: still, if you would really rather not explain, I know how fully I can trust you. But, at the same time, I frankly tell you I would much rather you would open with me. I should not betray you, and I trust my dear child, I might help you."

She took Elizabeth's hot trembling hand in hers, and Elizabeth could not resist her natural impulse. She poured out all her troubles and perplexities. How to mortify her vanity and self-satisfaction she had thought she might alter her hair. How she had thought the feeling that Isabella might be hurt was a suggestion of her own nature; how, at breakfast, she had felt it impossible to say she herself had made the change, fearing the question to which it might lead, how she had been burdened with a sense of dishonesty ever since, "and yet, and yet," she sobbed.

"All these evils seem to have arisen from your having tried to fulfil your duty to the uttermost," interrupted Mrs. Wynne gently, "very often in life such little really very serious trials do arise from our striving to fulfil our duty to the utmost,—we are misunderstood, the hardest of all trials. But here, and perhaps more often than we think, it may be a mistake in our own sense of duty."

which has fired the train of difficulties. I do not like the expression,—when I read it I almost thought it profane, but now I see the truth of it, and that it may do good,—I was just reading it as you came in,” and Mrs. Wynne opened “Westward Ho!” which she had brought in her hand, and pointed to the words, “His one object in life was to save his own dirty soul.”

“I scarcely see, mamma,” Elizabeth said with an effort at last.

“My dear, it is simply this. That persons of certain temperaments, scrupulous, anxious—yours amongst the number I think, deeply impressed with religion, earnestly longing to do right, may be tempted to think more of themselves,—their feelings, their motives, their backslidings, than their God; some even unconsciously are striving rather to escape hell than please God, Who is not a hard taskmaster, demanding the fulfilment of duties we have set ourselves, if they interfere with His own general merciful and eternal laws of love and kindness.”

Elizabeth did not answer.

“I believe, my love, I was thinking more of a little difficulty I could not help noticing yesterday, than of your disappointing Isabella, to mortify your own love of admiration. Will came in directly after school, and asked your help,—you, bound as you thought by duty elsewhere, offered it a quarter of an hour later, and went to fulfil that duty. My love, I do not wish to pain you,” as poor Elizabeth stood with crimson cheeks, “but I must tell you I think you decided wrongly. Your keeping that especial quarter of an hour to yourself is no doubt a good rule, but that of helping a brother was a present duty. My dear, such rules are very good things, but they must help and not hinder us in the fulfilment of direct acts of duty, love, and mercy. God’s own broad promise is, ‘if ye love Me keep My commandments.’ Be gentle, helpful, kind, &c. I fear I am not very clear.”

“I see a little, mamma,” said Elizabeth slowly.

“And so about your hair; it had pleased Isabella to do it, your mother would have been pleased to see you looking your best, and it is not often she can go out with you; you took away the temptation to vanity by disap-

pointing us both. One cannot thus get rid of tempt for ever, and thank God there is a nobler thing t done, to meet it and conquer it, and it is to such se that He mostly calls us. When you were little, and trying to walk, because you constantly fell over stoo ottoman, I might have put them out of your way, b rather left them in it; and though to mount one cos many a fall, still surely you would rather have had t bruises than be crawling still; so one temptation quered mounts us higher."

Mrs. Wynne stopped, she did not as a rule tal religious subjects with her children, she had rather let endless wayside lesson of daily experience sink down turally into the heart of each, and having struck de bring forth full fruit, well formed if long in coming. had rather see her children *do* than hear them so she would rather herself teach by example than precept.

She stood now a few moments in silence, then loo up again. "Whenever I can help you, my dear, c to me," and she kissed her, "and now I wish quarter of an hour's time, you would come and read to sleep."

She went back to the parlour, where for the mi Barbara was alone, Isabella having gone up for s music.

"Oh, Barbara! I hope David came in as soon as were gone last night."

"Why, no, mamma, it was nine nearly when he c in," answered Barbara, honestly, but reluctantly.

Mrs. Wynne looked disappointed, but making no ther remark went to her desk and wrote an answe a note that Hannah had brought her just before Elizal called her away.

Almost before she had finished, Elizabeth herself c in ready to read, and when she returned from giving note, found Mrs. Wynne on the sofa awaiting her, in half an hour more she was really asleep.

"Now, Bessie, I can have you," said Isabella, ris "I want you to come and sing with me; we mean surprise uncle to-night with 'The Chough and Cro

Paul sings capitally, and we drilled Will mercilessly in his part, before tea yesterday, he really has a fairish voice."

The two girls departed for the drawing-room, where Barbara followed them with her work. Now a very little time ago, a pang of jealousy and unhappiness, would have seized her, at seeing Elizabeth's services claimed both by mother and sister, whilst she sat useless, but really now it did not come into her mind. It was wonderful what a starting point for good that unflinching, grappling, and hardly-earned victory over the jealousy of two nights ago seemed already.

So when the boys came in from school, Mrs. Wynne was alone, just awakening from her calm sleep to the unpleasant consciousness that she must speak to David about his absenting himself, and thus risk a return of the old barrier of reserve. He happened to look in, calling Barbara, but his mother detained him. "Stop a minute, David. You must know quite well it is, has always been, my *wish* that you should all come in to us of an evening, at least, so soon as our tea-things are sent away. I am sorry you care so little for my wishes that I must make it an order. You understand?"

"Yes," and David turned sullenly and went.

"How could I speak more gently?" thought Mrs. Wynne, "if Will had so disregarded my known wish, night after night, how indignant I should have been; and surely I must not perpetually humour poor David's unhappy temper."

David, meanwhile, had found Barbara, and soon had her with him hard at work in the schoolroom, and thanks to her understanding thoroughly by this time how to make *him* understand, his imposition theme on Napoleon the Great was finished by a quarter to one. Then he flung aside books in disgust, and rushed to his frigate.

Barbara again and again that day discussed uselessly the question of speech or silence; perhaps the right decision in a question of knowledge so obtained is exactly that at which no one can make sure of arriving. Hargrave was in a few days starting to read with Frank's fellow-curate till the October term began. The two brothers would be together, all intimacy with the Masons

necessarily end; and by the time Christmas came, he would first be at home for any length of time, Barbara little doubted that some College friend would long have taken young Mason's place; that Harvey himself would in all probability be by that time ashamed of his former schoolfellow. Was all this the reasoning of expediency, and the yielding to a cowardly unwillingness to act so distasteful a part as that of informer? I could but persuade Harvey himself to speak! But Barbara knew too well that with Harvey she had no influence; a misfortune which she did herself the justice to own was less the fault of former contempt and harshness than of the extreme diversity of their natural positions.

Even when in her own room waiting for the dinner-bell, she sat in the twilight perplexing herself with helplessness and indecision, the matter was already taken out of her hands. Elizabeth was at the same time catching the last glimpses of light in the further window-seat of the school-room, when Hargrave and a companion entering her abstraction in her book was aroused by Harvey's saying in an amused but rather undertone voice, "Asked if it were a fine night? so jolly simple." His companion (not Will, Elizabeth now saw) laughed too, and made some answer that she did not catch. Elizabeth hesitated, shy of making herself known, unwilling to let them think themselves alone when this was not the case, and during her hesitation Harvey began, "Well to-night, Mason, nine to-night."

Elizabeth sprang up, and partly from surprise, partly as the readiest way of making her presence known, she dropped her book. Harvey started and turned, "Dear oh, you, Elizabeth," his tone changing; "you remember Massey; Massey, my sister."

Elizabeth could but return the stranger's bow, and was prepared to go. "Pray don't let us disturb you," said the stranger; and Harvey added, "Here it is, Massey," and the two left the room.

Elizabeth stood thoroughly perplexed and amazed. "Mason;" she was sure Harvey had at first thus called his companion, but was too pure and upright herself

be able to believe any one guilty of the disobedience and deceit which Harvey must be practising if "Mason," not "Massey" he really had been. She stood on, thoroughly stunned and bewildered; and when Paul entered with a light, looked so graceful and sweet a picture of perplexity, that he could not help finishing his momentary gaze of admiration by kissing her and saying kindly,

"Why, Bessie, where are your thoughts?"

She started, smiled, then almost shivered; and when he repeated his question more gravely, answered sadly and shyly, "I scarcely know; I—"

Elizabeth very often did not finish her sentences, thus it was not remarkable that she gave no more explicit answer now. Yet Paul, as he left the room, looked back on her a little sadly; he felt as if some real sorrow had now first touched his pure, innocent sister.

"Oh, it cannot be, he never would do such a thing, I must be wrong. Massey was tall, only— Oh, Harvey never could have called him 'Massey' if it had been Mason—but he did call him Mason," and hearing footsteps she ran up stairs, went to her own room, and kneeling down prayed earnestly both for Harvey and herself.

The dinner-bell rang, and she dined in a kind of scared silence, starting when Isabella spoke to her, blushing when she felt Paul's kind eye a little anxiously upon her, so very, very glad when the long meal was over and she could go away. But Mrs. Wynne followed her and reached her at the landing.

"Mamma!" cried Elizabeth, startled to find her mother by her side.

"You are going to lie down I hope, my dear, last night has tired you; you are not used even to quiet parties you know yet."

"Oh, no; I am not tired, thank you."

"Not quite yourself in some way, my love. Dear child," very fondly and taking her hand, "was I harsh to you this morning? I am afraid I often speak more sharply to my children than I ought to speak."

"Harsh! sharp!" repeated Elizabeth much distressed:

"oh no, dear mother, only so kind."

"I was afraid you were still fretting yourself about last

night's mistakes ; but we must make mistakes sometimes, and it is not well to mourn too long over the irreparable past."

"I was not thinking of last night, dear mamma ; I am only—"

"No, dear love, I did not mean to ask your confidence ; there are some things one can scarcely tell even a mother, only, dear child, take care of yourself," and Mrs. Wynne turned and left her.

Elizabeth sat down on the first stair of the upper flight, and thought and waited. At last Paul and Hargrave left the dining-room, Harvey's foot turned up stairs, and she fled.

Tea brought her down, and all were there. Her mother, Paul, and Isabella, all feeling a little guilty about last night's occurrence, little thought how their kindness pained her. It was so undeserved, she felt as if the deceit lay with her. Harvey joking with Paul, fetching his mother's shawl, could not be guilty ; yet guilt she felt there was somewhere, it might be in her own unjust suspicions, evil imaginations. So passed tea. David came in in a few minutes, Harvey crossed to the school-room, Elizabeth sat pale and abstracted, suddenly rose, followed his steps, knocked and entered.

THE THREEFOLD WORLD WE LIVE IN.

THE Past ! the Past ! how much there is to make our hearts look back !

How sunny bright, how sweetly fair, the flowers upon its track !
Sorrows now past, and wounds long healed, in hazy distance pale,
And nought survives but joy and peace—one sweet alluring tale.

Surely our hearts were lighter then—the world more kind and true,
The fields more green, the flowers more gay, and Heaven a deeper blue ;

Time rushed not by with dizzy haste, on swift, remorseless wings,
In that dear Past—so long ago—to which my heart still clings.

Then right was right, and wrong was wrong—I knew no path between,
If right I chose, my heart was glad ; if wrong, I grieved unseen ;

With greater wisdom other ways have opened to my view,
And wrong now seems not wholly false, and right not wholly true.

Oh! for the blissful ignorance to happy childhood given!
Oh! for the simple, holy thoughts of earth, and God, and Heaven!
Sad knowledge! wherefore dost thou come to drive our peace away?
Why should the scorching heat of June supplant the joys of May?

God wills it! we must bow the head, and His decree adore,
With hearts less light, and hopes less bright, still learning more and
more;

Yet while our minds expand and grow, mid doubts, and, hopes, and
fears,

Our hearts may cling more closely to the faith of earlier years.

Then sorrow not, with fruitless sighs, for what is past and gone,
Another world is ours to-day—our work therein not done;
The Present which is granted us will soon become the Past,
And fragrant flowers of virtuous deeds may on our path be cast.

What though the world be hard and cold, absorbed in selfish ends?
Some few less hard, some few less cold, we rank among our friends;
The blighting spirit of the age prevails not everywhere,
Around our hearth pure pleasures flow, true love awaits us there.

Blest evening hours, when work is o'er, and Home her arms out-
spreads,

The cheery fire a ruddy glow on smiling faces sheds—

Then, then our childhood wakes once more, we know its sweets again,
We think our children's thoughts and feel their pleasures and their
pain.

And thus in earnest healthful toil, sweetened by blissful rest,
Our life glides on, day after day obeys Time's stern behest,
And noiselessly the Present flows into the silent Past,
And the radiant Future, gemmed with Hope, is dawning on us fast.

The Future! what that term conveys to all—the rich, the poor,
The seeker after wealth and fame—the beggar at the door;
No clouds bedim fair Future's sky, no sorrow and no sin,
But who can say where Present ends—where Future shall begin?

We know—ah! yes, we know right well—a Future there shall be,
A joyous, sinless Future too, which all may strive to see,
A Future in a Land more fair than all our childish dreams—
A Future that on Present woes already sheds its beams.

I weep not for the happy Past, though fair its sunny glades—
I meet the Present cheerfully, despite its gloomy shades;
But on that Future, bright and fair, my longing heart is set,
And I pray that I may reach that Home, although perchance not yet.

E. E. T.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

LECTURE III.—*Continued.*

VIII. **Schisms at Corinth.** Timothy and Erastus sent thither. Acts xix. It was while S. Paul was at Ephesus that he received tidings of some Corinthian Christians, of the family of Chloe, concerning the distracted state of the Church at Corinth. Although he had laboured so long there, and the HOLY GHOST had endowed them with supernatural gifts inferior to no other Church,¹ yet their subtil and philosophizing habit of mind, as well as the exceeding corruption of morals around them, rendered the Corinthian converts quite as open to the seductions of false teachers as the simple Galatians. We gather from the Epistles, that after the fashion of the schools of the philosophers, they had divided themselves into factions,² one professing to be a disciple of Paul, another of Apollos, another of Peter, (who either had preached at Corinth himself, or as is more probable had been quoted by some Judaizing teachers as an Apostle of a superior order to S. Paul,) while a fourth party, possibly more conceited than all the rest, styled themselves exclusively the disciples of CHRIST. The false teachers were probably Jews by birth,³ and came to Corinth with letters of commendation,⁴ either true or forged, from the Churches of Judæa, for which reason they are called false Apostles, transforming themselves into the Apostles of CHRIST.⁵ They were of the sect of the Sadducees,⁶ and of some note on account of their birth and education. They recommended themselves to the Corinthians not only by affecting that eloquence of which the Greeks were so fond,⁷ but also by suiting their doctrines to their philosophical prejudices, and their precepts to the corrupt

¹ 1 Cor. i. 7.

² 2 Cor. xi. 22.

³ 2 Cor. xi. 13.

⁷ 1 Cor. iv. ; 2 Cor: x.

² 1 Cor. i. 12 ; iii. 3, 4.

⁴ 2 Cor. iii. 1.

⁶ 1 Cor. xv. 12.

practice of that dissolute city. The Greeks regarded the body as the prison of the soul, and looked upon the resurrection of the flesh as, (to use the words of Celsus, a heathen writer) "the hope of worms; a filthy and abominable thing, which God neither will nor can do." Hence these false teachers flatly denied it to be a doctrine of the Gospel, and argued that the only resurrection promised by CHRIST was that of the soul from ignorance and error, which these heretics (afterwards known by the name of Gnostics) said was in those who were converted already passed. The consequence of this was, that they connived at the indulgence of the lusts of the flesh, and even went so far as to receive into communion one who had married his father's wife.¹ With all this licentiousness both of doctrine and practice, they appear to have prescribed obedience to the Mosaic law.²

On hearing these tidings, S. Paul sent Timothy and Erastus with an epistle which has not come down to us,³ to go to Corinth through Macedonia to confirm the faithful, and to reprove the factious, telling them that he himself was coming shortly to encourage those who stood firm, and to punish by his miraculous power those who were disobedient.⁴ This was his resolution when he sent away Timothy and Erastus, and was no passing light determination, for it was in the power of the HOLY GHOST that he had thus purposed to go through Macedonia and Achaia, and from thence to Jerusalem, and after that to visit Rome.⁵ But before he was able to carry out this purpose, three Corinthian Christians, Stephanas, Fortunatus, and Achaicus arrived at Ephesus with a favourable letter from the sincere part of the Church.⁶ Accordingly, as a great work was still being carried on at Ephesus, and his presence was much needed, the Apostle resolved to remain there until the following Pentecost, and then to go first into Macedonia, and so through to Corinth.⁷ In the meantime he sends by the hands of their three messengers his First Epistle to the Corinthians.

¹ 1 Cor. v. 1.

² 1 Cor. v. 9; 2 Cor. xiii. 1.

³ Compare Acts xix. 21 and 2 Cor. i. 15—23.

⁴ 1 Cor. xvi. 17, 18.

⁵ 2 Cor. iii.

⁶ 1 Cor. iv. 19, 20, 21.

⁷ 1 Cor. xvi. 5—9.

IX. In this Epistle S. Paul reproves the First Epistle to the Corinthians for their divisions and party spirit, and tells them that these show them to be low and carnal, instead of being, as they imagined, wise and spiritually enlightened; for they prove that they are attaching themselves to men instead of to CHRIST.¹ He answers their objections to his plain and simple style, and warns them against vain eloquence, contrasting his own hard and self-denying life with the pride and luxury of their false teachers.² The greater portion, however, of this Epistle is occupied with directions concerning the internal discipline of the Church.

The case of the incestuous person gives occasion to the Apostle's direction as to the manner of excommunicating the offender. He declares that he has already judged his case, and commands them to execute his sentence. They are to meet in solemn assembly in the Name of JESUS CHRIST,³ with the authority of Paul's spirit, as though he were present in person; and by the power of our LORD JESUS CHRIST they are to deliver over the guilty person to Satan for the destruction of flesh, so that his soul may be saved in the day of the LORD. In fact it usually happened in the early Church that an excommunicated person was visited by some supernatural sickness or other manifest judgment of God. S. Paul follows these directions with warnings of the danger of this leaven of evil infesting the whole body of Christians, and shows that a scandalous Christian is to be more carefully avoided even than a heathen.⁴

The Apostle next reproves the Corinthians for their lawsuits, and declares that the very existence of such things is contrary to the spirit of CHRIST: for a Christian ought rather to suffer wrong than go to law. If they must have these disputes, they are to be settled by arbitration, and on no account are they to give scandal by going to law before the unbelievers.⁵ In fact, for long after this the Christians never pleaded before the heathen courts of law: the Bishops were the arbitrators of their differences.

¹ 1 Cor. i., ii., iii.

⁴ 1 Cor. v.

² 1 Cor. iv.

⁵ 1 Cor. vi.

³ S. Matt. xviii. 20,

S. Paul now proceeds¹ to answer some questions which the faithful had proposed to him concerning virginity, celibacy, marriage, and divorce, together with certain other matters of difficulty. It would be impossible to enter upon anything like a full development of his answers to these most important questions; but these matters seem so little understood at the present day, that a few words may serve to bring out more clearly the Apostle's teaching. Virginity is essentially a blessing peculiar to the Gospel dispensation. Up to the time when the Angel Gabriel announced to the Blessed Virgin that she was to be the Mother of the Eternal Son of God, Virginity had been associated only with barrenness: as since the fall the one hope and stay of the human race had been the seed of the woman who should bruise the serpent's head, so for a woman to be unmarried was to renounce all hope of being the mother of the Redeemer. All the blessings of the Old Testament are connected with fruitfulness and a blessed offspring.² But when the Virgin Mary had conceived and brought forth Incarnate God, a new order of things was introduced. It was not that any one of the blessings before pronounced upon marriage was cancelled, far from it, for marriage was now a sacramental symbol of the union between CHRIST and the Church;³ and polygamy and divorce, which had been tolerated under the Mosaic law, were for ever interdicted, and marriage was rendered purer and more honourable than ever it had been before. Still, as the very thought of JESUS (Who is perfect Man as well as perfect God) forbids even the possibility of that earthly love which is necessary to marriage being shared by Him; so, we are not surprised to find Him replying, when asked by His disciples whether it was not better to abstain from marriage altogether: "All men cannot [or, do not] receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. For there are

¹ 1 Cor. vii.

² See the blessings pronounced on Noah (Gen. ix. 1, 7), Abraham (Gen. xv. 5; xvii. 2, 3), Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 24), Jacob (Gen. xxviii. 14; xxxv. 11), and the children of Israel (Deut. xxviii. 4, 11; xxx. 9.)

³ Eph. v. 23, &c.

some eunuchs, which were so born from their mother's womb: and there are some eunuchs, which were made eunuchs of men: and *there be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.*"¹ And we find that there are in heaven special rewards for Virgins which no others however holy can obtain.² In fact, no reverent and unprejudiced reader of the New Testament can have any doubt whatever about this principle, and any system which ignores it, and does not *profess* at any rate to honour Virginity, can have no possible claim to be of God.

But it is one thing to acknowledge the principle, and another to put it into practice. One is a revealed truth of God, the other depends upon the circumstances of each individual case. And therefore S. Paul speaks with the greatest caution, lest on the one hand, he should discourage any whom God had called to this holy estate; and on the other, lest he should put a snare in the way of those who had not the gift, and whose duty it therefore was to marry. Consequently he leaves it entirely to the conscience of each individual. In answer to the question whether virginity or celibacy was good in the present state of things, he replies, "Yes," though he will not make it binding as a commandment from the LORD, but gives it as his own judgment confirmed by his own practice. Again, in answer to the question whether a father were right in keeping his daughter from marriage, he replies in like manner. "He that giveth her in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better." And in answer to the question whether a man or woman may contract a second marriage, he replies that they do not commit sin by doing so, but still they are better if they do not. His tone is very different when speaking of divorce. "Unto the married I *command*, yet not *I*, but the LORD, Let not the wife depart from her husband. And let not the man put away his wife;" and if the wife is put away, she is to remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband.

Again, with respect to Christians who had heathen

¹ S. Matt. xix. 10—12.

² Rev. xiv. 1—5.

husbands or wives, they are not to separate from them, as the Jews under the law had been required to do:¹ for they might be the means of converting them. In answer to other questions, he advised every one to continue in the state in which he was when called by the Gospel, whether circumcised or uncircumcised, freeman or slave, married or unmarried.

The Apostle next resolves certain questions relating to the feasts given by the idolaters after their sacrifices.² On this point he lays down the following general rule. An idol is really nothing, and consequently incapable of really sanctifying or defiling food. Still, all did not know this, and if they saw Christians eating things which had been sacrificed to idols, they would regard it as an acknowledgment of the idol, and so by following the example of those who did so eat, might not only eat the meats, but actually worship the idol, and so imperil their salvation. It was clearly then contrary to Christian charity to run so great a risk. Besides, there was a deeper reason. Although the idol was really nothing at all, but a piece of wood or stone, yet the heathen's false worship was really the worship devised and kept up by the agency of evil spirits, and so those sacrifices were really offered to devils, and those who participated in them, were partakers of the sin and (in a measure) of the nature of devils. He illustrates this by two examples. The eating of the sacrifices under the law implied participation with God in what was placed on His table, the altar.³ And again, in the same way, the Gifts offered on the Christian altar, the Cup of blessing and the Bread, not only imply but are really the means of the participation of Christians in the nature of CHRIST, for that Bread is CHRIST, and we, though many, are all partakers of It, and so one Body with Him. From this he shows the impossibility of being partakers of the Cup of the LORD and the Cup of devils, the table of the LORD, and the table of devils. After laying down these two principles, he enjoins that, on no account, might Christians go with their heathen acquaintance into the idol's temple, and partake of the feasts on the sacrifices which were eaten there. If, how-

¹ Ezra ix., x.² 1 Cor. viii. and x.³ 1 Cor. x. 16—21.

ever, they bought meat in the public market, they need not ask whether it had been offered to idols or not. And if, when invited to the homes of heathens, meat was set before them, as common food, they need not ask any questions about it: if, however, their heathen friends told them plainly that it was meat offered to an idol, then they were to refrain from eating it. In all cases charity for the consciences of others was to be their guiding principle. The Apostle gives sundry directions concerning points of discipline and order in the Church. Women are not to pray in public with unveiled heads. S. Paul reproves the Corinthians for their irreverent celebration of the Holy Eucharist. It appears that it was usual to have at the same time a supper of common meats, which the Christians ate together before they parted; every one contributed according to his ability, and the poor were to benefit by the abundance of the rich, for it was a feast of charity, and hence it had the Greek name of *Agapè*.¹ But at Corinth, divisions had crept even into these feasts. Every one brought his own supper and ate it apart; so that the rich had too much, and the poor wanting even what was necessary were ashamed. In order to show the excess of this irreverence, the Apostle reminds them of the Institution of the Eucharist, which he had delivered to them as he had received it by special revelation from JESUS CHRIST. From this he concludes that unworthy communicants are guilty of the Body and Blood of the LORD; and he tells them that it is because they have not discerned the LORD's Body, that God has punished them with diseases, and even cut off many by death. These judgments are only to be averted by judging themselves; yet even these very judgments are a proof that God loves them and punishes them in this world, that they may not be condemned in the Great Day. He tells them that when he comes he will set in order "the rest," probably referring to the ceremonies to be observed in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist.²

S. Paul enters very fully into the use and abuse of those miraculous spiritual gifts which were common in the Church,³ and which the Corinthians had perverted to

¹ 1 Cor. xi.

² 1 Cor. xi. 34.

³ 1 Cor. xii. and xiv.

purposes of ostentation, especially the gift of tongues, which though the most wonderful, the Apostle, in order to humble the Corinthians, places last in order. He shows them how to distinguish between those prompted by the Evil Spirit, and those inspired by the Spirit of God. The HOLY SPIRIT is to be recognized by His testimony to JESUS.¹ Still, among those really inspired by the HOLY GHOST were great diversities, and he would have them remember that the Church is One Body, and all the different members are each in their due order necessary to its perfection, and consequently these different gifts are all to be used for the benefit of the whole Body, and not for private vanity. The Corinthians were right in desiring earnestly the best gifts, still the most astonishing miraculous gifts were no sign of growth in grace, and far inferior to Charity,² which is the very life of the Church, and without which all else is profitless. Prophecy or speaking by inspiration, the Apostle declares to be the most desirable of spiritual gifts, but even this is to be subject to discipline. Women are not to be allowed to prophesy or speak at all in the Church. These directions show us the exceeding richness of the primitive Church in spiritual and supernatural powers, for it was not only at Corinth, but in *all* the Churches, that these regulations were observed.³

S. Paul gives⁴ a full refutation of the Rationalistic opponents of the doctrine of the Resurrection, and afterwards⁵ exhorts the Corinthians to make a weekly collection for the Christians in Judea, promising to convey their liberality to Jerusalem, when he should himself visit Corinth. He recommends Timothy to them if he should visit them, and with salutations and benedictions he concludes the Epistle, inserting however a fearful anathema upon any one who loved not our LORD JESUS CHRIST. Titus was to return, and bring S. Paul intelligence of the manner in which the Corinthians had received his Epistle.⁶

¹ 1 Cor. xii. 3, compare S. John xv. 26, 1 S. John iv. 2, 3.

² 1 Cor. xiii.

³ 1 Cor. xiv. 33.

⁴ 1 Cor. xv.

⁵ 1 Cor. xvi.

⁶ See 2 Cor. ii. 13; vii. 7; viii. 16, 17; xii. 18.

X. We may gather from this Epistle and other portions of the New Testament thus much concerning the assemblies of the early Christians. They were held on a Sunday, though not by any means confined to one day, still the principal assembly was on the weekly return of the day of the Resurrection of the LORD. The place of assembly was a hall or a large chamber in some particular house, and all the Christians were expected to be there, unless detained at home by sickness, in which case the priests of the Church visited them there. In this hall, called after the name of the body which met together in it, the *Church*, they read the Holy Scriptures; not only of the Old Testament, but also the Epistles of the Apostles. The Apostles or the teachers ordained by the imposition of their hands, in other words, the Bishops and Priests, instructed and exhorted the people. This was also frequently done by prophets inspired in an extraordinary manner. They sang the Psalms of David and other ancient hymns, or such new ones as the HOLY GHOST dictated to them. In this hall was the Table of the LORD, the proper altar of Christians. There the Holy Eucharist was consecrated and distributed to the faithful. And they all ate together a meal of ordinary meats, which was the Agapè or Love-feast.

XI. The great success of the Gospel at Ephesus stirred up as usual a violent opposition. There was there a temple of Diana, which was one of the seven wonders of the world. All Asia had flocked to it for 400 years. It was 425 feet long, and 220 broad, supported by 127 pillars, each 60 feet high, and every one the gift of a king.¹ In the temple was a little black idol, which had survived the destruction of seven temples; and was believed to have fallen from heaven. People came from the most remote parts to visit this wonderful shrine, and strangers were desirous to carry away small models of it. These were made in silver by a large number of workmen. One of the chief

¹ Four of these pillars are now in the church of S. Sophia, which is at present a Mahometan mosque at Constantinople.

of these silversmiths, named Demetrius, called together his fellow-craftsmen, and representing to them how the Apostles' preaching was endangering their trade, and not only that, but the honour of the great goddess Diana, he excited them to raise a shout of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The whole city caught the contagion, and the people rushed into the theatre,¹ dragging two of S. Paul's companions, Macedonians, with them. The Apostle was prevented by the Christians from going thither himself, and some of the Asiarchs, the officers intrusted with the management of public shows and entertainments connected with the popular religion, and who were his friends, being probably Christians, sent to warn him not to venture into the theatre. For a long time the utmost confusion prevailed, and this was increased by one Alexander, (probably the coppersmith whom S. Paul mentions² as having done him much evil at Ephesus,) being put forward by the Jews, who no doubt thought this a good opportunity for stirring up a persecution of the Christians. The people, however, as soon as they found he was a Jew, shouted out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" For two hours this continued, and at last the town clerk gaining a hearing, succeeded in quietly dispersing the multitude.

XII.

S. Paul revisits
Macedonia. Se-
cond Epistle to
Corinthians.
Acts xx. 1.

Shortly after this uproar, S. Paul went to Troas, where he found the door open for the Gospel,³ and where he purposed to wait until Titus should return from Corinth. But as Titus did not appear, S. Paul, fearful lest he should have met with ill-usage, crossed over into Macedonia to look for him.⁴ There he had much distress and persecution, and much exercise of mind because he did not find Titus.⁵ At length God comforted him by Titus' arrival, and still more by the account which he brought of the blessed effects of his Epistle on the Corinthians,⁶ how they had humbled themselves before God

¹ The ruins of this theatre, said to be the largest known to us, are still to be seen amidst the piles of ruined temples which are all that remain of this once famous city.

² 2 Tim. iv. 14.

³ 2 Cor. ii. 12.

⁴ 2 Cor. ii. 13.

⁵ 2 Cor. vii. 5.

⁶ 2 Cor. vii. 6, 7.

with sincere repentance, had executed his sentence of excommunication upon the incestuous person, had received Titus with great reverence, and had been obedient in every particular to the injunctions he had brought them.¹ They had even anticipated a year ago his visit respecting the collection for the Christians in Judea so much that S. Paul was able to hold them as an example to the churches of Philippi, Thessalonica, and other churches of Macedonia.²

The Apostle therefore wrote a Second Epistle to gratulate them on their obedience, to confirm their good dispositions, and to take off the sentence of excommunication which had been pronounced against the incestuous person.³ In it he also explains the cause of his long delay in coming to them, and now that they were penitent he condescends to enter into a full vindication of his whole conduct and apostleship.⁴ The only portion of the Epistle, however, which relates to the discipline of the Church is that in which he instructs the Corinthians how to deal with the excommunicated person, whose repentance was so deep, that S. Paul exhorts them to receive him back to communion, lest he should be hurried into despair, and Satan should thus obtain a victory. He assures them that the absolution which they gave was confirmed, and that he did this not as a mere man, but as the representative of CHRIST, in whose power he had excommunicated him, and in whose power he remitted the sentence, saying, "To whom ye forgive anything, ye forgive also: for if I forgive anything, to whom I forgive it, for your sakes forgive I it *in the Person of Christ*." Here we see the power of the keys distinctly asserted and exercised with most blessed results. The Apostle excuses himself for not having received any temporal goods from the Corinthians, at which they seem to have felt hurt,⁵ and promising to come to them shortly to the terror of those still impenitent, he concludes with an Apostolical benediction.⁷

¹ 2 Cor. vii. 8—16.

² 2 Cor. ix. 2—4.

³ 2 Cor. i. ii.

⁴ 2 Cor. iii., iv., v., vi., vii., x., xi., xii.

⁵ 2 Cor. ii. 5—

⁶ 2 Cor. xi. 7—12.

⁷ 2 Cor. xiii.

XIII.
S. Paul in
Achaia. Epistle
to Romans.
Acts xx. 2.

Soon after this S. Paul went into Achaia, where he remained three months. While at Corinth he wrote his Epistle to the Romans, whom he had already "purposed in the SPIRIT" to visit. In this Epistle the Apostle unfolds very fully the whole plan of salvation as the free gift of God through Faith in JESUS CHRIST. He treats the doctrines of grace, election, and predestination; and foretells the future conversion of the Jews, and the fulfilment of the promises made to their fathers.¹ In the practical part of the Epistle, he enjoins obedience to temporal powers to be observed by all Christians of whatever rank in the Church, and he lays down the same rules concerning meats offered to idols, and other minor points of discipline, which he had given to the Corinthians.² We learn from this Epistle that S. Paul had preached the Gospel all round the sea-coast from Jerusalem to Illyricum, without building on the foundation of another, but declaring it chiefly to those who had hitherto never heard it.³ He begs their prayers that he may be delivered from the unbelieving Jews in his journey to Jerusalem;⁴ and promises, after carrying thither the contributions of the faithful in Macedonia and Achaia, to visit Rome. We learn also from this Epistle that there were a great number of Gentile Christians at Rome, for their faith was spoken of throughout the whole world.⁵ Nearly a whole chapter is filled with salutations to particular individuals.⁶ There were, however, many Jews there also; Aquila and Priscilla had returned, and it was at their house that the Church assembled. This Epistle was sent by Phœbe a deaconess of the Church at Cenchrea,⁷ whom he commends to the faithful at Rome.

¹ Rom. i.—xi.

² Rom. xv. 15—29.

³ Rom. i. 8.

⁷ Rom. xvi. 1, 2.

² Rom. xii.—xv.

⁴ Rom. xv. 30—33.

⁵ Rom. xvi.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY

"Almighty God, Who hast given us Thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and as at this time to be born of a pure Virgin; grant that being regenerate, and made Thy children by adoption and grace, may be renewed by Thy HOLY SPIRIT; through the same our LORD JESUS CHRIST Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the same SPIRIT, ever one God, without end. Amen."

**THE appointed time in perfect fulness run,
Thou, God Almighty, gavest forth Thy SON,
To take our human nature so forlorn,
A helpless Babe of a pure Virgin born.**

**In the high wisdom of Salvation's plan
To win redemption for enslaved man,
To render that, man could not, without flaw,—
Perfect obedience to Thy holy law !**

**Gaining adoption for Thy creatures all
That we, through Him, might Abba FATHER call,
Regenerating grace, for us He won,
Each rebel creature to be called Thy son !**

**Grant to us then, regenerate by grace,
To dread the hidings of our FATHER's face !
The daily influence of Thy Spirit give
That in Thee, we may act, and think, and live.**

**LORD JESUS CHRIST, unto Thy holy Name
Which was, and is, and shall be still the same :
With FATHER, SPIRIT, One God without end,
In praise and worship evermore we bend !**

THE EPIPHANY ; OR, THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

"O God, Who by the leading of a star didst manifest Thy only-begotten Son to the Gentiles ; Mercifully grant, that we, which know Thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of Thy glorious Godhead ; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen."

**LORD God of Hosts, how great Thy might,
When ancient Israel leading,
Thou gav'st a guide by day, by night,
In cloud and fire succeeding.**

Thy love, O God, how manifest
 When Thy great Name confessing,
 Thou gav'st Thy people peace and rest,
 Canaan's bright land possessing.

O God, as time still onward ran,
 A day-star Thou didst send us,—
 The guiding beam for Gentile man
 In mercy to befriend us.

Admitted to Thy cov'nant grace,
 To Thee by faith belonging,
 Behold the ransomed Gentile race
 Around Thy chariot thronging.

Admit us to Thy glorious love,
 When death our Life is bringing;
 That we may all rejoice above
 In endless glory singing,

To Thee, our LORD, Who died for us,
 Yet rose again in glory :
 In Thy Ascension filling up
 Salvation's wondrous story.

E. H.

A SKETCH.

" Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
 And thou an Angel's happiness shalt know."
 CARLOS WILCOX.

It was on a bright morning in June that I started in my aunt's carriage for the long drive that was to take me to my new home, in the country town of Haslemere. It was a lovely drive in the fresh morning air, over the long, barren moors covered with gorse and heath, with a wide expanse of sea stretching to the far west as far as my eye could follow; and on the other side the richly wooded hills and valleys of some of our loveliest English scenery. It was the very drive—the hour—the landscape, that I most loved, but to-day I was incapable of enjoying them, for my heart was heavy. I had but just

lost the last near relative I had in the world—my mother's sister—and I was on my way to seek a home of dependence which a married cousin had offered me. True, I had much to be thankful for; I had seemed destitute and forsaken when my aunt was taken from me, and God had, in His mercy, raised up an unexpected friend in the person of a cousin whom I had not seen or heard much of for years. But there was still much to make me feel lonely and anxious, for my cousin was almost unknown to me, and she was married to a clergyman of whom I knew nothing beyond his name.

When last I had seen Marion, she was a sweet, gentle girl of fifteen, with dark hair braided off her white forehead, and thoughtful dark eyes, full of thought and feeling. I had been told that she married a severe, gloomy person, a very unfit husband for our bright Marion; but I was resolved not to be prejudiced against Mr. Woodvil, and reminded myself that one who had been not only willing, but anxious, to receive a stranger into his house of whom he knew nothing, but that she was homeless and friendless, must, at least, be kind-hearted.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when we drove into the little town of Haslemere. My first impression was not a pleasing one. The houses were low and irregular, nor altogether clean; there were few shops, and two Dissenting chapels, with red brick exteriors, met my gaze. But as we drove through the straggling streets, the aspect of things improved. A pretty school-house, built of stone, with two gables, arrested my attention, and a moment afterwards we came upon the lych-gate, and I looked upwards at the old stone tower of Haslemere Church. Round the churchyard we drove, and stopped at a modest-looking green gate, while a distant glimpse of a smooth grass plot, with flower-beds of geraniums and carnations raised my hopes high. Presently, the coachman's ring was answered by a fresh-looking country girl in a close cap, print dress, and white apron. She had scarcely time to answer my question, "Is Mrs. Woodvil at home?" before a pleasant voice exclaimed, "Here is Helen, Maurice. Come and receive her;" and my cousin Marion, followed by a gentleman whom I

guessed must be her husband, came eagerly to the gate where I was standing, and greeted me in a manner that left no doubt of my being a welcome visitor.

Marion is altered, but it may be her dress. She used to be a perfect butterfly in the many bright colours and elegant bonnets and dresses her mother liked to see her dressed in. Now, her dress is a simple muslin with a plain worked collar, fastened by a brooch containing her husband's hair. Her eyes are bright and feeling as ever, and she has a fresh colour, and a look that seems to say, "I am so very happy!" while the quick glance that is every now and then raised to her husband's face, leaves me in little doubt as to the secret of her happiness.

Mr. Woodvil answers to his description, and yet I am not disappointed. His dress and carriage are severe, and there is a grave thoughtfulness in his face that many might term 'gloominess.' But the smile that is turned sometimes on his wife, and the true sympathy that exists between them, which one half-hour in their company convinced me of, make me feel very loath to say, "he is no fit husband for our bright Marion."

It is a curious house. Large and rambling, with narrow, dark passages, and small, low-roofed rooms. I have been at Haslemere Vicarage three days, yet I cannot find my way all over it even now. The drawing-room is a cheerful room, not pinned up and encased in chintz and wrappers like my aunt's drawing-room used to be, when there were no visitors. There is nothing smart enough in Marion's drawing-room to spoil. The window-curtains are chintz, a white ground with a green leaf and brown flower, just suited to the room. The chairs are all odd, some are only basket work, others are low and covered with her sisters' work, while one or two are rosewood. There are many pictures, chiefly of churches or good men, and some are sacred subjects, and there are a great many books, but there is little besides in the room which is not necessary. I was surprised to find Marion's drawing-room so simple.

I must not forget that in my narrative I had but just arrived, and was employed in observing my cousin and her husband, and replying to their remarks. "Now,

Helen," said Marion, "I will take you to your room, and give you a peep at the babies as you pass."

I had almost forgotten Marion had any babies, and it seemed strangely unnatural to see her with a little blue-eyed curly-haired child in her arms, while another of two years old clung shyly to her dress.

"Come, Maid Marian," she said cheerfully to the elder, who drew back on my attempting to kiss her; "I must not have you shy with cousin Helen. She is coming to live here, and you must love her very much, and try to make her happy. See, baby is far more sociable," she continued, as the little fellow allowed me to take him in my arms, and dance him. "Never mind—Marion won't be shy in a day or two, and now, Helen, this is your room."

My room, a small one, with the creepers coming in at the open window, was all I could desire. It has already become quite home to me, and as it opens into the nursery on one side, I have been able to coax little Marion into a friendship, and she comes into my room every morning, when I am dressing, and repeats her pretty, childish hymns.

Soon after my first arrival I was surprised to hear the church bell strike out, and presently Marion put her head inside the door. "We are going to afternoon service, dear Helen, but we will not take you to-day as you must be tired after your long journey."

"Oh! no, I am not tired at all," I exclaimed, and catching up my gloves, I followed her down stairs. I had never been to a daily service in my life, and it was very new and strange to me. The seats were all free, and what struck me as most curious of all was that in the same seat with us sat an old woman in a large black bonnet and faded shawl, and that as she had no book, Marion shared hers with her, and they read together. It was different from all to which I had been used. My aunt had her family pew in the part of our Church reserved for the gentry, and we scarcely saw or knew whether any of the poor people were there. But I felt intuitively that Marion was right, and that there should be no distinctions of birth in God's house.

The service was indescribably quiet. Mr. Woodvil and his curate officiated, and after service they both walked home to the vicarage with us, where we found tea prepared, and Marion hurried me off to my room to take off my bonnet. I made great haste, for I knew my cousin's toilet would take her but a short time, yet, when I descended to the drawing-room what was my surprise to find Marion seated at the tea-table, and as deep in parish talk with the two clergymen as if she had been there some time.

"It is indeed a sad case," said Mr. Craven, the curate. "It is almost certain death for him to continue working in the mines, yet he has no other means of support, and with a wife and eight children he says he cannot run the risk of experimentalising in any other trade."

"Oh! dear," sighed Marion, "why have we not plenty of money? How hard it is to have the will and not the means for helping all!"

"We have as much as is good for us, my love," said Mr. Woodvil in his quiet, deep-toned voice. "Probably more would harden our hearts, and we must be thankful it is no less."

"An idea occurred to me," continued Mr. Craven: "we have often observed how much a carrier is needed between this place and Dorington. Now, if poor Brown had a good strong horse and cart, he might soon make a livelihood by going there twice a week with boxes and parcels, and the employment would be just such as he requires."

"What a good idea!" exclaimed Marion.

"Alas! it begins and ends an idea, Mrs. Woodvil. Where are the horse and cart to come from? I would gladly give a guinea, and Mr. Dalton and Mrs. Ware might do the same, but what are three guineas towards a horse and cart?"

"How much more would be required?" asked Marion.

Mr. Craven mentioned a sum which he considered would be sufficient, adding, "I don't see where it is to come from, however."

Marion and her husband exchanged glances. Hers was an eager look of inquiry; and when I turned to him

there was a smile of approval written on his face, and after a moment's thought he said,

"It is yours, my Marion; you shall do as you think right."

But Marion did not wait to think. She sprang up, and unlocking her desk took out some money wrapped in a paper parcel. There was a label upon it, but she tore it off, and presenting it to Mr. Craven with a sweet, natural grace, she said, "That is the sum; Maurice and I give it to him, and we shall be so glad if it succeeds."

Mr. Craven looked astonished, and turned from one to the other. "Oh! no, this must not be! I feel as if I had been begging; but indeed I never thought—"

"No, no, we know you didn't," exclaimed both.

"And," added Marion, "it was only set aside for a luxury, and when John Brown's life may be saved by it we feel we have no right to think of luxuries."

As I was going to bed that night, I could not resist saying to Marion, who had come to see that I was comfortable, "Do not answer me unless you like, but might I ask what you had put that money aside for?"

"Certainly, dear Helen," she said, kissing me. "It was for a pony. Maurice thought it would be a great enjoyment to me if I could ride about with him when he visits those who live on the outskirts of the parish. But I have done without it for three years, so I can well wait a little longer. You see," she added, and her soft eyes looked full of thought, "I feel that as a Clergyman's wife I must be especially careful not to stand between my husband and his duties. I am quite content that they should be first; and O, Helen! it is such a privilege to feel that I am only second to them!"

I had not been brought up in Marion's world, therefore it was not to be wondered at that, while I admired, I could not enter into her feelings. But that she was all that was single-hearted and pure, and her husband the same, I never doubted after that evening.

* * * * *

A sound of carriage-wheels at the garden-gate—a footman in livery—a loud double knock and a ring!—"Ruth,

who is it?" I asked, as she returned from the door with a card.

"Lady Winstanley, ma'am; I said my mistress was at home, and her ladyship is coming in."

A titled lady, a carriage and a footman! And here was Maid Marian creeping about on the floor in a brown holland pinafore, my cousin's large basket of work on the table, and the baby's berceunette and toys in the corner. Catching Maid Marian up in my arms, I flew to my cousin's room. She was busy over some accounts, in a print dress—how would she ever have time to change it?

"Marion! here is Lady Winstanley! Do let me fasten your dress for you, she must be in the drawing-room by this time!"

"Thank you, Helen," said Marion, rising and standing before me, but making no effort to change her dress.

"What will you put on?" I asked.

"Put on?" she repeated inquiringly. "If you will fasten my dress I am quite ready."

"But it is fastened, dear Marion. I don't think you understand me; you cannot go down in a print dress."

Marion laughed. "I thought you said it was unfastened. Marion Woodvil cannot pretend to compete with Lady Winstanley in dress, Helen; and depend upon it, if she cares about such things, she will not have more respect for a mousseline-de-laine than a print."

It was of no use trying to understand her. When my aunt's only aristocratic visitor had called, what a commotion the whole house had been in! One servant must put my aunt on her best dress, another must do the same by me; a third showed her ladyship up stairs, and all was as grand as five minutes' notice could make it.

"Come, my Marion," said my cousin, "Lady Winstanley always inquires for you. Will you come down with mamma?"

"Shall I not take off her pinafore?" I asked.

"No, thank you; she will only have to put it on again directly afterwards. Helen, you will come with us?"

If Marion was not ashamed of her print, I need not be so of my plain mourning dress. Lady Winstanley was not calculated to decrease the intense reverence for

a title, which had been instilled into me by my aunt. She was tall and stout, magnificently dressed with feathers in her bonnet.

She was inclined to be gracious and patronising to Mrs. Woodvil, but Marion's ease of manner and extreme simplicity discouraged patronage. Little Marion was admired and commented upon, and more than one wondering glance was cast at the holland pinafore. I was introduced as my 'cousin, Miss Ferguson,' received a slight bow, and retired into the protection of Marion's shadow. Presently Mr. Woodvil came in, Lady Winstanley seemed to stand a little in awe of him, and I was surprised to see that, after a little conversation, my respect for the title had rapidly vanished, and that I felt sweet, simple Marion and her sensible, earnest-minded husband superior to the assuming, pompous Lady Winstanley. After her departure I ventured to ask some questions concerning her, and, as is natural, when my awe had decreased I went into the other extreme, and was inclined to depreciate the rank to which she could justly lay claim.

"Then her husband is only a Baronet after all! No wonder you didn't care about the pinafore, Marion. I fancied her a Baroness or Countess."

"But as a Baronet's wife she is entitled to our respect," said Mr. Woodvil. "I approve of Marion's system of never dressing the children or herself up for visitors. We should be neat and presentable always, and more than this we need never wish people to think us."

"But, Marion, her manner to you was very assuming and condescending. I wonder you could stand it from a Baronet's wife."

"Even a Baronet's wife is higher in rank than myself, Helen," she replied smiling.

"And we are told that hereafter the first shall be last and the last first," observed Mr. Woodvil. "Humility is the truest aristocracy, Helen."

I never forgot those words, and they were the first commencement of a complete change of feeling in my mind, for I knew that although she paid a becoming deference to rank, as ordained of God, yet Marion's respect

the old woman in the large black bonnet and fadedawl, was as great as for the pompous Lady Winstanley.

But I was fated to have more surprises before long.

"Eleven to tea this evening, Ruth," I heard Marion say one morning, as I went up stairs to my room. "Eleven to tea!" quite a large tea-party! So, when we returned from Church in the afternoon, I took out my best black dress and put it on, with a muslin collar and a black jet brooch, left me by my aunt. I was a little distressed because I had no white gloves; but I consoled myself with the reflection that Marion was a plain dresser, and accordingly donned my black ones, and took a nice cambric pocket handkerchief in my hand.

There were no preparations made in the drawing-room, but I recollected that this was just like Marion, and having settled myself in a basket-work chair, with a book in my hand not to appear idle, I waited the arrival of the company. At length Mr. Woodvil looked into the room. "O Helen, we could not find you. Tea is quite ready—we have already begun."

What would the visitors think of me for not being there in good time? I followed Mr. Woodvil into the dining-room, where the tea-table was well filled, and Marion sitting at the head in her usual evening muslin dress.

But the company; there were no gentlemen, but eleven ladies, or rather females, of all ages. Some really lady-like, some looking like farmers or tradespeople's daughters; all plainly dressed and—without gloves! Oh! with what rapidity did I pull mine off! How did I hate the sight of my best black dress, and wish I were in Marion's muslin!

After tea large packets of work were produced, and all sat round and prepared to spend the evening in sewing. Mr. Woodvil retired to his library to write a sermon; and Marion spent the first half hour in reading aloud a new book of travels. All were respectful and well-behaved, some indeed more so than others, for one or two were a little more familiar than I liked; but Marion's manner had the effect of keeping these in check, and on

the whole there was nothing to complain of. There was no supper, and all were gone before ten o'clock.

After I was in bed that night Marion stole in. There was a laughing expression on her face. "You expected a tea-party to-night, Helen: I hope you weren't disappointed; I ought to have prepared you."

"Well, it was very foolish of me," I said, colouring. "I only heard your direction to Ruth that there would be eleven to tea, and concluded it to be a tea-party. Did I seem foolish in my best dress?"

"Not at all;" but Marion could not control a little laugh. "You know black is never smart. I hope you don't care for much visiting, as we have so little?"

"No, indeed I don't; if I may only be allowed to help you, and feel myself useful, I care for nothing more."

"And so you shall," said Marion, affectionately. "We didn't know whether you would like it, but Maurice will gladly set you to work to-morrow. Will you have a district and a class at the school? There is such scope for earnestness and energy here, Helen, and such opportunities for leading a good, useful life. I hope you will be happy with us, dear Helen."

I kissed her forehead and said I should be perfectly happy, I was certain; and I thanked her for giving a home to one who had so little claim upon her, and was going on to say much more, but laying her hand on my lips she gave me a laughing kiss, and hastily left the room.

It is Christmas Day. I have been six months at Haslemere, and learnt to look upon it as 'home' in the fullest sense of the word. Maurice is a brother to me, Marion a sweet, loving sister—Maid Marian one of my chief sources of pleasure and interest.

I am not now as useless as I was on my first arrival. I have the great happiness, unknown till now, of feeling that I am living to some purpose. Maurice says that, next to Marion, I am of the greatest use to him in the parish. I have a large district, which I visit under Maurice's superintendence; a class at the day-school, and

Sunday-school. I have undertaken Maid Marian's education, and I relieve Marion of some of her duties, which, with two children, were becoming almost more than her fragile strength could bear.

I have learnt to set a proper value upon rank and riches; and when Lady Winstanley, or others amongst Marion's aristocratic acquaintance, call, I no longer feel flurried and insignificant; but fully recollecting that she is Lady Winstanley, and I am but Helen Ferguson, neither desire to give her an importance not her due, nor to depreciate the rank to which she can lay claim.

I look back over the six months I have spent here, and marvel when I find how my feelings and principles have altered during that time. During my aunt's lifetime, I used to be subject to fits of listlessness and depression, and often felt weary of the world and its empty pomp and show. I never feel this now—beneath the outer crust of worldliness, there exists such food for work and thought—such materials upon which to build an active, useful life! I have discovered that the secret of cheerfulness and contentment is to be found only in employments that tend either directly or indirectly to the glory of God, and the good of our fellow-creatures. It is no new discovery, yet it has only been fully realised by me since I came to Haslemere.

Christmas morn—my heart feels full of rejoicing. The ground is robed in white, the bright wintry sun dances and glistens on the snow-tipped holly leaves, and imparts a cheerful aspect to even the sombre green of the cypress tree. The half-starved robins and sparrows approach fearlessly to the window-sill, and I have just laid down my pen that I might lift Maid Marian up, with a piece of bread in her hand, to give them a Christmas breakfast. I can look back to last Christmas with no feeling of regret—I spent the greater part of it in my aunt's close room, listening to her complaints at the severity of the season, and crouching over the fire with a book in my hand, giving little thought to the reason why Christmas should bring us joyful hearts. When we return from Church we are going to take a brisk walk to a hamlet about a mile from Haslemere, where a poor old woman is

confined to her bed by a severe attack of rheumatism ; for, as Marion says it is sad for any one to feel unloved and uncared for on a day like this, she is going to take her all happy Christmas wishes, and little Marion is to carry her a large print Bible, as a Christmas Gift.

Maurice is going with us, and also his Curate, Mr. Craven. The latter accompanied us yesterday on a long walk to the top of the eastern hill, where we can look over Haslemere, and the adjoining hamlets. It was a delicious day—the ground crackled under our feet, and long bright icicles hung from every fir-tree and cottage roof. Maurice and Marion walked faster than we did, for again and again Mr. Craven detained me to watch some natural curiosity, or to turn round and admire the broad wintry landscape that lay stretched on every side of us. So dilatory were our movements that Marion met us in the porch, having removed her bonnet and cloak, and inquired eagerly what had detained us.

Why did I draw her aside into the little room that went by the name of "Maid Marian's schoolroom," and why did the burning colour flush to my cheeks, till I was glad to hide them on Marion's shoulder? Why, when she asked me, in her soft-toned voice, what distressed me, did my tears fall thick and fast, in place of the words that ought to have come, but would not? Were they tears of sorrow? Ah! no, they were but as an April shower, and were rapidly succeeded by the warm and genial smiles of May. And then—oh! how obtuse Marion was! No broken sentences, no half-hesitating expressions could reveal to her the secret that I found so hard to frame into an intelligible sentence. Not until I whispered to her, with many blushes and much confusion, that I had been asked to leave my dear happy home at Haslemere Rectory, for another that was to bring me, if possible, still more happiness, and a more concentrated affection, could Marion understand the cause of my agitation.

Sweet Marion—with what sisterly affection were her arms twined round my neck, and what tender congratulation was there in the tone with which she whispered "O, Helen! I am so glad!"

E. E. T.

S. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S CHURCH, EASTNOR.

CHALICED, where copse and wood outstretch around
 Within brown hills, purple with heathery bloom,
 Where Time scarce changes ; and where ne'er a tomb
 For rose-flush'd tint or deepening shade is found,
 God's acre, where the sleeping faithful lie
 Around His dear SON's altar, marks the glen
 Where Faith and Charity have reared on high
 Once more that sacred stone. So that again
 The light is lit, symbol of CHRIST the Light ;
 Once more a choir, with varying rise and fall
 Sing JESUS, Son of Mary, while for all
 His " Come, ye weary ; I will give you rest,"
 Sounds sweetly.

Noon is past, day wanes, and night,
 With trembling stars and silver dews, is here.
 Watchman ! thy message, now the dry bones live ?
 Soldier, thy watchword ? Priest, what dost thou give ?
 " With CHRIST communion, peace for evermore."
 " God and the Right." " Foot-rest on Canaan's shore."

May other altars rise, and other love,
 Through grace o'erflowing, know the Church above.
 Green be our memories of his work and word,—
 The work complete, when came a rich reward ;
 The hopeful peal, the sacrifice, the hymn,
 " My SAVIOUR liveth, and I live with Him."
 Green be our memories of his deeds and zest—
 God bestow light and everlasting rest !

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

Eastnor, October, 1859.

THE EARLY AND THE LATTER RAIN.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is only in very early youth, that the first awakening in the morning brings with it a feeling of buoyancy and hope. When the yet untired spirit has no fear for the future and no mourning for the past,—it welcomes the early sunshine with a glad belief in the golden promise.

of existence ; but when it has learnt to know the weight so awful and so sacred of a life of probation—when the past is sorrowful beyond words because of sin, and the future dreaded and uncertain because of conscious weakness—then the first return of waking thought is full of weariness and of a deep sad longing for that fairest Day whose perfect calm shall be the rest from sin.

With some such feelings Mary Ashurst awoke on the morning after Lucy's death ; but she had scarcely time to recollect the events of the preceding day, when her thoughts were turned unexpectedly into a different channel. A telegraphic message was brought to her, which proved to be from Leonard, begging her to meet him that day at a station, between Wood Morley and Grassmede, and adding a request that she would not mention the circumstance to Eva. It was with considerable alarm that Mary received this summons. The injunction to secrecy especially convinced her that it was no good news which Leonard had to tell, and her heart sunk with that undefined fear which is more trying to bear than a painful certainty. She had, however, little time for reflection ; the train started early, and she could not go without seeing Eva. The guests at Wood Morley breakfasted at all hours, as it suited their convenience, so that Mary had no difficulty in this respect ; and she found that she had just time to see her sister for a few minutes in her dressing-room, before starting on her anxious journey. Eva was sitting listlessly before the mirror, while her maid combed out her long fair hair, and to Mary's great annoyance she resolutely avoided dismissing her servant, so that they could have no private conversation.

Eva made no attempt, however, to hide her sullen displeasure with her sister. She scarcely answered her greeting, and turned away her head when she stooped to kiss her. Mary stood beside her sorrowfully for a few minutes, then she said,

“ I am going out, Eva dear, and I do not think I shall be at home until dinner-time.”

Eva turned round her face, crimsoned with suppressed anger.

“ Mary, let me request you—since Hervey is too gene-

was to do so himself—to abstain from interfering any further with his parishioners.”

“I had no intention of going into the parish,” said Mary, and Eva waited, expecting her to say where she did mean to go; but as her sister remained silent she looked up, and the bitter thought that darkened her soul at the moment found vent in words.

“I can guess your errand; you are going to the Beaumonts, to see Dr. Markham, and give him a few more details as to my husband’s private habits and opinions; your dear friend, Lady Beaumont, will be charmed to see you on such a mission! Ah, poor mamma spoke the truth long ago, when she said it was the grand principle of the High Church party to turn against their own relations.”

“Is it possible!” was Mary’s almost unconscious exclamation, and well might she listen in mournful wonder to such an accusation; for Eva knew perfectly that from the first moment of her sister’s awakening to the truth of the spiritual life she had devoted herself with her whole powers of self-sacrifice to the wishes and interests of her family, without one thought for the desires of her own heart, which would have led her to a very different career; but the painful experience of very many could testify to the strange injustice of this charge, which is almost universally brought against the most zealous members of CHRIST in the face of the strongest evidence of its falsity. It is thus, in fact, that the world revenges itself for the resistance of the Church to that social heresy which would seek to make a divine religion of the domestic affections, and to place them in each heart and life far above that love of God which alone can sanctify them.

Mary would not defend herself from an accusation such as this—the more as she was unwilling to share Eva’s indiscretion in talking of family matters before the servant; but she looked quietly at her sister till Eva’s eyes sunk before the gentle reproach of that fearless gaze, and then Mary gave her a silent kiss, which was this time not refused, and left her to start on her unexpected journey. Once in the train, with the certainty which is very agreeable to an overworked person, that, for the next two

hours, head and hands must of necessity remain inactive, Mary abandoned herself to the deep joy which rose in her heart when she remembered that she was on her way to Leonard. Leonard, not her brother only, but her dearest earthly friend, and her unconscious pioneer on the difficult road to life eternal; for she felt that he was ever before her on that *Via Crucis*. He first had shown her that it was also the *Via Lucis* by the glory which his life had caught from the perpetual vision of the opening heaven; and she had struggled after him since then, learning true doctrine from his lips and true holiness from his example, but still ever seeing that he rested not in his upward efforts to reach the faintest far-off semblance of his Heavenly LORD's perfection, and finding ever that where-insoever she might be supposed to have attained he was yet far beyond her as a bright and pure example. And now she would have the consolation of being with one who would sympathize with her in all her deepest longings. Not that even with Leonard Mary would speak of her religious feelings; but she well knew that he understood her so far as in any case the mystery of one individual heart can be understood by another, and above all she knew that for him, as for her, there was but one Love in earth and heaven, the First, the Last, the All-Sufficient! Oh, the rest it would be to look upon that pure spiritual face in whose resolute serenity no trace of earthly passions ever gleamed, after all the jarring tumult of worldly interests which had been around her lately. They had parted last by Cecil's new made grave, and Leonard was so bound up with all her thoughts of the unseen that she felt almost as if she would meet both brothers in one.

These anticipations were fully realised, when at last the train stopped, and she found herself on the platform, both hands clasped in his, and her welcome spoken more by the grave sweet smile which was so peculiarly his own than by the greeting of his low-toned voice.

They met at a little country station where the waiting-room was quite unoccupied, and there Leonard speedily divested Mary of her cloak and bonnet, and smoothing back her hair with both hands gazed earnestly upon her face.

She, in return, looked up smiling into his, and after a moment, said, "Now we must give an account of our mutual survey; mine is that you are looking happy, dearest Leonard, but not well."

"In which you are quite wrong, my sister, for I am very well, but not particularly happy at this moment, except in the pleasure of seeing you—my report on your looks, however, is decidedly favourable, you are looking better than when I saw you last, though somewhat older, as if you had been living more years in thought than in time."

"But why are you not happy, Leonard?"

"You must sit down, for I am sure you are tired, and then I will tell you. It is a painful circumstance which made me send for you, dear Mary."

"I feel as if I could hardly regret anything which has given me the joy of seeing you."

"Do not say that," he answered, almost sternly, "for the cause is one of sin as well as sorrow, and it concerns a person most dear to us both—our brother Wilfred."

Mary started.

"Oh, what of him! I had no idea you knew where he was."

"I did not until yesterday, when I received a letter from the doctor who is attending him at Baden Baden."

"Is he ill, then?"

"He has been wounded. Mary, the details of his career since that fatal quarrel with our father in Paris, are most painful—some of them such as you must not hear—amongst others the duel in which he has been engaged was for a cause which I will not darken your mind by detailing; it is enough for you to know that if his adversary's anger was just it convicts Wilfred of grievous wrong doing. His wound though dangerous is, they trust, not mortal; but it is certain that he will be unable even to stand for months, and the probability is that he will be a helpless cripple for life."

"Oh, Leonard, let us go to him," said Mary, grasping his hands.

"My plan is rather to bring him to Grassmede, as the doctor says that his very life depends on his having long

and careful watching. He cannot go home: our father would not receive him, and Wilfred would not go; but we have thought that our mother would be very glad to have you come and nurse him, Mary."

"Oh, I am sure she would, and I should be so thankful to come; independent of everything else, I do not wish to go home at present for a reason I will tell you some day, as it is a matter in which I wish for your advice."

"And does Eva not require you?"

Mary shook her head.

"On the contrary, I fear I shall no longer be a welcome guest at Wood Morley."

"That may be decided then; but we must not go too fast, for there are very serious difficulties in the way of Wilfred's leaving Baden at all. You have only heard the first part of my bad news."

"Has he contracted debts?" inquired Mary.

"Yes, but it is to an extent of which you have little idea. Wilfred has been a gambler."

Mary bowed her head, and burst into tears.

"My dearest sister," said Leonard, kindly, yet firmly, "you must control yourself; Wilfred requires other help from you than fruitless tears; and time presses, you have yet to hear the rest."

"I am ready," said Mary, blushing at the weakness which she at once subdued, and Leonard went on.

"I need not trouble you with the complicated details of business, but you will understand that Wilfred carried out his unhappy threat to my father, and sold the reversion of the estate. So that Ashurst Court at the present moment belongs in reality to the Jews who lent him the money."

"Oh, poor papa, it would break his heart to know this!"

"It would indeed, I fear, and it is my anxiety to prevent all the misery which would result from a disclosure of the truth in my father's lifetime which has brought me here to-day; for even this is not all, I might as well say, not only has Wilfred squandered the large sum he received, but incredible as it may seem, he has accumulated debts besides to the amount of several thousands."

pounds,—unless these can be paid, the money-lenders to whom they are owing and who well know that my mother's money is still available, threaten at once to bring an action against Wilfred, which will make the whole matter public, and bring ruin and disgrace on himself and our father."

"Leonard," gasped Mary, "this must not be."

"It must not, indeed, let it cost what it will; my father must be spared such a shock. But now we come to the question, Mary, how is this payment to be made? You know that I have nothing."

She did indeed. She well knew that all he possessed had been long since bestowed to build a church in a neglected part of his large parish, and that the greater part of his stipend was given to the curate who took charge of it, leaving for himself a scanty sum barely sufficient with the most rigid self-denial for the necessities of life.

"There remains, therefore, I am sorry to say, only the money left to you by Mrs. Berkeley," continued Leonard, "over which you have unlimited control, being already of age, and which is sufficient for the purpose."

Mary coloured crimson, and looked timidly at her brother, as she said,

"But surely, Leonard, that is no longer in my own power."

"Yes, it is; an accidental delay, which I now feel to be providential, has left unsigned the contract for building your House of Refuge, so that the funds are still in my hands."

"But I did not mean in that way. I meant that it was an offering to GOD, and I did not think I could take it back."

"And do you suppose, dearest Mary, that it would be less an offering to GOD, when given to save your father from great sorrow, than in accomplishing the good work to which you devoted it?"

"No, certainly not in the first instance; but I destined it for a purpose which I thought might have saved many souls, and it seemed as if I were taking it away from CHRIST's lost sheep to give it to my own friends."

"I think you are confounding cause and effect, my sister, as in spiritual things persons are very apt to do."

It is God's will indeed that we should plant and wa wheresoever we can, but it is He alone Who gives increase. Not one soul could have been touched by] grace in that Home, as you well know, except by] will ; and do you think He would now give a blessing the means you require for the performance of a hig duty ? on the other hand, do you suppose that Go arm is shortened so that He cannot save these wander souls, except by the machinery which you prepare ? i be His will, as you may venture at least to hope, to accomplish your heart's desire and prayer in their salvati He can do it by other hands than your's."

"That is quite enough," said Mary ; "take it, pray, t it at once ; I am most thankful that I have it to give.

"There is yet one consideration I must place bef you. You know that this money is actually all you p sess. My father knowing it was sufficient for your ture maintenance, divided your portion between Gr and Eva, and when I allowed you, as your worldly-w brother," he added smiling, "to devote your whole s stance to the Refuge, it was with the view of your com ultimately to take charge of it yourself, and to find th a home and a work entirely suited to you ; but of cou if we use it, as we now purpose, it is utterly lost to y and if you survive my father you will be quite pennile Now you must consider all that this involves. You v have to work for your living, for if you have any idea entering a sisterhood I conceive that this would entir put it out of the question. I am sure you will agree w me that, to join a religious community as a means of suring a livelihood, is a course thoroughly to be rep bated."

"Undoubtedly ; but, dear Leonard, do not let us thi of the consequences to me in any way. It may be t it shall please God to provide some better thing for before then," and her eyes sparkled at the thought ; Mary Ashurst was one of those to whom life is a da death, and death an everlasting life ; "and for the res have never told you quite the secret wish of my heart. have a great longing to live altogether alone with Gc There is no reason against the life of a solitary, is there

Leonard shook his head.

“Not for you, perhaps ; because you are of a very peculiar temperament ; but for the generality of persons you may be sure that unity is strength ; the strong must support the weak, and the weak call forth the charity of the strong. However, I think you are very right to leave your future in the hands of God ; and this I may say,” he added tenderly, “that while I live, my little Mary will never be without a home.”

She looked up gratefully into the face beautiful in its holiness of expression which was bent down to her, and an indefinable pang shot through her heart as she felt the instinctive conviction that Leonard’s burning love for his ascended LORD must needs before very long rend away the veil of flesh, and let his soul flee forth to that Beloved Presence like the dove that found no rest on earth.

A few more words settled all their plans. Leonard was to start that night for Baden, and to bring Wilfred home so soon as he was able to travel. Mary was to write to Mrs. Ashurst, stating as gently as she could his precarious state, without alluding to the other painful circumstances connected with him ; and she was to ask leave to go at once to Grassmede, to make preparations for the arrival of the invalid ; and then, when all was decided, in the dark December afternoon, the brother and sister parted, each in spite of sorrowful circumstances, soothed and comforted by the perfect sympathy and confidence that subsisted between them.

THE TEN RULES OF LIFE.

THE following Rules are translated from an anonymous MS., on the fly-leaf of a book of offices, bearing date 1481. The Legend in which they are inserted relates that they were given by our LORD in reply to an earnest prayer that He would tell the suppliant what things were the more pleasing to Him.

"The First. To give in thy life-time, and in the season of thy health, one penny for love of Me, is more pleasing to Me, and more profitable to thee, than if thou didst possess a mountain of gold, reaching from earth to heaven, and shouldst, for love of Me, leave it in gifts to the poor, to be distributed after thy death.

"The Second. One single tear shed in memory of My Passion, and for thine own sins, is more pleasing to Me, and more profitable to thee, than if for the things of time thou shouldst shed a sea of tears, or than if thou shouldst encourage others to shed in thy behalf, after thy decease, a river of tears for thine offences.

"The Third. To put up with one word only that is unjust or injurious to thee, and to do this in mindfulness of Me, is more pleasing to Me than that thou shouldst break every stick in the woods about thy back in self-discipline.

"The Fourth. To watch in prayer, to rejoice in Me, and to deny thyself somewhat of thy sleep, in memory of Me, is more pleasing to Me, and more profitable to thee, than that to the day of thy death thou shouldst maintain a dozen soldiers to fight incessantly against the Saracens.

"The Fifth. To suffer with the weak, and to gather with strangers for the love of Me, is more pleasing to Me, and more profitable to thee, than that thou shouldst fast upon bread and water for forty years.

"The Sixth. To abstain from the detraction of thy neighbour, is more pleasing to Me, and more profitable to thee, than that thou shouldst walk barefooted until blood be drawn.

"The Seventh. To change for the better whatever thou dost hear or see, so that thou mayst cast away from thyself every lie, this too is more pleasing to Me, and more profitable to thee, than that thou shouldst ascend in contemplation even to the third heaven.

"The Eighth. To pray for thyself that I would forgive thy sins, and pour My Grace upon thee, this is more pleasing to Me, and more profitable to thee, than that My Mother, and all the Saints who have been from the beginning of the world and who shall be until its end, should pray for thee.

"The Ninth. To have trust and firm reliance in God

alone, always, and everywhere, this is dearer to Me, than that thou shouldst erect a column to reach from earth to heaven, and set with sharp knives, and shouldst climb up thereby with bare feet, to the mangling of thy body and the shedding of thy blood.

"The Tenth. To despise all earthly consolation and to seek consolation in God only, this is more pleasing to Me, and more profitable to thee, than that thou shouldst by the labour of thine own hands alone support all the poor that are in the world.

"This do," said CHRIST, "and verily thou shalt live for ever and ever."

RETROSPECT.

O DEAREST hopes and fears
Of those fond April years,
 wooing our autumn tears,
 Come ye fast thronging?
 O love, O hope and joy!
 Sweets that might never cloy,
 How did ye bless the boy
 And his heart's longing?

Flow'rs in the shady nooks
Brightened to meet our looks,
 Slow cawed the solemn rooks,
 Round our heads winging:
 Bird's nest, that vision rare,—
 Shall Heav'n yield aught more fair?
 Hark, music fills the air!
 Our hearts are singing.

Up the lane, o'er the stile,
 Where the gold cowslips smile,
 And the mad lark the while
 Scatters sweet laughter,
 And the blue butterflies
 Dance 'neath our bluer eyes—
 Is there a rarer prize
 Years shall bring after?

Then, in home's circle sweet,
 Sit at our mother's feet,
 While her dear lips repeat
 Each well-known ditty,

And for the thousandth time
 To the familiar rhyme
 Our hearts keep pace and chime,
 Thralls of fond pity.

Surely such joys as these,
 And more blest memories,
 Which dull words may not seize,
 Rest pledges holy,
 Of a yet dearer time,
 And a far rarer clime,
 Whence pain and loss and crime
 Have perished wholly.

ARCHER GURNEY.

CHAPTERS ON THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

No. IV.—S. HEGESIPPUS.

“How inestimable are the fragments of *Hegesippus*! Such is the opinion recently uttered at Oxford, by the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History there. Some of us may feel disposed to ask, who was S. Hegesippus? What are his fragments? Why are they inestimable? And these are the questions we propose to answer in our present chapter.

We may premise that Hegesippus was no common man; otherwise the Church would not have reckoned him among the glorious company of her Saints and Fathers; a Regius Professor would not have spoken in such unqualified terms of his literary remains; and we should have selected a worthier Father to form the subject of the following notice. The faithful of every age have felt unspeakable comfort from that statement of Holy Writ, that God preserveth the *souls* of His holy ones; and this conservative care seems oftentimes to have extended beyond the soul, preserving to us memorials of their works also through which, though now dead in the body, they still speak to us. God raised up the Ecclesiastical Historian Eusebius, to preserve to us the memory, and some por-

tion of the writings of S. Hegesippus, more than a century after his death: that as in profane matters *Athenæus* has rescued from oblivion many striking passages from the older Greek poets, so also has Eusebius done a similar service to several of the older Christian writings. And this is the reason why we cannot but feel disappointed on opening Dr. Routh's "Sacred Relics" for the first time, to find there, nothing new in way of actual matter, but the old quotations of Eusebius served up again with a fresh garniture of illustrative notes. The great value which is attached to the late Cardinal Mai's labours, arises from the fact of his having procured, what to us were new treatises of the ancients, both Christian and heathen, because they had been lost for so many hundred years.

S. Hegesippus was the earliest authentic writer of an Ecclesiastical History: we say authentic, because a very learned man named Scaliger, who delighted to undervalue Christian antiquity, took upon himself to attempt a refutation of many of the facts which had been recorded by S. Hegesippus; but he was ably answered both by Halloixius and Petavius, and the credibility of our historian established.

Now there are two very significant expressions that run throughout the whole of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius—*tradition* and *succession*; he seemed to regard these as the two points upon which the whole Church system moved; an opinion that in these days might be copied by many with advantage. Eusebius tells us, that S. Hegesippus lived "during the *first succession* of the Apostles," i.e. during the time of their immediate successors; and S. Jerome calls him "a neighbour of the apostolic times." He was doubtless a contemporary with S. Justin; they both lived during the reign of Hadrian (A.D. 117—138), and while the latter speaks of the Jewish insurrection under Barchochebas as having lately happened, the former tells us of Antinous the slave of Hadrian, who was among some idolaters who began to build cenotaphs and temples "*as we now see to be done,*" and to whose honour games are celebrated, which has been done in *our own days*. The great Dr. Grabe con-

tends in his "Spicilegium SS. Patrum," that S. Hegesippus wrote after S. Justin was martyred, and on that account is reckoned by us as a later father. S. Hegesippus visited Rome while Anicetus (A.D. 157—168) held the chair of S. Peter, and Eusebius says that S. Hegesippus writes that he was at Rome and continued there under the Episcopate of Eleutherius (A.D. 177—190); where he really wrote as follows: "After coming to Rome I made my stay with Anicetus, whose deacon was Eleutherius. After Anicetus, Soter succeeded, and after him Eleutherius." So that there is no ground for believing that he remained at Rome till the Pontificate of Eleutherius. No doubt before he went to Rome he visited several churches, for he conversed with several Bishops, and received "the same doctrine from all." Eusebius thinks that he was a convert from Judaism, and the reasons that he gives would not seem very conclusive to a modern critic; they are these. Firstly, that he put forth certain things about "the Gospel of the Hebrews." Secondly, that he referred to the Syriac. And lastly, that he was at home in the Hebrew tongue. Of this same "Gospel of the Hebrews," a long story might be told, but we cannot pause to tell it now. Whether or not S. Hegesippus remained at Rome till the Pontificate of Eleutherius is an open question; but there it was, that he collected into a focus all his experiences, and successions, and traditions of the lesser churches: there he "wove" (as the Latin so beautifully expresses it) his Church history. Where could he have found a more befitting place for such work? The spirits of the martyred Apostles SS. Peter and Paul were a power that filled this church. Where had the succession been more carefully observed,—the Apostles, Linus, Anacletus, Clement, Evarestus, Alexander, Xystus, Telesphorus, Hyginus, Pius, and Anicetus following in unbroken chain? Where could he then find a spot more endeared by associations of the past, so fitted to become the nursing cradle of the infant faith, as the city of the seven hills, with her magnificent basilicas above ground, and her catacombs below it?

It was in Rome that he summed up his wanderings

that he reckoned the integrity of the Apostolical succession in city after city that he had visited, and records that in all the Christian world the same faith flourished and was preserved intact; the same things holden by the faithful which had been predicted by the law, and by the Prophets, and by our LORD Himself. Here he remained most probably till the year A.D. 177. Can we wonder then, looking at the manner in which S. Hegesippus obtained the materials for his Ecclesiastical History, and at the atmosphere in which it was penned, that it should have turned out to be the production which Eusebius has described as "an unsophisticated tradition of the Apostolic doctrine and the completest record of his own faith?" From the celebrated "Paschal Chronicle" we learn that the Emperor Marcus Antoninus and S. Hegesippus died the same year, A.D. 180. And if we should ask for more particulars of this Father, the Paschal Chronicle adds, that he was a man who "had written very much indeed about the Apostles," agreeing with Sozomen the historian, in calling him the most learned of men, who had continued the history of the Church to his own day. The Western Church, respecting his learning and honouring his faith, has enrolled him among her sainted throng; and his memory is celebrated yearly on the seventh of April. Let thus much suffice in answer to the question, Who was S. Hegesippus?

The *Fragments* of S. Hegesippus are small portions which have been preserved to us of a body of Ecclesiastical history which he composed in five books, and in which he relates all the important events which had occurred in the Church from the Passion of CHRIST to his own time. This history or commentary was called "a memorial;" not (*διήγησις*) a narration merely, or even (*ιστορία*) a setting forth of one's observation, or inquiries, or knowledge, but a "*Remembrance*" (*ὑπόμνημα*) of things past, a lasting memorial for the time to come of that, which time not destroying, should consecrate and hallow by its most abiding association. These memorials, S. Jerome informs us, were written in a simple style (*sermone simplici*), so as to correspond in manner with the

matter of the lives themselves. As far as we can judge by the existing fragments, it is of the greatest loss Ecclesiastical antiquity that these Memorials should have perished.

The Fragments, however, were first gathered up by Halloixius and given in the first volume of his "Illustrious Writers of the Eastern Church; afterwards they were collected by Dr. Grabe in the "Spicilegium Patrum," copied into the great "Bibliotheca Patrum" of Gallandius, and lastly edited by Dr. Routh in the first volume of his "Reliquiæ Sacræ." All the longer fragments are preserved in the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, and in the Bibliotheca of the Patriarch Photius, and another fragment in the "Chronographia" of George Syncellus.

The first fragment recorded by Eusebius, contains an account of the martyrdom of S. James the Just, the first Bishop of Jerusalem. It is of considerable historical value; it occupies a conspicuous place in Ruinart's "Genuine Acts of the Martyrs:" neither did Claude Fleury deem its entire insertion unworthy of his Ecclesiastical history. It well illustrates a phase in the conflict which went on for so long a time between Christianity and Judaism. Eusebius calls this a most accurate account; it runs thus: "But James, the brother of the Lord, who, as there were many of his name, was surnamed the Just by the apostles from the days of our Lord until now, received the administration of the Church at the time of the Apostles. And he was holy from his mother's womb. He drank neither wine nor strong drink, nor did he eat any kind of food, nor did a razor come upon his head, nor did he anoint himself with oil, nor use the bath. To him alone was it lawful to enter into the inner sanctuary of the temple: neither did he wear woollen, but linen garments, and he was accustomed to go into the temple alone, and he was found upon his bended knees and interceding for the forgiveness of the people: so that his knees became hard as a camel's, because he was ever wont to kneel upon the knee, praying to God and to ask forgiveness for the people. Therefore also on account of his exceeding gravity and piety he was called the Just and Oblivious, which signifies the protection and the justice of the people, as the prophet

phets declare concerning him. But there were among the Jews *seven sects*, concerning whom I made mention before in my Memorials, and they asked him What was the door to JESUS? and he said that He was the SAVIOUR, by which some believed that JESUS is the CHRIST. But the heresies spoken of before neither believed in a resurrection or that He was coming to reward each according to his works. As many however as did believe, believed through the works and ministry of James. And many of the rulers believing, there was a tumult of the Jews, and of the Scribes, and of the Pharisees, saying that there was danger, that the people would now expect JESUS as the Messiah. They said therefore, coming in a body to James, 'Restrain the people, who are deceived about JESUS, as if He were the CHRIST. We intreat thee to persuade all that are coming to the feast of the passover concerning JESUS, for we all have confidence in thee; for we and all the people witness to thee that thou art just, and thou respectest not persons. Persuade therefore the people not to be led astray by JESUS, for we and all the people have great confidence in thee. Stand thou therefore upon a wing of the temple, that thou mayest be conspicuous on high, and thy words may be well heard by all the people, for all the tribes have assembled at the passover with some of the Gentiles.' The before-mentioned Scribes and Pharisees placed James upon a wing of the temple, and shouted to him and said, 'O thou just man, whom we all ought to believe, since the people are led astray after JESUS that was crucified, declare to us what is the door of JESUS.' And he answered with a loud voice, 'Why do ye question me concerning JESUS the Son of Man? He is now sitting in the heavens on the right hand of great Power, and is about to come in the clouds of heaven.' And many being confirmed and glorying in this testimony of James and saying, 'Hosanna to the Son of David;' then again these very Scribes and Pharisees said among themselves, 'We have done badly in permitting this testimony from James, but ascending, we will cast him down, that being afraid they will not believe in him.' And they cried out saying, 'Oh, oh, the Just is deceived;' and they fulfilled that

which is written in Isaiah, 'Let us remove the Just, because he is hurtful to us; therefore shall they eat the fruits of their works.' Ascending therefore they cast down the Just, and they said among themselves, 'Let us stone James the Just.' And they began to stone, since having been cast down, he had not died; but turning round he knelt down saying, 'I beseech Thee, O LORD GOD and FATHER, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Thus they were stoning him, when one of the priests of the sons of Rechab, a son of the Rechabites, spoken of by Jeremiah the Prophet, cried out saying, 'Cease, what are you doing? the Just is praying for you.' And one of them, one of the fullers, taking a club with which he beat the clothes, brought it down upon the head of the Just, and so he died. And they buried him on the spot by the temple, and his tomb still remains by the temple. He became a faithful witness both to the Jews and the Greeks, that JESUS is the CHRIST.' And straightway Vespasian besieged them."

The ascetic life, the intercessory prayer, the Jewish heresies, the martyr's prayer, the Rechabite order, the judgment that overtook the Jews,—all form topics worthy of great attention, though perhaps ecclesiastically speaking this fragment is not so interesting as those which will form the subject of the succeeding chapter.

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now," said Mr. Weston, "having provided this Absolution and Remission for all men, whom has it pleased Him to send out to proclaim it?"

Edward. The Priests of His Church.

Mr. Weston. What account do we hear in Scripture of persons receiving this office?

Robert. "As My FATHER hath sent Me, even so send I you." S. John xx. 21. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." S. Mark xvi. 15.

Mr. Weston. These words were the commission given by our LORD to His Apostles, when He breathed on them in token of the power from above, which He gave them for their task ; and by His promise, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," He gave assurance of the same grace and power being continued to all His Ministers. Can you remember any other passages where this office is spoken of?

Malcolm. "Now then we are ambassadors for CHRIST, as though GOD did beseech you by us; we pray you in CHRIST's stead, be ye reconciled to GOD." 2 Cor. i. 20.

Richard. "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of CHRIST, and stewards of the mysteries of GOD." 1 Cor. iv. 1.

Mr. Weston. If you look at the Acts of the Apostles, you will find that they went about preaching the forgiveness of sins, and restoration to GOD's favour through CHRIST; and that they also appointed other Ministers to continue the same work, throughout the world, that these glad tidings might be borne to all people. What does the Absolution say GOD has given to His Ministers?

Richard. "Power and commandment to declare and pronounce this pardon to all who are penitent."

Mr. Weston. You read just now that S. Paul called himself and the other Apostles Ambassadors for CHRIST; and that our LORD gave them authority as such. An ambassador is sent to represent his sovereign, and to act in his name, and according to his instructions. So then, Ministers in the Name of CHRIST, and according to His will and command, declare GOD's pardon to all who will come and receive it. Does He make any promise regarding this part of their ministry?

Joseph. "Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them." S. John xxi. 23.

Mr. Weston. In using this power to forgive a notorious offender, and restore him to the congregation from which his sin had caused him to be excluded, S. Paul says, "I forgave it in the person of CHRIST," as acting in the Name and by the power of CHRIST. And when His

Priests thus pronounce the Absolution and Remission procured by Him, we doubt not but that He confirms their word to all who are truly seeking these ; and that He Who is the great High Priest, blots out their sins, and will loose them from their bonds. When, therefore, the Priest says, " He pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel ;" think of it as the very message to each of yourselves, from that Almighty God, Who is the FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and sent Him to be the SAVIOUR of the world. 1 S. John iv. 14. If you have come to Him with the feelings of true sorrow for the past, and earnest resolve to serve Him better than before, be sure He does indeed pardon you. Believe entirely His promises, and know that for you the Lamb of God was slain, in Him there is free forgiveness and grace for you. Think much and often, boys, on this exceeding mercy, and on the love which paid so great a price for your souls, and you will learn to love, and trust, and obey God with thankful hearts. No benefit could possibly equal this ; and even in this present life, amid the troubles and pains which may vex and sadden us, the thought that no condemnation awaits us hereafter, that the ALMIGHTY looks on us with love, and remembers not our faults, is a comfort far greater than any which worldly pleasure or ease can give. We can patiently bear with evils, which now are not the marks of anger, and which to the penitent and forgiven children of God, serve to make them perfect, and fit for greater glory in the presence of their once suffering LORD. We know that the Eye of a most merciful FATHER is on us, Who even amid our wanderings has watched us in pity, and in His great love desires only that we leave our evil passions, and come from the way of destruction to His sure paths and loving guidance. He will receive us, for He wills not that the sinner should be destroyed, and He gives His HOLY SPIRIT, that the sinful selfish heart may be changed, and all its thoughts, wishes, and intentions turned to Him and His service. Therefore, while with faith in the words of pardon, you rejoice at your deliverance, forget not to pray as you are here told, that God would give you each true change of

mind and His blessed SPIRIT, that you may think the *thoughts* and lead the lives of those who have been cleansed from sin by CHRIST'S Blood.

"Each time you come into the house of God, confess *your* past faults, and listen to the message and declaration of His pardon and love, should send you on with *fresh* courage and strength in the way of Christian obedience. Do not suppose, however, that you will always find it easier to do right afterwards, or that having felt sincerely sorry for past sin, and resolved to serve your SAVIOUR, you will not often feel inclined again to follow evil habits, or not have many a hard struggle to keep right. Satan does not give up his temptations because we have forsaken him; our own hearts are naturally selfish, and like to choose their own will, and the things which have tempted us before will tempt us again. Be prepared for difficulty, for pain, and trouble, and sadness; remember you will certainly find all these, and find them hard to bear. Still hold fast, and never let go for one moment, the firm belief, that as CHRIST once bore the bitter trials and sufferings of His life and death on earth to save us, He will not leave us in the enemy's power, but give help sufficient to make us able to resist, and stand fast, and continue His faithful servants. He never promised freedom from trial or sorrow, but He has promised, and always gives the grace and comfort we need in it. If we continue holding fast our faith in Him, after passing through the troubles He partook so largely of, we shall share His glory. I know," continued Mr. Weston, "that you all have much to strive with, and that to be holy and pure is no easy thing for any of you; but it is your heavenly FATHER Who has placed you in your situations, and knows your difficulties. He has called you to new and holy lives in His service, and He will enable you each to lead such; therefore, no temptations you may have, can be a just excuse for not being so. Keep ever before your minds how your LORD and SAVIOUR submitted to poverty, contempt, and all that is most trying and painful to us men, that He might deliver us from the power of evil and its fearful end. Think on His eternal joy, which shall be yours if you continue firm and true; "

will your faith preserve you from the dangers around you, and amid a world of wickedness you will be safe beneath the shelter of Almighty love."

Robert. I think the worst thing is when one is laughed at, or hears people talk as if it were foolish to mind so much about religion, and weak minded to be Christians such as the Bible speaks of.

Mr. Weston. So people who are not faithful Christians, and think little of their calling, or of the Master they ought to be serving, often do speak; and it is a great trial to many. Remember, however, that we have been warned this would be; and though we find most persons now in this country naming themselves Christians, it is unhappily still the case that only a few live as they ought. Never let the coldness or general ungodliness round you make you grow unbelieving or cold; only those who hold on to the end shall be saved.

Alex. How dreadful it is when people do go on without repenting, or go back into bad ways! But everybody can hope for mercy when they do come to be sorry, and pray, may they not?

Mr. Weston. We are taught that if a sinner turns to God, and with real desire to be changed and forgiven seeks Him through CHRIST, there is salvation for him. But is it in our power to leave sin, and wish even to believe truly whenever we choose?

The boys hesitated, and Malcolm said, "If it were, I suppose the Bible would not say that repentance was granted by God." Acts xi. 18.

Mr. Weston. You are right in remembering that it is from Him alone that can come the grace which makes us even desire to change. He alone gives the contrite heart, and leads us to believe on His Son. Are there then no warnings given us to use that grace when first offered? and have we not to fear that if we refuse GOD's call, He may not hear us when we are in our distress?

Robert. "Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not

answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me." Prov. i. 24, 26, 28.

Charley. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Ps. xcv. 7.

Mr. Weston. You all may recollect among the histories of the Old Testament, examples of some who disobeyed the call to holiness which they received, and afterwards had to bear the punishment which their late sorrow could not remove.

Richard. Esau "found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Heb. xii. 17; Gen. xivii.

Mr. Weston. Yes, Esau did not profit by the example of holiness he saw in his father, nor by the instruction he no doubt heard from him; he followed his own ways, and wept vain though bitter tears on discovering what his carelessness had cost him. Once he might have rejoiced in having God for his God, but he despised or disregarded this blessing; and however he may have prospered in the world, the mark of a profane person remains on him. You know the punishment also of the unfaithful Israelites.

Edward. Oh yes, they did not trust and obey God, when He would have them go into Canaan; and so afterwards they could not, but all died in the dreary wilderness.

Robert. When we were here the other night you spoke of Saul, sir, as one whose repentance had been insincere and not accepted.

Mr. Weston. He is one you should not pass over without being warned by his history, how little good dispositions and early good conduct avail, unless the heart is really guided by faith and love to be entirely God's, and to have His will as its choice and desire. Saul gave promise of much goodness, but he turned from God to himself; he allowed selfishness to prevail, and lost the opportunity of repentance by his pride. The HOLY SPIRIT left him, and he suffered from vain sorrow, fear, and remorse, falling more away into sin, till a hopeless death overtook him. All these examples, and much more in the teaching of our Blessed LORD afterwards, repeat to

us that we must believe in the Light while we yet have it, and hear the voice of mercy while it calls. Now at this present the Spirit speaks, but if in hardness of heart any one turns away He may never speak again ; and vain is all other teaching, vain the Word of God, if He be not with us. God is indeed most long-suffering, most willing to save, yet it is His own warning, "Quench not the Spirit;" and those who delay to serve Him, know not how soon He may leave them to their own way, and deny the grace, without which they must in the end perish, whether their lives be prolonged or not here for a time.

All the boys looked grave ; it seemed to them a new and awful thought, to be living here under the actual wrath of the ALMIGHTY, without the hope of pardon at some future time. Alex, after a minute's silence said, "But, sir, we may hope for everybody that they are not yet so."

Mr. Weston. It is not for us to judge anyone to be beyond hope of repentance while on earth, and we may and ought always to do everything we can to the last, to encourage any person we fear to be living a sinful life, to turn from his ways, and go to the SAVIOUR. I spoke as to each of you, that you may never fancy it possible to do as you please, and live as you choose, while you hope at the same time for the means of pardon, when no other thing remains to you. I therefore reminded you that even though your lives be prolonged, and the outward means of grace be just the same, you may be left to perish, because you have grieved and driven away the HOLY SPIRIT.

"I hope we shall never do so," said Charley in a low voice.

"I trust that none of you will ever so far forget the love which has redeemed you, or be so miserably unthankful," replied Mr. Weston. "Surely, if you believe what you hear of the kindness and mercy of our heavenly FATHER, you cannot help wishing to give Him all the love and service of your lives."

“THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.”¹

I've watched by the sick bed heavy-hearted,
 Gazing out on the earth and skies afar ;
 And as night shadows tardily departed,
 Beheld the shining of the Morning Star ;
 Imbibing hope with the refreshing ray,
 And promise of a better coming day.

So on this vain rebellious heart of mine,
 Where sin is ever striving for the gain ;
 Arise, O Star of Righteousness, and shine—
 Pour down Thy Light—obliterate the stain :
 Thy Beauty beaming o'er each step I trace,
 Of progress to the pilgrim's resting place.
C. A. M. W.

THE YEARS THAT ARE NOW PAST.

“My time is in Thy Hands.”

In vain the philosopher teaches, “Love not the things which die, nerve your hearts to indifference ;” in vain the preacher may cry, “*All is Vanity of Vanity*, set your affections on things above.” In vain the worldly exclaim, “We care for *nothing* ; eat, drink and be merry, that is our rule.” In vain is all this, man's heart *does* cling to things which die, the creature is made subject to vanity, and the lover of dissipation sickens at the oft-repeated sight, and sighs for something better, something lasting. The best amongst us know that sorrow, sin, and death *must* mingle in their cups, and they do not seek to brave their chastisements with the hard-hearted indifference of the philosopher, or drown them in the revel, or alluring cup with the reckless ; no, they sink lowly on their knees before the Cross to say in truth “Thy will be done,” when all they love “passes away.” They know that in order to attend to the warning, “Set your affections on things above,” they must be weaned from the engrossing and

¹ Rev. xxii. 16.

tempting pleasures of earth, and though the preacher cry "all is vanity," God alone shows the truth stern message.

It is a sad sight to see flowers fading, and leave it is sad to speak the word *Adieu*, it is sad to see a vessel leave our native shores with the friend or it is sad to see our loved ones in pain, poverty, grief, it is sad to see our dearest relations laid lowly graves. It is sad, sad, very sad, to watch decay and dissolution, to watch our companions and associates pass and others fill their places, the old friends soon forgotten, the new acquaintances to be hailed with courtesy and joy. And surely sad, in one sense, it is a portion of time, an epoch of our existence, is to know that the old year has parted from us, and with it the record of our sins and follies, our good and good deeds, our *own lives* shortened by the loss of our departed friends leaving us more and more in the cold grasp. How much more mournful then, is the present, that not only twelve months, but a hundred and twenty months, not *one* year, but *ten*, are past, year parts with the *fifties* and all their incidents and events, and sees the *sixties* commence. We pass another landmark of time, we approach nearer to the *last*, when the anchor of Time can no longer hold her moorings, in the all-powerful hands of Eternity. It is good for the strong man to look back on his life when he lay helpless on what seemed to be death, and return thanks to the Author of life. It is good for sailors to read the chart where the adventures are noted down, and remember how when the good ship was wrecked on the unknown rock, they were led them by a way they knew not, into a harbor they would be. So is it good for us to "count our ways and apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The ten years past have been unusually full with deep and stirring events. When this epoch was young, it saw all nations gathered in one great peace assemblage of science and amusement; then the British lion cried "Peace have Peace," and all nations re-echoed her voice.

let the Arts flourish.” This aspect of things was not to last, soon the ploughshare was turned into the sword, and the pruning-hook into the spear, nation rose up against nation, the flower of our land departed to shed their noble blood at the altar of a so-called *Necessary War*. Few, alas! can look back on that sad time, and not number some departed—we only mention Raglan, Cathcart, Campbell, Yea, Brett, Handcock; we only mention Nightingale, to show that neither bravery nor devotedness to the Cross has ceased in these latter days. The Eastern War soon terminated, and the West again rejoiced in Peace, yet not for long; farther east broke out that most awful, terrible Mutiny which has ever sullied even the page of history. Again the great and the good showed themselves true and noble: the names of Lawrence, Havelock, Neil, Nicholson, Peel, will not soon die, their deeds shall last long among us, together with those of their glorious brethren in arms who are still with us.

The Mutiny, by GOD's good help, was quelled. Surely none can look, and not acknowledge that almost visibly a Heavenly Power reinstated the English in these Indian possessions,—no earthly power could have stood against the myriads of fierce natives *alone*.

These two great wars painfully distinguish the years that are now past; look also at the death of him whose arm saved his country in past wars; look at the many great and clever men who have gone from us—Nicholas of Russia and the young Queen of Portugal, peers and bishops, nobles and dignitaries, heroes and warriors, statesmen and *savants*, high and low, rich and poor alike. Does all this teach us no lesson? Turn we to ourselves, and examine the events of the last ten years, look at the time when the waters of despair nearly drowned us, then GOD raised us on dry land: when fear came into our homes, and our earthly natures rebelled, Jesus quelled the storm of grief with the words “He is not dead, but sleepeth:” when the devil came with divers fearful temptations, and the HOLY SPIRIT gave us grace to resist. Think over these things, and be thankful, and pray for grace to overcome evil in the years to come.

The Children's Corner.

THE UNRULY BEAN.

PYTHAGORAS would not let his followers eat beans. Why not? Did he think there was anything human in their nature; and so was afraid of encouraging cannibalism? Perhaps. And if he had seen and heard what you shall now read of, he would have been quite sure of it.

A farmer was sowing beans in his field with the help of a drill. Among them was a little round fat bean, whose small black eye (every bean has one eye—and quite enough too for all a bean has to do) seemed to defy all his companions, and even all mankind as well. He had always been a hot-tempered little fellow from his cradle. He was the first to jump out of his pod (that was his cradle) when it burst.

“Are we to lie here?” said he, as soon as the farmer dropped him—“here, just where a *farmer* chooses?”

“Of course,” said one of his companions. “We are his, and we must stay where he puts us.”

“Indeed are we? Indeed must we?” replied the other with indignation. “I will let him know different from that. I am as good in my generation” (this is not such a long word in bean language) “as he is in his. Oh, you poor mean-spirited slaves! Freedom for me!” And so saying he gave a sort of a twitch—(he called it a jump)—and jerked himself out between the two rows.

As soon as he had a little recovered from the exertion, he exclaimed loudly enough for both rows to hear,—“Here I have my liberty,—here I have sun and air and dew, my birthright,—here I have room for my rising talents to unfold.”

And sure enough he soon overtopped the others. Nor did a day pass without his triumphantly and scornfully reminding them of the wisdom of his choice as contrasted with their's.

At last hoeing-time came. The hoers entered the field. They marched along between the rows, unpitying, and scarcely looking at what they were about; not that it

would have made much difference if they had. On they went. Presently the unruly bean was lying flat on the earth—uprooted. It said nothing. The sun shone. It was soon parched and dry. The cold night-dews a little revived it, and it looked on its companions on either side still standing in their vigour, and thought how much better it would have been to remain in the place where the farmer had put it. It might have been a little crowded—it might have been humbled—but it would have been safe. Then it could thirst no more.

The rest saw it prostrate:—pity penetrated their tender stems. Next morning, you might have seen, by the early light, their leaves hanging as if in sorrow; and bright drops glistened on them. Of course it was the dew. But dewdrops are the only tears such plants can shed.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

I SAT under a shading oak, by the side of a broad river, which flowed placidly on towards its home in the sea; and I wished the course of this world were as smooth and calm, and could reflect as perfectly the face of Heaven.

A gentle breeze slightly ruffled its surface, which frightened some of the inhabitants for a few minutes (such as had been born within the last few seconds), but it soon passed away again, and the little things forgot their fears, and danced about in the enjoyment of restored peace.

I had been reading of rumours and realities, corruptions and commotions, in Church and State. I was vexed: for there was so much to show that the times were “out of joint.” Murders and crimes—open vice in the lower ranks, painted sin in the upper—“spiritual wickedness in high places”—justice bought by party or overthrown by power—the Church betrayed by lukewarmness, or torn by schism—some whom we had looked to as guides departing to heresy—worldly men usurping her offices and tyrannizing over her too timid children, while her sworn soldiers were sitting down in despair. Then false principles misdirecting the country—mercenary motive—

influencing those in power. Then dreadful accidents, novel offences, raging plagues. God's scourges on no one better; but all things, as it seemed to me, into confusion.

"What must this all come too?" I laid down my paper and thought I gazed on the river and deep in and wondered at (fancying rather than seeing) the crowds of inhabitants that were sporting in its water. I envied their happiness.

A tiny bud fell from the tree. As soon as it touched the river, its smooth mirror was broken by the eddies that widened and widened; and as it floated more and more of the yielding surface was wrinkled and disturbed. But what a commotion was there! Those little creatures of a day hurried away from their innocent bud as though it had been a wilful deed. Some concluded that their watery universe was to an end. None could see where safety should be sought for: and few had any hope that it could be found.

A few minutes more, and all was smooth again. The river children had forgotten their fears and dangers, and were again playing joyously as ever. The river flowed on as before magnificently calm.

On the other side of it was a little cottage. There were some steps leading down to its level. A woman came out with her pail—went down—and filled it from the river; then returned to her cottage. There was a disturbance much greater than before; for besides the shock, like an earthquake, if not worse, hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants of those watery places had been carried away—some, too, who had been looked upon as of the highest importance to the very existence of the community. And would they ever return?

But a few minutes afterwards all was as smooth again. The river-children had forgotten their perils and dangers, and returning hope had wiped away the memory of their lost companions; and the river flowed on glassy and calm as conscious innocence.

A little later, there came out of the same crowd of women bearing between them a great tub, full

dirty water. They brought it to the river and emptied it in. This caused the worst disturbance of all. The clear water was to some depth discoloured, and the waves marched leisurely on till they beat against the bank beneath my feet. To have so much filth so suddenly mixed with their clear atmosphere; and therewith to see the corpses of thousands of their former friends thrown back among them; and this with a violence that destroyed many of themselves, and sent the rest forcibly to a distance!—surely the end was come. All their occupations, whether of business or of amusement, were at once stopped; and had any one of them superior in wisdom, or thinking himself so, endeavoured to stay their terror with the assurance that all would soon be right again, he would have been laughed at as a fool or perhaps devoured as a traitor.

However, in five minutes, the waters had cleared; the ripples had passed away; there was quiet and peace below as well as above; the fright and despair were forgotten even by that generation that had experienced them. The river flowed on—calm—smooth—majestic, as at first—till it mingled its waters with the ocean—the unchanged, unchanging ocean.

THE WOULD-BE REFORMER.

Mr. Pater-familias. “These things ought not to be allowed. I must write to the ‘Times’ about it.”

Mrs. P. “Wait till after breakfast, my dear!”

A Rook flew up to the top of S. Paul's,
And he look'd around and sighed;
For Rooks can sigh, as you or I,
When evil doth betide.

The people were hurrying to and fro,
For business, or mischief, or pleasure:
(What a comfort it is in perplexities
To have a moment of leisure?)

He twinkled his eyelids, then shook his head,
Then in stillness meditated;
From morning to night he watched the sight,
But the crowd had not abated.

"What a pity it is that clever things,
As men are supposed to be,
Should spend their life in hubbub and strife,
When they might live quietly.

"Oh if they but knew the calm and peace
Of a Rookery's repose,
At once they would cease to be such geese,
And at least would try to be *crows*.

"Am not I called to lead them right?
Must not *I* be man's reformer?
The prospect is bright, and my heart is light,
And my zeal waxes warmer and warmer."

He flapped his wings, and home he flew,
To the Rookery in the Park;
With his sable mate the affairs to debate;
But she treated it all as a lark.

To a distant bough he therefore withdrew,
To enjoy his own reflections;
And his plans to con, without peril of one
Of his consort's interjections.

He looked to the right, and he looked to the left
Then set himself to think;
But his thoughts had all fled, and all that he said
Was the rookish for "eat and drink."

S. ISIDORE AND THE WELL.

"WHAT! my little Rosie in tears?" exclaimed O——, as she entered the bright cheerful schoolroom at B—— Rectory, and discovered her usually merry daughter indulging in a hearty fit of crying over a pound long-division sum, which "*would not* cor

Now our schoolroom at B—— Rectory is the most cosy of apartments: it is a long and narrow room, simply but comfortably furnished; the walls prettily papered, and hung with some water-colour landscapes, executed by Rosie's elder sisters; on either side of the fire-place are open well-filled book-shelves; one side contains books of devotion, the other books of recreation; conspicuous among the latter, are "The Birthday," "The Daisy Chain"

Herbert," "Laneton Parsonage" and "Cecil Dean;" these are Rosie's peculiar treasures, and she dignifies them by the comprehensive title of "my library." At the further end of the room stands a cottage piano, with a large pile of music by its side, and in the opposite corner is a drawing-easel, with a half-finished crayon sketch on it. Surely little Rosie ought to have been very happy and comfortable in such snug quarters! but no! there she sat, the very picture of discontent and misery; one hand twirling her pencil, while the other rubbed her poor red eyes, till they got redder still; the slate with the "tiresome" sum on it lay far away on the other side of the rug, where Rosie had thrown it in a last paroxysm of mingled grief and impatience. Mrs. O——'s question was the signal for a fresh burst of tears.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed amid her sobs, "it is so difficult, and it is nearly tea-time, and Miss H—— says, if I have not finished it in half-an-hour, she will not allow me to go down to the drawing-room, and then I shan't hear Sister Ellen play, nor learn the new stitch in knitting which Alice promised to teach me. Oh dear, oh dear, it is *too hard*!" and quite overcome by this last of a very sad train of ideas, poor Rosie threw herself into her mother's arms, and cried as if her heart would break.

"Rosie, Rosie," said Mrs. O——, as she bent down and pressed her soft lips to the child's brow, "Rosie, my darling, I very much fear you have neither patience nor perseverance."

"Oh yes, mamma; indeed I have. I've been one whole, long hour, over the sum; it's Miss H—— who has no patience, mamma! she—"

"Hush, Rosie! you must not speak against your teacher, that is very wrong: instead of complaining, let us see what can be done to mend the matter. Come, wipe your eyes, and pick up your poor slate, while I have the shutters closed, and the candles lighted; now rub out the whole of the sum and begin it afresh."

Rosie obeyed in silence, though her face still looked rather heavy and clouded; but down she sat, and with an occasional hint from her mother, the sum was duly and satisfactorily completed. "At last," exclaimed she, with

a very hearty sigh of relief, as every figure proved right, "at last it is done! I never should have done it though without you, mamma, no, not if I had sat in that chair for a week."

"I quite agree with you, Rosie, that you would not have done the sum, no, not if you had sat crying here for a week; but it is quite a mistake to suppose you could not have done it without me; it was not my aid you required, but *patience* and *perseverance*! tell me, am I right or wrong?"

"Well, mamma, I do believe you are right."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, Rosie, for the first step towards improvement is to own yourself in fault. But let me see, there are just ten minutes to tea-time; if you like, I will tell you a story of—"

"A story!" interrupted Rosie, "ah, that is capital. I hope the tea-bell will not ring just yet: do begin quick, dear mamma."

"My story will be but a short one, Rosie, but I mean it to prove to you, that if you really desire to be well informed, and to succeed in everything you undertake, you must not depend on anybody, but must rouse and exert yourself, and what is more, you must strive to exercise constant patience and perseverance. A long time ago, a king was told by a very wise man that there was no 'royal road' to learning, so remember, Rosie, if you wish to learn arithmetic, and work out quickly those long-division sums, you must study diligently and patiently, and must not be cast down and discouraged by any little difficulty which you find in your way. But now for my story; have you ever heard of 'S. Isidore and the Well?'"

"No, mamma, that I have not; I don't even know who S. Isidore was."

"He was a very great and holy man, who lived nearly six hundred years after the birth of our Blessed SAVIOUR. It is related of him, that as a boy, he was unconquerably stupid and indolent: patience and perseverance he had none, and many were the days he played truant from his school. And instead of listening to the instructions of his master, he would run into the fields, and pass hours

either listlessly wandering about, picking flowers and berries, or, still worse, would lie on his back, and tease with a stick the diamond-eyed lizards who were basking in the rays of the sun. S. Isidore's home was in Andalusia, a province in the south of Spain. One day he had as usual wandered out into the country, and becoming very weary and thirsty, he sat down by a road-side well. The stone round the brink of the well was hollowed out into grooves and channels; these accidentally caught the boy's eyes, and gradually excited his curiosity as to how they could have come there. Just then an Andalusian maiden with a pitcher on her head came to draw water from the well; noticing S. Isidore's fixed eye and puzzled expression, she asked him 'if he wanted aught?' 'Nothing, I thank thee, gentle maiden,' he answered, 'but prythee, tell me how came those deep-cut lines round the mouth of the well?' Merrily laughed the maiden at this strange query. 'Why, thou silly lad,' she cried, 'canst thou not see it has been worn away by the constant rubbing of the bucket-rope against the rock?' and wishing him farewell, lightly she tripped away. But Isidore still sat there, deeply thinking; and what do you imagine he was thinking about, Rosie? why he rightly thought that if the hard rock could thus be worn through by a soft and yielding substance like the rope, surely his own idleness and stupidity might give way to application and industry: thus pondering, he returned to his home with the firm determination of beginning a new and better life. The studies over which he had once slumbered in weariness, or discarded with petulance, now afforded him nothing but delight, and from that time forward he studied with so much energy and perseverance, that he became the most celebrated man of his age and country: when only thirty years old, he was made Archbishop of Seville, and he exercised his office with so much wisdom and piety, that on his death, which occurred in the year of our Lord 636, his name was placed amongst those of other great and holy men, whose good deeds were thus mercifully perpetuated for our imitation and encouragement. There my story ends, Rosie: now tell me how you like it?"

"Oh very much indeed, mamma: whenever I see Se-

ville in the map of Spain, I shall always think of Isidore!"

"And whenever you have another difficult long sum, Rosie, or from whatever cause feel inclined idle, angry or impatient, think of the holy Saint Isidore!"
F.

Church News.

OF Church news we have but little to record save the formation and organization of the "Church Association," under the vigorous and hearty superintendence and treasurership of Mr. Hoare. The office is in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the broad basis on which it is formed, will probably render it one of the most powerful combinations of churchmen in defence of the ancient privileges of our Church that have ever been known.

The parish church of S. Mary, Whitechurch, Oxford, of which account appeared in the number of the *Church Companion* for December last,) has recently been adorned with a new east window of ornate design, by Messrs. Hardman. The window is occupied by the figure of our Blessed LORD, on a shield supported by a foliated Cross, surrounded by a choir of adoring Angels. The tracery above, consisting also across the upper portion of the side lights, represents the presentation of the "Pelican in her piety," is introduced with much effect. Delineations of the "Dolorosa," and S. John, occupy the lower part of the window on the dexter and sinister, respectively. The tracery above, composed of a cinquefoil star, and two elongated trefoils, is filled with the figure of our LORD seated in glory, surrounded by the twelve apostles, and the four Evangelists, and other typical symbols, and cherubin, seraphin, &c. The colouring is rich and brilliant, characteristic of the celebrated artists who appear to have bestowed no small amount of labour on the work. In a few months no less than twelve windows (the number of the fifteen) will be filled with painted glass of an obituary character, principally by the above-named artists.

Reviews and Notices.

OF juvenile works there is an abundance this season. Two new books, by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, are well worthy of notice. They are very nicely illustrated, and on the whole, cannot be recommended. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with woodcuts, is uniformly well adapted for Sacred History. It is by no means easy to adapt this

~~Solks~~, and in this attempt there is much that might well be avoided. One instance of bad taste we must notice, and that is in the picture of Vanity Fair—a clergyman in cap, gown, and bands, with a large book under his arm, is drawn as one of the party making up Vanity Fair, with the tomfools, &c. There can be no excuse for the introduction of such an evidence of Bunyan's hatred to the Church, and there can be no necessity for it.

The Parables, done by Mr. Erskine Clarke, uniform with the above, is far more to our taste; and as Mr. Clarke acknowledges his indebtedness to Dean Trench's book on the Parables, that will almost guarantee its soundness.

The Life of Columbus, Bell and Daldy, is an admirable little work, and will, we trust, have a circulation in accordance with its simple but great merit.

Kingston's Magazine for Boys. Vol. I. Bosworth and Harrison.

We can highly commend this work to our young readers. The first volume is a handsome book of nearly five hundred pages, with woodcuts, and contains an endless fund both of tale and adventure, and also plenty of instructive and improving matter, such as natural history, botany, biography, and geography. All is written in a manly, straightforward way, with truth and openness, and the tales, especially in many parts, remind us of Mr. Monro's most successful compositions in this particular line.

The Human Face Divine, and other Tales. By Mrs. Gatty. Bell and Daldy.

Mrs. Gatty's ability to extract good and wholesome lessons from nature has long been established. In this volume she has succeeded in drawing useful and practical lessons from art, more especially in the second tale, in which most capital lessons in drawing and perspective are set forth in a very pretty and lively tale.

Tales for Leisure Hours. Translated from the German. By the Rev. W. B. Flower. London: Masters.

Mr. Flower is making good use of his residence abroad, if we may judge from this and the announcement of other works in the press by him. If any are in want of bright lively tales as presents for this season, we can heartily commend this volume to them.

The cheap edition of the *Divine Master* will be a great boon to all who know that most excellent work, and are anxious that it should be circulated in large numbers.

Heartiness in Public Worship, by a London Churchman, Wertheim and Co., is a capital tract a long way in advance of any that have been issued on the subject from this country. It contains a full and free acknowledgment that the great object of the Church is the worship of Almighty God, is indeed a gain for the better, in publishers whose works have pronounced such a truth, and elevated the "hearing a sermon" to the chief position in our public service. It only states a natural and necessary fact brought out, that to be audible, all must adopt *one* tone to make it really good; but perhaps this is too much to expect.

Church Rates and the Parochial System. By the Rev. Aldrich, M.A., Incumbent of S. Lawrence, Ipswich. Masters.

This is an honest and straightforward statement of facts connected with the difficult subject of Church Rates, which we must without doubt look for some decision ere long. The following short extract will show the ground taken by the author:—

"What foundation is there in the popular assertion that Church Rates are a grievance and a hardship to Dissenters? Is the payment of money payment? Surely not. They may go to their parish if they will, and in fact they do largely avail themselves of her ordinances, especially her marriage and burial services. If they refuse full communion with her, it is no valid reason why she should break a law which has defined what property is, and its duties for civil and ecclesiastical purposes, and who are the owners and entitled to its privileges. Every prudent man who hires a house or buys an estate, naturally inquires into the rates; what are the rates for the poor, what for the Church, on what for the poor? He then hires or buys accordingly; if his land be titheable, sometimes the case, if an estate has been left by some benefactor to ease the Church Rate, or to supersede the making of a rate, he of course gives more for the purchase. The charge upon his property is assuredly no hardship upon a rich man. If he gives less for it, he gives less for the cause of that very charge, he gave less for it. Are Church Rates a grievance to the poor man? That cannot be: he has nothing to them. They exist for his benefit; and, as stated, 'they are the only security which he has for possession of his property in which he may worship God; it is the poor man's property which the Church maintained, and the obligation is on proper

Notices to Correspondents.

P. S.—The Litanies will be published in a separate volume.
M. de L.—We have no space for it.

THE Churchman's Companion.

PART CLVIII. VOL. XXVII.]

[FEBRUARY, 1860.]

THE WYNNES; OR, MANY MEN, MANY MINDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HOUSEHOLD RECORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII. *continued.*

HARVEY was busy reading, and scarcely looked up. It was so difficult not to appear to have come merely to fetch workbox or book, as he seemed to expect, that Elizabeth did take up "In Memoriam;" but any falsehood even in gesture, was so repugnant to her that the very fact of feeling tempted to use it, decided her to follow her original intention.

"Harvey," colouring crimson, and speaking so gently that perhaps he really did not hear her.

"Harvey," a little louder, but more falteringly.

"I? did you speak?" looking up.

"If—if I could speak with—if you are not very busy—I—."

"Well, do you know, Bessie," good-humouredly and with perfect courtesy, (Harvey was always courteous to Elizabeth,) "I am *very* busy, I want to finish this ode before nine."

"Oh, then—" retreating at once. "Harvey," suddenly kneeling down beside him, "please don't be very angry, only do tell me—it was really Massey, not Mason, who was with you?"

One word would have destroyed this sister's suspicion for ever, but Harvey did not speak it. He could not at first resolve to abuse the young girl's innocence.

"I must have made you very angry," said Elizabeth, mistaking his silence, "it was so wicked of me ever to think any one could do it."

"You wicked!" repeated Hargrave, with a rather sad

yet half playful smile, "no, no, dear Bessie, only rather silly to trouble your little head about such an absurdity as this."

"Oh, but Harvey, if it had been Mason it would not have been absurd, but so very shocking,—you can forgive me?"

One little word "quite," would have settled all; even have made himself appear magnanimous and forbearing, and his sister guilty; indeed Elizabeth took the careless, "my dear child, there is nothing whatever to forgive," as meaning this, and whispering, blushing and penitent, "Harvey, I am so sorry I could ever think it," kissed him timidly and rose.

He watched her to the door, relieved,—and yet so contrite for her fancied injury. Then suddenly arose, himself shut to the door, and facing her, said quietly,

"Dear Bessie, I cannot bear to enlighten you, but I cannot deceive you, even to save you pain. It *was* Mason. Don't look so scared, dear child; the sin, such as it is, is mine, not yours. Don't trouble yourself about it."

Elizabeth stood looking at him, as if unable to believe her senses, till Harvey again broke silence by saying,

"I am very sorry you have had to hear this, Bessie, because you are quite right in feeling that it is a shame for girls even to hear of what men are obliged to do."

"Oh, Harvey, not obliged, no one is obliged to do wrong," cried Elizabeth earnestly, "you have not generally,—it was only once; don't go to him; do tell—"

"Now, dear Bessie, your share in the matter is over," interrupted Harvey good-temperedly but firmly, "and I want terribly to get back to my Greek, so there good-bye, and don't vex yourself about that with which you have happily nothing whatever to do."

But Elizabeth went no more than Barbara had gone. "Harvey, do let me speak. You cannot see how wrong it all is; you know papa forbid his coming here—I know," apologetically, "if he came you could hardly turn him away, but you will mention it?"

"To whom? my father?"

"Yes, it is right; it is indeed, Harvey; he will not be angry. You could not help his coming, you know."

"You dear little innocent child," said Hargrave, won-

daring what impelled him to speak at all, still more to say what he was going to say, "this is the first time he has been here, (and a fool I was to bring him) but very far from the twentieth time that I have been to him." He stopped, for Elizabeth instinctively shrank away.

"Then," she said in a clear ringing tone that startled him, "you have been very wicked. Hargrave, remember, 'Cursed is he that setteth light by his father or his mother.'"

"Come, Bessie, don't quote texts at me, it is the last thing a man can stand."

"Oh, Harvey," suddenly catching his arm, "tell them,—you will, you must,—it is so wicked to deceive them. You go away next week; you cannot go and let them know nothing of all this; let them think you good, and speak kindly to you, and—"

"I don't like doing it, I own, Bessie," gently.

"You will not; you can repent; give him up this last week; it will be no trial to give him up a week later, when you could not have him if you would."

"It is a little hard," quietly, "to give up a friend of ten years' standing at a moment's bidding."

"But if it is *right*,—he will know how sorry you are; and papa would not require it if he could help it. Oh, Harvey, don't begin a new life leaving this behind you."

"Why do you care so much about it? you can't care much for me?"

"Oh, Harvey, I do."

"You shrank from me just now."

"Not you, only that long deceit. Harvey, you will be honest and tell them, and start quite fair at Merriton."

Her piteous earnestness moved him strangely. He stood in thought a few seconds, then raised his eyes and said, "I can't break to-night's engagement, and won't pretend I mean to do so, but it shall be the last, Bessie."

"Oh, Harvey, give up this one, it is just the test—"

"I can't," a little roughly even to her, "there I didn't mean to be cross, but indeed I can't be off and on with my word to please any one, but I give you my word it shall be the last."

"But, Hargrave, you have given your word long ago

to obey God," very reverently, but too much in earnest to blush, "and to go now is breaking it to Him."

"Well, I can't help it; I never can be good, dear Bessie, it isn't in me, and one may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, even you must feel."

"I can't say any more; I don't know how to reason. Only, Hargrave, I must say this, you ought not to go to Mason to-night, and you ought to tell papa you have met him so often already," and she went.

Harvey sat down to his Greek again, but had not nearly finished the task he had set himself when nine struck.

At a quarter to ten he was in the drawing-room quietly reading. After prayers when the others were wishing good-night, he leant over Paul and said rather in an undertone, "I say, will you take your book to the schoolroom for just ten minutes?"

Paul complied, though Mr. Wynne called after him to know where he was going. Hargrave, his father and mother, were left alone.

"So this time next week you will be at Merriton, Harvey," said Mrs. Wynne, as he stood beside her before the fire, "you must cheer up Frank, and see that he does not overwork himself; you will have a pleasant summer there together."

"Yes—I—if you are disengaged, sir," turning suddenly to his father, "I have something I wish to say before leaving home."

"Well?" said Mr. Wynne, laying down his book, rather amused at the wording of his son's sentence.

"I—I cannot quite see my conduct in the light in which Elizabeth does, but I see that she is right in saying I ought not to leave home without telling you that—that," his respectful but easy tone suddenly faltering, and his cheek flushing, "that I have been disregarding your wishes all this spring—that I found it impossible to give up all intercourse with Mason."

"Impossible to obey your father!" cried Mrs. Wynne indignant at the tone of his confession.

"Wait a moment, my love," said her husband quietly, but taking her hand, "remember how much it costs a boy to make such an avowal at all."

His father's forbearance did what nothing had yet done, made Hargrave see his conduct in something of its true light.

"I—I am very sorry, mother—not that I did not give Mason up, but that I ever let you think I meant to do so."

"You have deceived us three whole months," said his mother, withdrawing her hand, "and even now make nothing of the disobedience."

"Not nothing, mother, only—" turning to his father, "it was rather hard to tell me to give up a friend of ten years' standing at a moment's warning,—and just when all the world was turning against him."

"You should have said all this then, Harvey," more severely, "instead of appearing to acquiesce so readily as to make us think you too ready to forget old ties."

"I—I know I ought to have done so. It—it is not in me to be open, I—mother, say a kind word for me."

"Not one of our sons has ever so lowered himself before," suffering his hand to rest on hers, but not taking it in her own, "if your father can forgive you, it is not for me to bear resentment."

"Be open now, Hargrave, tell us to what the deception amounts," said his father.

Which Hargrave did repeat, and then after a few minutes' silence said, "I can offer no other proof of my sorrow for this deception, than promising if you require it, not to see him again before leaving home, except to say good-bye, I must do that," with sudden spirit.

"You might have trusted us to offer what is but reasonable," returned his father, a little sadly, "but do so;—and—Harvey, your mother is right, you indeed do not repent this disobedience and deception as you ought to do,—it is no light matter to have ever thought of leaving home with such a sin lying between yourself and your parents. I should be more happy in forgiving you if I could hope this deceit was last as well as first."

"First?" said poor Hargrave, his lip quivering, "I wish it were!—you do not know how often I have deceived you all my life,—oh, I would give everything to be leaving you as Will would have done, will do!"

"Poor boy!" with infinite compassion, "but I cannot

say one word to make you think more lightly of any such offence. Only may it please God that the bitterness of this humiliation may teach you uprightness for the future."

'There was a most awkward and trying silence, then his father said, "My love, you must not be kept up, you were late last night, but you must forgive your son first."

"He—he does not seem to think he needs forgiveness."

"Oh, mother, indeed I do—you don't mean you cannot forgive me, only despise me?"

"No, oh no! not if your father wishes otherwise—good-night," and she went out, leaving her husband as much pained as her son; to whom, however, it did infinite good, to see how women loathed the sins of which he had made so light.

She went to the schoolroom, where was Paul; answered his exclamation at her ill looks rather sharply, then turned back to take his hands and say, "Forgive me, *you* have never deceived us."

"Dear mother!"

"Oh, Paul, Paul, it is just what I cannot bear!—anything else—but I need not trouble you."

"I should like to be troubled with your troubles, mother,—only he may not wish it."

"He? you know something, Paul, could not you have spared us this, this—"

"Dear mother, I would give anything to comfort you, but as I don't know what the matter is, please don't tell me."

"To spare Harvey shame?" bitterly, "he does not know what shame is,—your father thinks differently; to me such deception is what I may be obliged to forgive but never can forget."

The utter wretchedness of her tone moved Paul as much as its sharpness pained him, but he could only be silent.

"I am interrupting you. I was going to bed. Good-night."

"Good-night, precious mother," with inexpressible tenderness of tone and gesture.

This son's affection melted the poor mother's heart. She burst into tears; Hargrave might well have envied Paul the blessed office of consoler.

The first sound that roused them was the opening of the dining-room door, Hargrave's subdued good-night, and Mr. Wynne's answer, kindly in its gravity. Alone, no longer obliged to be the pleader for mercy, he had spoken most clearly and faithfully, and Hargrave ceasing to defend himself, acknowledged the depth of his transgression more fully and humbly than any one who knew the self-sufficiency of his natural temperament could have believed possible: yet he parted from his father feeling that notwithstanding his offence, he had been treated as a reasonable being, not merely ordered, as at Christmas, like a schoolboy. In fact Mr. Wynne recognised the grace of Hargrave's confession, which Mrs. Wynne as yet did not, that it had been entirely voluntary and spontaneous.

"I must not keep papa, my boy," the first speech she had spoken like herself since Harvey's confession had been made, "thank you, my dear boy, and as to this—I hope I have not wronged Harvey by showing you my trouble was caused by him, if so I must ask *his* forgiveness in my turn."

She even smiled a little, Paul kissed her, lighted her candle, and watched her up stairs, then sat down again, not to read, but to pity "poor Harvey."

Passing Elizabeth's door, reminded Mrs. Wynne that another needed comforting beside herself. She opened the door for the chance of her daughter's being still awake, not doubting that she had been long ago in bed; but she found her up, at least on her knees, and the face raised to her mother's was not only blushing but tearful.

"Ah, my poor child," said Mrs. Wynne, putting her arms round her, "this has wounded you almost as deeply as ourselves, but at least it is all known, and that he has been open at length seems due entirely to you."

"He has told, then?" asked Elizabeth eagerly.

"Yea, everything. You are glad, so ought I to be, shall be," with a resolute smile, "to-morrow, I daresay. But to think how he kissed me this morning, fetched my shawl this—"

"Oh, mamma, he *has* loved you all through it."

"He has?" with a sad smile, "love little worth the

having, then," old bitter resentment rising as ever again, till she saw Elizabeth's look of grief, then added, "my love, I cannot speak a ought to-night, even thank you as I ought for of the example which gave such effect to you!"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Good-night, my love."

"Good-night, mamma. Please don't be him. He was always so fond of Mason."

"Yes, I once liked him myself," and, h Wynne's step, she hurried down.

She met Hargrave first on his way to fetch a ten book, and passed without a word, but the s. tear-stained, grief-stricken face haunted him. And when her husband said, "my dear love, w not in bed?" the impatience of her answer, heeding his remonstrance, she turned up the s. saying she must look out something for whi had asked before joining him,—was a fresh pu

Passing to Gordon's door she saw a light und door. Now this was so contrary to all precedent it was such an understood thing that when the up to bed they did go to bed, that irritat then was, she felt as if all her sons were agains turning back, knocked at his door with a kin despair.

"Who is it?"

"I."

It was opened by David fully dressed.

"Why, David, how is this?" softened by th must be ill.

"I am only doing my work."

"What work?"

"For to-morrow."

"But why was it not done long ago?"

David stood reserved and cold, and short as i denly he burst out,

"They've put me into a new form, I can't do Will's generally helped me, but he wanted to cricket to-night. I did mean quite last night to at eight, but I couldn't, I hadn't near done."

His indignant injured tone at the end was quite piteous.

"You should have told me so then, David, when I blamed you this morning,—of course I never wish you to come into the drawing-room at the expense of sitting up at night. But I am grieved you should be so hard worked, my boy; how much longer will it keep you up now?"

"I don't know," most hopelessly.

"Then I shall ask Paul to be up at seven to-morrow, to help you, and send you to bed now."

"Oh, I can never do it in an hour."

"Yes, with a fresh brain, and with Paul's help. Now pray don't perplex your poor head any more to-night."

"But I shall never wake."

"I will undertake you shall be awakened. Now, good-night, and let's see which can be in bed the sooner. I am sure you want rest as much as I do."

The next day was Saturday—a half holiday—and also David's birthday. As he passed in from school, Mrs. Wynne met him in the hall.

"Well, David," she said brightly, "I wonder what you would like to do with your half-holiday?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I'm sure I don't; so, there, take this towards spending it as you like," and she slipped five shillings into his hands.

David's eyes sparkled. "Do you mean I may go where I like?"

"Yes, where you like, and when you like."

"When? May I go now?"

"But your dinner—."

"Oh, I don't want any dinner, I want to catch the 12.45 train."

"But you can have some dinner first. Run up and make yourself ready, and Hannah shall take some cold meat for you into the schoolroom."—"Now that he can be eager I don't despair of him one minute. Poor fellow, he should have had five shillings and full liberty five years ago if I could have guessed they would have wrought such a change. I wonder where he will go?"

Her utter inability to guess *where* saddened her again, but nought the less briskly did she see that as good a birthday dinner as cook could provide upon five minutes' notice awaited him when he came down.

It was rather sad and laughable, too, to eat the birthday plum-pudding, and drink the health of the voluntary absentee little more than half-an-hour later; however "*chacun à son goût*." The home party made an expedition to the Forest, nominally in search of primroses and violets, and managed to be very happy over such old-fashioned sport; Will's remark, as he handed his mother out of the carriage, being, "Well, I only hope David's enjoyed his afternoon as much as we have ours."

Hargrave had not joined this expedition, but though out elsewhere most of the afternoon, was in the school-room when the party returned; envied Will's helping arm and blithe face, but still more than either the unbounding trust and affection which pervaded, or seemed to him to pervade, his mother's simple answer to Will's simple words, "A merry heart goes all the day, Will; your sad one tires in a mile-a," with a smile.

She did not look sad just then. No; lip and eye were bright; no traces of disappointment or tears on her sweet pale face now; nor of the disfiguring bitterness of last night.

"I cannot even *sadden* her for long," thought poor Hargrave. "Well, 'tis but fair," with a sigh.

But Mrs. Wynne, looking in to say some kind word to David, if returned, caught that sigh. She stood in doubt a moment, then closing the door went up to the son whom though she had always seemed to favour, she had never loved as she had loved Paul or Will, and said, her heart warming towards him as to either of these, "Harvey, I was very wrong last night. I believe you do repent, and if so, I assure you I do forgive, and now willingly."

"Indeed, mother, I repent," despondingly.

"Then I forgive," kissing him; "'forget' I am afraid, my poor boy, is not in me. But we shall both be the happier for this confession, I think now; we have both felt a long time that there was something between us."

"That is it, mother, for so long! How often Will has

borne all the brunt of my blame! and one thing above all, mother, perhaps you hardly know what a wretched day we all had the Sunday after Barbara came home from Liverpool: first Gordon, then Will sent up stairs, one row after another."

"Yes, I know something; Will told me how unkind he had been to Gordon, only the other day, poor boy!"

"He! it was my fault; I was the elder. He tried to tear Gordon to papa, I never! but destroyed my share in it. He did not tell you that?"

"Will?" with a smile: "would he tell ill of any one but himself?"

"No, not he;" and Hargrave with most painful effort told all his own cruelty and caution.

"And now you think as Will did, 'I must hate you.' No, no, Harvey; I see now too clearly how far wrong my partiality for Gordon led myself to blame others for the unkindness it awakened in them. Harvey, I am very glad you have told me this; I shall never forget this confession," with a kindling smile, "but begin to think I may another if—if you will but be open with us for the future," most entreatingly.

"Mother, I will try."

"That is all we can require; and we must be just, and remember that, as you said last night, 'it is not in you to be open,' that to Will openness is as it were a part of his nature, whilst God has not given you this grace: but, my boy, you can, you *will* attain it by prayer and striving."

"Mother, I will try."

"God bless and help you! Harvey, forgive my hardness last night. Alas! it is not 'in me' to be merciful, and I fear my children often suffer. Thirty years ago nurse Taylor told me I was a 'little vixen.' Strive harder for uprightness than your mother has for mercy, Harvey!"

"I shall be satisfied if it be half as successfully, mother."

"But I shan't," fondly if sadly. A minute's silence.

"Why there's papa, and I not ready for dinner! But there is time for *one* kiss, my boy. Thank you," as with the courtesy that had not even in this interview forsaken

him he picked up her boa and collected her scattered violets and primroses ; and repeating "thank you," Mrs. Wynne went to meet her husband in the hall.

Just at a quarter past eight, as Hannah was carrying out the tea-tray, came in David quite neat and spruce, and took his usual place at the table as if he had been home hours ; as indeed he might have been, for no one had seen him come in.

All, in honour of the birthday, stayed up till after prayers ; and when they went up to bed David followed his mother into her room.

"I only spent 3s. 3d., mother, thank you," and he put the remaining 1s. 9d. on the dressing-table.

"Oh, but I meant you to have all ; keep it to help towards another day. Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" as if he wondered there could be a doubt upon the subject.

Mrs. Wynne was silent a minute. She had resolved never to ask him where he had been, to see if he could really go and come back and have enjoyed himself without even his mother knowing the source of his enjoyment. But she could not act the part out ; she took his hand, and trying to speak playfully, whilst in reality it was very sadly, said,

"Well, and won't you tell me what it is you so enjoy?"

David coloured, tried to withdraw his hand, and murmured something very like "Oh, that would spoil it all."

"Then I won't ask again. Some day, my boy, I hope you will find that sharing a pleasure doubles it." Then in her usual kind, bright tones, "Well, good night!"

"Good night!" and he put his arm round her as she bent down to kiss him. "Mother," in a hurried whisper, "it was to the docks, the East India docks, only please never tell."

"Not till you freely give me leave to do so ; but stop one minute, tell me something of what you saw."

And suddenly out was poured a flood of information about keels and cargoes, mates and mainsails, that bewildered her, whilst it was evident David was at last upon a subject the whole details of which he had mastered.

Still she listened with great interest, and understood enough to lead him on whenever he stopped for want of breath. In the midst it struck eleven.

"Eleven! then I must send you away; but you must tell me more to-morrow; or stay, the next half holiday you shall drive me over to show me all these wonderful things yourself."

"Oh, mother, will you really come?" he asked eagerly.

"Indeed I shall enjoy it very much."

"But you won't say where we are going?"

"No, not if you do not wish it," answered his mother, too glad this had not been his first thought, to be disappointed at its being his second.

"I'm only so afraid that splendid 'Columbus' will be gone, but the 'Lady Anne' won't; and, mother, you must go all over her: do you know the mate took me everywhere, and said—"

He stopped short. "Good night, mother!"

"Good-night, my boy!" and Mr. Wynne coming in at one door just as David went out at the other, tried to be very angry at five minutes past eleven finding his wife no nearer bed than five minutes past ten itself had done.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Did you see the critique on the Royal Academy on Saturday?" Paul asked the following Monday morning at breakfast.

"No, is it favourable? We ought to be going."

"Well, why not to-day, my dear?" said Mr. Wynne.

"I am quite ready," answered his wife; "that is if the young people like it. What do you say, Isabella?"

"Oh, of all things, aunt."

"And you, Barbara?"

"Very much, mamma."

"Well, then, my dear, let James drive you and the girls up directly after an early luncheon, and I'll bid Paul to fetch you home again."

The bright sparkle of one pair of young eyes of the party did not escape Mr. Wynne.

"I tell you what, Paul," he said kindly, as he at last started for town, "the sooner you're married the better. I see I shall have no use of a certain claim mine till that event has taken place."

"Isabella heard from her mother last night," answered Paul, desperately hot, but speaking as composedly as he could; "and she seems to take it's being this as a matter of course; and after your kind offer—"

"Pooh! pooh! Well, let it be this summer, if you like. Does Mme. St. Croix mean to assist?"

"They talk of coming to town next week, and have taken a house in Portland Place for a couple of months, I believe, and Isabella is to join them as soon as they come."

"Clenching the nail on the head at once, answered Mr. Wynne contemptuously: "a high-spirited, good-hearted, but scheming woman Isabella Simpson was; how such a noble-hearted, single-mirrored as St. John Kelso was ever caught by her I cannot imagine. And now there's that poor boy at last running to waste; I did say I'd never have him again, but I believe we must; can't fling the poor fellow wholly on those Simpsons."

Meanwhile the Academy expedition was being cussed at home.

"You see, mamma, if we go in the pony carriage one of us can go, and I am sure Elizabeth would like it more than I," said Barbara, as she and he were left alone in the parlour.

"But she can see it another time, and Paul will see it at all if he has not you to poke about with elsewhere."

Barbara smiled calmly, almost sweetly.

"Ah, my dear, for the moment I forgot. I must say one thing, you have nobly concealed all this must have cost you. Paul and Isabella are happy and free before you as if you had never known to him than Elizabeth; the idea that their love for you never seems to enter their heads. They are unconsciously or unconsciously pay you a great debt."

"Oh, mamma," said Barbara distressed, "you would not say so if you knew how I sometimes *feel*,—as if I could not bear it. But of course," recovering herself, "one can bear it, and I am very glad Paul is likely to be so very happy."

"She is a good, honest-hearted, winning little thing, but capable of improvement; and that marriage with such a man as Paul will do for her."

"I am sure I do not know what fault to find with her," said Barbara warmly, "except—"

"Except what?" as she hesitated.

"That she talks a little too much; but that is only my love of silence coming out."

"Her mother has a little spoilt her, just a little, she couldn't do more to St. John's child; I am sure there is her father's good heart and good principle under all that incessant surface happiness, and Paul will insensibly bring it out. But now about the Academy; I still think, my dear, you had better go, you and I will enjoy the pictures together."

"Thank you; but, mamma, I was thinking,—would you mind Elizabeth and myself going up by train?"

"I should scarcely like it by yourselves; but why?"

"I should so like little Amy Brown to go, it would be such a treat to her; you can't think how nicely she draws, and little as she is, how much she knows about painting."

"Well, let me see,—" and Mrs. Wynne thought: "shall we ask Miss Barnard to give Laura a holiday, and go with you and Elizabeth?"

"Oh yes," cried Barbara eagerly, "she would enjoy it so much."

"Well, then, you will undertake to ask little Amy. We must lunch at twelve and start at half-past, remember; but stay, can I leave the boys without either you or myself?"

"There is only Will and David now, mamma."

"No!" and Mrs. Wynne sighed. "My love," she said looking up a minute after, "how true it is 'the fashion of this world passeth away;' I never felt it as I do now that one child after another is in one way or another

going from us ; I cannot bear the sight of the schoolroom now."

"We shall have them all at Midsummer, Hetty and Frank even."

"Yes. Well, then, you will go to Mrs. Brown's or send a note? We will call for Amy, you know; but would she not like a sister with her?"

"Oh yes, mamma, Frances; I can't bear always missing her out, only—"

"Now, Barbara, finish that sentence, please," said Mrs. Wynne with a smile.

"I was afraid of encroaching."

"Afraid! encroach! Ah, Barbara, in another year see if I will tolerate such words! A very happy party you and your young people will be; as for Elizabeth, I think I shall leave her at home with the boys."

"Oh, mamma."

"It will do her good to have to be head, and be active and practical, and she must learn to take your place."

"Mamma, even Laura could do that," answered Barbara sadly.

Mrs. Wynne would not notice her tone. "Well, I don't like to disappoint her either, but I was thinking, my dear, if you could manage next week when Isabella is gone, to read anything you like with her regularly every morning."

"Oh, mamma, she hasn't given up reading at all; I believe she is over Tasso in the next room now."

"Well, do that or something else with her, your practical utilitarian mind will do her good."

Barbara made a dissentient gesture.

"And her pure, earnest mind do the same by you. I hope you won't dislike it very much, but if left alone now out of the schoolroom, good and dear as she is, I a little dread her becoming dreamy and unpractical; she scarcely recognizes almost every duty in this world is active. Now I feel sure at the Academy she will be standing wrapt before the Pre-Raphaelites, whose frequent want of reality and truthfulness I so dislike!" And Mrs. Wynne with a smile hurried off to her own household duties.

Barbara ran up stairs, put on her bonnet, and hastened to Mrs. Brown's, the look of incredulous delight on the two girls' faces being not the least of her many pleasures that day.

Isabella as soon as she heard of the enlargement of the plan, begged to give up the pony carriage, and join the railway party; in order as she openly owned, that the two little sisters might have the pleasure of riding together.

Punctually at half-past twelve, Mrs. Wynne started; Barbara at the last minute, throwing in a shawl "for Amy's use coming back if not now." The two girls did not keep her a minute waiting, and in neat straw bonnets, and clean print frocks, were soon as happy as they were shy, in the back seat of the Ford House pony carriage, whilst Miss Barnard, Isabella, Barbara, and Elizabeth, were walking across the meadows to the station, a most merry party.

Very tolerably punctually at a quarter-past two, all met in the octagon room as agreed, and thence proceeded to begin at number one. Barbara with a little girl's hand tight round each of hers, Isabella, who loved children dearly, and loved Barbara little less, with them.

At half-past three, Paul was to be in his turn at the place of meeting, and there as the time drew near, Mrs. Wynne and Isabella withdrew; whilst Barbara, who was rather weary of her charges, and thought they must be of her, left them to go where they liked in the one room they were in, and sought out Miss Barnard, than whom next to Paul there was no one she so thoroughly enjoyed having for a companion. And her former governess' sensible, well-informed, and yet enthusiastic admirations and versions, were doubly pleasant after Frances and Amy's timid first "no's" and "yes's," and later childish remarks.

She still however, kept an eye on her little charges, and as they were now voluble enough; Amy standing with flushed cheek and bright eyes before the death of Chatterton, whilst the more matter-of-fact Frances was detailing to her little sister far more particulars of his life than Barbara had ventured to communicate, fearing they

would think she had entrapped them to the Academy only to give them lessons in biography and history all.

"Just look at those two, how happy they are now they have got rid of me," she said to Miss Barnard; "it is to me nothing so strange as that, though every grown-up woman has once been a child herself, not one understands childhood,—can feel quite sure of giving a pleasure, or avoid giving a great deal of unintentional pain. And yet in everything else, ten years' experience would have wrought perfect sympathy and understanding."

Meanwhile four came, and no Paul; Isabella began to grow feverish and impatient, but kept her seat, rewarded by, at a quarter past, seeing him threaten to pass away amongst the gaily dressed crowd now thronging the rooms.

"Oh, I am so sorry, mother, you have been waiting for me here all this time. I could not get to the office sooner."

"Yes, I felt sure it was business that kept you away; it is a pity you absolutely promised to come, in a few minutes we must be starting homewards or we shall be late for papa's dinner. Now pray go off, and leave the other stragglers."

Isabella rose a little shyly; then recovered herself as she had remarked to Paul that very morning that she did not see why being engaged should make them any less comfortable together than they had been before.

"You must see one picture; do come, Paul, and I admire it so very much, only one has to go on one's knees to see it."

She led the way up to a dark little corner, where she had to stoop and peer to see the object of her quest.

"Now, isn't it beautiful,—so simple and natural?"

"Very; how sweet the mother's face is."

"And what a shame such a lovely picture should be put where no one can see it. But now you see it, Barbara's own real favourite, 'Chatterton,' and he was leading him off again, when brushing in

ness rather roughly past a young man, she turned round to apologize.

"Excuse me," he said, colouring deeply but speaking so evidently from his heart, that even those two simple words struck her; "I must thank you for the pleasure you have given me. Those are the first words of praise my poor painting has received."

Isabella was startled a moment, then bowed and smiled, and answered frankly, "Then I am so glad you heard them. But all our party admire it as much as I do," and she bowed again, and hurried on, her cheek very hot.

"I wasn't wrong to say so much, was I?" she asked, after a minute's silence, "I could not help it; it would have seemed so cold only just to bow and pass on."

"Oh, yes, I was very glad you had your senses enough about you to say something kind. Poor fellow! How wretched a poet's and painter's life must be, living on the breath of the world, not on their own consciousness of strength and right."

"I am so glad, so very glad, you went to see it just when he was by. It is worth all the waiting. Somehow I never thought how many hopes and fears hung upon every one of these pictures. I don't think I can ever look at them quite so happily again."

They had by this time reached "Chatterton," which Paul did not admire quite to Isabella's content.

"I don't like that blue face," he sturdily repeated.

"But don't you think it is the effect of the poison? And, Paul, just look at the dawn breaking behind the great cruel city, did you ever see anything so solemn and beautiful? and the attic window,—oh, it is all so true."

"Chatterton and Haydon," repeated Paul to himself, as Mrs. Wynne at last caught their eye, and they were forced to move off, "just a specimen of what we were saying, endless hope, sickness and disappointment,—I would not be anything but a man of business for the world."

Paul drove his mother home, stopping in Cornhill to purchase a school-cake, which on arriving at Myrtle Cottage, Mrs. Wynne put into Amy's hands, telling her

to give it as her present to her brothers and sisters tea, and then they drove briskly home.

"You don't look so very tired, mother."

"No, nor do I feel so; I am so much stronger. I could only think that it would last! However shall not prevent my enjoying the blessing whilst mine."

And very happy were all the faces gathered round dinner-table that evening; whilst Mr. Wynne went declaring that thanks to the Royal Academy having the one subject of conversation that evening, he spared much about every picture of any note, he should spare himself the trouble of going in person.

The next day, well as she now was, Mrs. Wynne was glad to rest after one fatigue and in preparation for the next, and so spent much of her day on the sofa. The next day proved bright and fine, and at two o'clock her fifth son drove off side by side from Ford House.

They did not talk much in going, but arrived at the docks, and the pony put up, David walked by his side with head erect as if in home air. Great was the light at finding the 'Lady Anne' still in dock, the shipshape, ready to sail the next day. He found the mate, to his further joy, was on board, and the young man of five-and-twenty, of rough words but of good deeds, Mrs. Wynne was speedily being shown that he had so charmed David.

It was half-past four when they left Blackwall, not a bit satisfied, nor thinking his mother nearly enough, but Mrs. Wynne could run no risk of being late for the late dinner. They drove on in the firmest silence. Mrs. Wynne spoke first.

"Well, my boy, and the end of this is that you are to go to sea?"

David did not answer for some minutes, till a scarlet flush on his cheek and a great effort, he said—

"I have known a long time, mother, that it was my duty."

"Have you? I do not see why it should be your duty, if you have given it full thought, and really wish to do so, posing always that papa has no objection."

David gave an incredulous start.

"Why did you think that it could never be?" Mrs. Wynne pursued gently.

"Because—because I could not tell anyone, and no one asked me, though they knew I couldn't do my lessons."

"I was speaking to papa only last Friday after I found you up, about your being so overworked, not that either of us could exactly see what could be done; of course you would not like Dr. Vane to put you back in your old form, but what else could he do if we did at all interfere? which your father with all your brothers has made a rule of never doing."

"Yes, I know it is my own stupidity, Will was in the fourth a year earlier than this."

"Then we will take it as a recognised fact that you have no talent for learning,—that is not your fault,—I am sure your backwardness is from no lack of industry and perseverance. Papa was proposing your being taken from school, but not having any idea you cared for the sea, I could not fall in with it, for what could you have done?"

"Oh, mother, I have been wanting it so long, ever since I was nine."

"And if my boy had ever opened his heart to his mother he would not have been kept plodding at what he could not master all these years. But we won't talk of that now. If you are quite sure the sea is the profession you would choose, I will ask papa's opinion this very night. There is no time to lose, I fear we are late for the Royal Navy now, and besides have not the slightest interest with anyone connected with it."

"I know; and, mother, I think, that is often a very idle life—I had much rather always be *doing*—I could not bear to be stationed in the Mediterranean, you know. I want to go about and see everything. Perhaps when I am grown up you would not mind my settling in Australia, only I should like to see the world first."

One little gulp of grief the mother swallowed, then forgot the pang of thus in the far distance losing another child, in the joy that David had thus opened his distant vision of happiness to her.

"No, my dear boy, I shall not mind it if you still wish

it. There will be one sky above us all, one God for Whom to live, scattered as we all may be." In spite of herself, her eyes were full of tears.

"Mother," said David suddenly, "I did not know you loved me so. I always thought you would all be glad to get rid of me, if I could but have managed to speak out. If you think it better, I will go on at Dr. Vane's as long as you like, if you will still let me come here sometimes;" and he looked back wistfully at the tall forest of masts not yet quite out of sight.

"No, David, I would much rather you should go to sea. It is not as if in boyish disgust and dislike to books you were thus trying to escape them. I am sure you have given learning a fair trial. I could not bear your perseverance should be longer wasted on it. But remember they always say the merchant service is a very rough life."

"I know: I asked Mr. Willis all about it, and he told me how they treated the boys, but I shan't mind. I am used to being knocked about, and I'd rather it was for not knowing the name of a rope than for not knowing who killed Caligula, as it was this morning."

"My poor boy!"

"I don't mind now it's coming to an end," and David sighed deeply.

Mrs. Wynne could not bear to add, but was forced to do so, "You must remember all this must be as papa likes. He may not choose to have one of his sons in the merchant service; he could do far better for you elsewhere in the eyes of the world."

"I would try not—not—" his voice choked.

"Not to break your heart about it, my boy? And you would succeed, for when we try honestly to meet a trouble or to do a duty bravely, the strength is never wanting. But we will not forbode evil. I do not *think* papa will refuse your wish, though you must make up your mind to his weighing the step well, before he suffers you to take it."

That very evening, when they were alone after dinner, Mrs. Wynne broached the idea. Very much taken by surprise the father was.

"What! that dull, sad-tempered boy fancy the sea! If it had been Will now, with all his fun and spirit, I should not have wondered. But David! it can only be to escape school."

"Do you know, Frank, I feel sure that it is not that; he spoke so temperately and sensibly, and has been longing to be a sailor ever since he was nine. Poor fellow! to think he should have gone plodding on so steadily, with this wish unknown to us all at his heart!"

"Well, my dear, I must think it well over. Such an important step must not be taken in a hurry. If he go to sea he must remember it will be for good. I can have no second change, however much he may hate the service, —as he will, poor fellow! for this kind of fancy never survives the first voyage."

"I think he is prepared for hardships, and in some way used to them too, I fear. He has been incessantly punished for his incapacity ever since he has been at school, I am afraid. However, I know a step that will alter the colouring of his whole life must not be taken without great consideration, and perhaps here my heart pleads too strongly one way for judgment to have fair play."

No more passed about it then. During the evening Mrs. Wynne saw her husband once or twice lay down his paper and glance at the grave set face of his young son, who in his usual place was reading as indefatigably as if nothing had broken the usual monotony of his half-holidays.

Then followed a long talk after all the children were gone to bed, ending in this: that Mr. Wynne would make inquiries when in town the next day about admission into the Royal Navy.

This project soon fell to the ground. David was, it is true, within the age, but it was far too late to put his name down at the Admiralty with any hope of success; and they had no friend in the Navy, and therefore could not expect nor hope for a cadetship thus obtainable.

"After all, the Royal Navy is more honour than profit," said Mrs. Wynne; "and a fifth son must not go on year after year being a burden to his father. I am glad you have tried it; we should scarcely have been jus-

tified in not doing so; but David himself is indeed rather prefers a more useful and active life.

"What will he say to us ten years hence for allowed him to enter the other service?"

"I cannot say. But I think, say what he will, we have done the best that circumstances allowed us. You see he has not talent enough of any kind to make way in such an over-populated country as this is. Still, one clever man lives in luxury by half-starving mediocre ones."

"Well, my dear, will you take the responsibility?"

"No; only a man who knows the world can make a decision as this. Very likely I do not feel the full position it entails half enough."

Mr. Wynne took two more days to consider the matter, talking it fully over with his wife on the Saturday, and on Sunday, after the early dinner, took a walk and went to call on Dr. Vane, who referred him to his second master, Mr. Perring, as knowing far more of the younger son than he did himself. Mr. Perring gave a very poor account of David's abilities, but added some kindly words about his honesty and steadiness. A long talk followed in the afternoon under the tree, and the result was, Mr. Wynne called David to the drawing-room after tea.

"So you wish to leave school and go to sea?"

"Yes, papa," answered poor David, who had been suffering the sickness of hope deferred all this long time.

"You have counted the cost?—that you will get a position half so eligible in the eyes of the world as might hold if you stayed in England?"

"Oh, yes, I don't care for that."

"But you may ten years hence, and blame me for letting you enter the merchant-service at all."

"I think not, papa."

"Why?"

"Because a merchant captain can be just as good a man as a Royal Navy one."

"Eh, what?"

"I mean," repeated David, sturdily, though his face was crimson, "I don't care what men think."

being a merchant man needn't make me a bit less of a good man."

"No, indeed," answered his father warmly, "there may be coarser temptations in the one, but there are more en-snar-ing ones in the other. Well, mamma tells me this is no sudden fancy, so I will see about it at once."

"Thank you."

"But remember you are not to consider yourself bound for life. The first voyage, I believe, always disgusts and disen-chants, so I only let you go on condition you will make two, and give the profession a fair trial; but if you still dislike it and wish to leave it, I will do the best I can for you in England."

"Thank you; but, papa, I shall never dislike it."

"We shall see. Well, God bless you, my boy. Make a fair and brave start, and the battle of life is half won already."

David hurried away, found his mother, sat down beside her, and managed to squeeze her hand. Barbara and Will and Laura were in the parlour too, so he could not do more.

And in his dreams that night he dreamt the figure-head of his first ship was his mother, and his first voyage to Heaven.

His last conscious thought had been a prayer that he might never disappoint her.

OUR CORNISH EXCURSION.

"By Tre, Pal, and Pen,
You may know the Cornish men."

CHAPTER I.

READER! do you know anything of Cornwall? You don't?—Then let me advise you to travel down there on the first opportunity.—Do let me beg you to make it the object of your next summer tour.

Cornwall, "Carnyw-Walli," the "horned foreign land," with its hill and dale, and Combes inland; its bays and

glorious old piled cliffs along its shores. Here, a delicious oasis, a luxuriant little green valley; there, a cold, forbidding, barren, bouldered plain, with its mystic circles, its cromlechs, (crum-lêh,) or, as they are provincially termed "*quoits*," its "*maenhirs*," its miles and miles of heathery moor, with its deep purple sheen lying spread out on the sultry summer day, as if covered with a great empurpled cloud of nature's incense, with no path but the thread-like sheep-track, no sign of animated life, but the sheep that seem to lose its timid nature from sheer unacquaintanceship with aught to startle or affright, till, like Selkirk's wild animals, "their tameness is shocking to see." No sound of life, but the whirr of insect wing, the buzz of the toiling bee, the ripple of the stream, and perchance the distant boom of the ocean; or, as you draw near the mining district, the strange, monotonous, steady-timed rap, rap, rap, of "*the stamps*." But I cannot describe one quarter of its interest, or at all do justice to its scenery. I can only say, pray do as we did, go and see for yourself; but perhaps *en attendant*, a little of how we did it, and what we saw, may not be uninteresting.

Well, to begin at the beginning; once upon a time, (which happened to be the summer of 185—,) we were rather puzzled as to where, that serious consideration for us, our summer trip should be. It was much too precious and important to be trifled with, we were not like people who could get a succession of holidays whenever they liked, and spend them where their own sweet will led them; so the "well, where shall it be?" was mooted with beseeeming gravity and importance in solemn conclave, and then it was none the less difficult to decide, from the kindly meant hints and suggestions of well-meaning but cruel friends; who "you should go there," and "haven't you been there?" with a total obliviousness that our time was only *à la Procrustes one way*, and that, the opposite to elongational, and that our watchword was economy. So there was, firstly, a terribly tantalizing temptation to revisit old scenes, and renew old acquaintances in sunny France, where so many happy days had been formerly spent, and to which such pleasant memo-

ness still clung, but—We looked at our plain straw bonnets, and we looked at our lilac muslins, and we looked (ah, worst of all!) into the depths of our purse, our travelling purse, our general fund purse, that *must* last to the end of the trip, and of which, ah me! it was easier to see to the bottom than can be generally said of most things; and unanimously decided that they would not do for Madame de B. and the enchanting *little sociétés* and arrangements she cruelly held out as bait for us. And an even still more enticing temptation had to be overcome, *at once*; no burning our fingers with that, it must be knocked on the head unflinchingly, but oh, those letters, enough to drive one frantic, to make one distracted; filled to overflowing with what had been seen and done in Switzerland, by some friends then there, who, “couldn’t you come?” and “do think of it,” most cruelly, and talked of cheap routes, and inexpensive *hôtels*, and “It didn’t matter what one wore,” forgetting that, providentially, former letters had incautiously vented many a grumble and groan, by way of addenda and counterpoise to their ecstasies, in the way of, “Oh! I must tell you how horridly we were imposed upon at A, and what a scene we had at B, and how shamefully we were cheated at C.”

Just when we were getting desperate, and I had almost determined to set out

“Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,”

on a little peregrination on my own account, after having had my pet dream, a pilgrimage to all the English Cathedrals, unceremoniously extinguished, squashed remorselessly, by “Absurd! *that* can’t be done cheaply; I declare, Kate, you might try and be reasonable *for once*,” it happened that a friend called, who of course asked the first thing after “How do you do? beautiful weather, isn’t it?” “Well, is the where yet decided?”

“No, indeed,” we groaned, “we are as much at sea as ever.”

“Well,” was the rejoinder, “why don’t you go to sea in right good earnest! I met the L’s just now, and they asked if I knew if your plans were settled, adding

that they are going down to Plymouth next week in their yacht, and said if your intentions lay in that direction, they should like you to join them."

"Well, it is very kind of them," said Minnie, "but I don't see what inducement lies that way."

"If only they were going to the Land's End now, that would be an inducement," I said, for after having all my life considered Cornwall as a hundred-years-behind-all-the-rest-of-the-world corner of, or rather appendage to, England; something like Brittany was, and still is, to France; (and by the by the comparison holds good in more than one respect;) I had latterly begun to alter my opinion, and imagine it was a fresh, untravelled spot, full of unknown interest and beauty. I believe the beautiful specimens of serpentine at the Great Exhibition made me imagine it contained piled rocks of smooth, polished, exquisitely veined porphyry, and caves, and marble arches, dyed of every colour, glittering in the sun; whilst the clear green water of the mighty ocean bathed the feet of those wondrous piles, or filled the sea-nymphs' caves. I am not sure that I had not just a *little* idea, that mermaids sat under those marvellous arches, and combed their long green hair whilst they sung. A portfolio of sketches of the neighbourhood of the Land's End, and Lizard, collected by an artist friend a few summers previously, had also something to do with the fixed idea I had got hold of.

Once set agoing, I would not be stopped; it was really getting time to decide, and so I, having made up my mind that the Lizard it should be, left nothing untried that might make Minnie be of the same opinion; and she being, I firmly believe, inclined to say yes to any proposal, so that the "where" might be settled, readily gave consent.

We determined to have no impediments in the way of baggage, and decided that we were capital walkers, and that it should be a pedestrian excursion; and that finally, no such civilisation as engaging lodgings, or even inquiring if there were any to be had, either for love or money, should be made. We were to travel down to Plymouth by rail, where our friends would take us on in the "Meer-

schaum," to "Falmouth, *at least*," they said, and we should settle when we got there how we should proceed.

Behold us in the meanwhile busily preparing one small carpet-bag, to hold no end of necessaries that could not be carried in the deep pockets we had put one on each side, that like Gilpin's bottles, they "might balance ~~the~~" of our dark grey linsey-woolsey walking skirts, that had already done such good service in the Hebrides thick boots, brown Angola stockings, (although it was summer,) jackets to match our petticoats, and broad-brimmed hats, and there was our dress for Sundays and week-days." We had uneasiness on the score of going to Church in hats; but we decided that we could not possibly travel about all the week with a band-box and best bonnet slung across our backs, in addition to the little tin tube for paper and pencil, and little knapsack we each carried. Minnie wanted to sling a portable writing-case on to her load, and I wanted to carry *somehow* more books than she said we should read in a month if we didn't do anything else, which she added, "wasn't her intention;" this nearly led to our first "come out" before we started. But the matter was amicably arranged by my giving in, so far as to put *some* of the books back on the shelf, and she consented to my proposition that a few sheets of paper ready folded, in ready directed and stamped envelopes, might very well be put between the leaves of our note-books, and if our friends objected to our writing to them in pencil, why—we needn't trouble to write at all!

"Nous voilà prêts," i.e., Minnie, Kate, (that's me,) and Charlie, who had been running off with prizes, and getting to the top of all the classes, and in short, "best-loying it" most grandly, till (of course to the great annoyance of his friends,) he was, to use his own graphically elegant terms, "as stupid as an owl, and as lazy as a donkey!" and wasn't at all sure that he knew his own name, or remembered the year in which he was born. Of course things having come to that pass, it was clear he wanted "a thorough change," and what could be a greater, than for him to accompany us?

CHAPTER II.

It was evening, when the "Meerschau" hove within sight of the Castles of S. Mawes and Pendennis; for as this is to be a purely Cornish excursion, I shall say nothing about our arrival at Plymouth, nor voyage from there to Falmouth, or Falemouthe, or Valemouth: "Falmouthe," says Leland, "is a mere Englische worde, and hath the name of many mouthes of Crekes, that be within the havyn," but this derivation has been much contradicted.

Although the harbour is one of the most anciently renowned in Europe, the town itself is very modern, only dating from the reign of James I. Leland, in speaking of the former, calls it "a notable, and famous, and in a manner the principal haven of all Britain." Camden equals it to Brundusium, and he, as well as Carew, and Speed, all agree "that a hundred sail may cast anchor in it without seeing each other's top;" but although all these writers speak of the harbour, they none of them mention or in any way refer to a town, not even Camden in his edition of 1607. It was first brought into notice by Sir Walter Raleigh on his return from the coast of Guiana; being struck with the advantages of the harbour, he made a representation to the Council on the subject when he arrived in London. The original village from which the town afterwards rose was called Smithike, and then Penny-come-quick, the origin of which, according to a friend on board was this; "A servant of Mr. Pendarvis of Pendarvis, came here, (i.e. to Smithike) to live, and it seems as if hers was an alehouse, for her late master, it is said, in order to encourage her business, ordered her to brew some ale against a certain day, when he and some friends would come and drink it; this order it may be supposed she most readily obeyed, but alas, for Mr. Pendarvis and his friends, it unfortunately happened that a Dutch vessel chanced to come into the harbour about the very time, and the crew, the beer-loving Hollanders, came on shore, and drank all the ale! By and by Mr. Pendarvis and his friends, poor unconscious

victims! came at the appointed time, and in reply to the request for the ale, were informed that there was none for them.

“‘Truly, sir,’ said the guilty ale-wife, ‘*the penny came so quick, I could not deny them.*’ The tale was soon circulated, and from that time gave to Falmouth the name of Penny-come-quick.”

But where is Penny-come-quick? we inquired; but the precise spot appeared to be disputed, it seemed to be rather the story of, “some say it’s here, and some say it’s there, and some say it’s nowhere at a’, sir!” but a house was pointed out to us on what was the generally received site. And that point there is Trefusis Point, where the ill-fated “Queen” transport, with 330 souls on board struck in the night, when all was dark and thick, fast falling snow rendering the January night more drear and gloomy than usual, in five minutes after the first shock she filled with water, 195 persons perished, and ere the sun rose again, nothing but fragments and spars strewed all along the coast, remained of the gallant ship—there, on that pretty wooded point, where we could see from the deck of our yacht a pic-nic party, busily engaged in boiling a kettle, and sending up the curling smoke wreaths, till they seemed to reach the old house at Trefusis, whose chimneys we could just see above the tree-tops, whilst others spread a cloth, and a group of children seemed to have put up a swing in one of the trees, for we could see the glancing of white drapery, now almost to the ground. Charlie vowed he saw apple-pasties, and basins of clotted cream, which he had been longing to make intimate acquaintance with ever since he left home, but as yet had no opportunity. And that is Flushing, a good indicative of the former visits of the Dutch, and that creek leads to Truro, such a beautiful little reach, I hear! and that to the ancient town and borough of Penryn; “Well, but what of the town?” we interrupted, “is there anything of interest in it? have we time to land?” It was found we had, so we wound our way first up some steps, and then through narrow streets, thinking that each next turn would bring us out into the principal thoroughfare,

but we found that the lovely appearance the town has from the sea is belied on entering it. There may be said to be but one long street, and that narrow and ill built; but there are extensive terraces of pleasant houses, rising one behind the other all up the side of the hill, commanding most splendid views. The church was erected about 1662, and is dedicated to "Charles, King and Martyr," but is a building, that in an architectural point of view the less said about the better.

It was now high time for us to go on board again, for our friends had kindly insisted on "running down to the Lizard with us," saying it would be a treat to them to see the scenery and points of interest along the coast, and that as it was moonlight, they should land us—*somewhere!* and return to anchor for the night in Falmouth harbour. This didn't certainly look much like roughing it and pedestrianism, but it was too pleasant an arrangement to be quarrelled with. And so the pretty little *Meerschäum* hoisted her snowy canvas, and flirted her dainty pennon, and away we merrily skimmed, bidding adieu to Pendennis Castle on the right, and S. Mawes on the left, and looking back on the almost little fleet, that lay at anchor or breasted the waves hither and thither like great white-winged birds. Pendennis Castle is more than 300 feet above the sea, and its earliest portion was erected in the reign of Henry VIII.; it was here that Queen Henrietta Maria rested awhile ere she embarked from thence for France, and it has the honour of being the last fortress but one (Raglan) that held out for King Charles. Some say it was *the* last, but Raglan disputes it, and here the following year Prince Charles was concealed. The etymology of "Pen" is "a head," "Dinas," or "Dennis," "a castle."

S. Mawes was built about the same time as Pendennis Castle, it is said to be the largest castle in England of a circular form. Leland wrote some Latin mottoes to adorn it. Over the arms of Henry VIII., as you enter, are the following words, "Honora Henricum Angliæ, et Hiberniæ, regem excellentissimum;" then in another place, in Latin and English: "May the soul of King Henry VIII. live for ever, who in the thirty-

fourth year of his reign commanded this to be built;" then again, "Henry, thy honour and praises shall always remain." There are also some addressed to Edward VI., among others, "May Edward resemble his father in deeds and reputation!" (Query, did the writer really mean it?)

Whittaker says, and I believe he is correct, that S. Mawes is a corruption of S. Maclovius, a Bishop of Bretagne, and when we remember the former intercourse between Cornwall and Brittany, then styled "Cornu Galliae," it is impossible for one who has ever visited Brittany and then comes into Cornwall, or *vice versa*, not to be continually struck with the similarity of proper names, both of persons and places. We had previously to our Cornish expedition spent a summer in Brittany, and were continually being reminded of this: "Coraille" in Brittany, "Dinant" also and many others. And this similarity is still more observable in regard to its druidical remains. Maen-hir, Tolmân, Mên-au-tol, Kistvaen, and Crum-leh answer for one country equally with the other. A Breton sailor landing on the Cornish coast can make himself understood by the natives, a *Frenchman* could not.

I remember a clergyman whom we knew in Brittany, telling us that his cook, an Irishwoman, could make herself perfectly understood when she went to market or shopping, although she could not speak a word of French.

"And that old house there, with its windows and walls unmistakeably indicating antiquity, what can you tell us of it?"

"Oh! that? Ah, yes! that is the oldest house here. It was the only one, so I am told, erected previously to the landing of Sir Walter Raleigh. It is called Arwenick, and belonged to the Killigrew family. It is only a part of the original mansion that we now see, and at what period built I am not sure, for the original house was set fire to by its owner, Sir John Killigrew, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Roundheads, (for you must remember how bravely Pendennis held out for the *right* side during the civil war.) That monument away there, (you can just see it now,) it looks from here very like a church spire sliced off and popped

down on low ground, is an obelisk erected by a Killigrew in commemoration of the landing of Sir Walter Raleigh : not the Killigrew, though, who was such a famous jester at the court of Charles II., and of whom a clever *bon mot* is still remembered, as having been his retort to an irreverent attempt at wit on the part of Louis XIV.

"It could not certainly have been from under that roof, but it must have been from beneath that portal, that on a dark night, somewhere about the year 1600, for it was towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, that Lady Jane Killigrew might have been seen issuing with a band of ruffians, and stealthily setting off and boarding a Dutch vessel then lying in the harbour laden with Spanish booty, which was the object they had in view, and to attain which they did not hesitate to embrace their hands in blood. The lady escaped her deserved punishment, but her accomplices, probably the less guilty actors, were put to death."

There is at Penryn a silver cup bearing this inscription : "From maior to maior to the towne of Permain (or Penryn) when they received me that was in great misery. J. K. 1683." This was presented by Lady Jane Killigrew, in gratitude for some kindness received, when she was evading the just reward of her guilty deed ; Penryn then being a place of importance, long before Falmouth rose to consideration, possessing a court-leet previous to the Conquest.

We passed outside the "Black Rock," with its pole to warn the mariner, and then soon after the wind sank, the sails flapped lazily, the bright pennon ceased to flutter, and we tacked and tacked, but all in vain. It seemed as if we should never leave "the Manacles" behind us. It was intensely hot, and the almost stationary state in which we were and seemed likely to be, was very disagreeable, not to say provoking. Fun and laughter were beginning to subside, and spirits to flag, when fortunately just in time not to spoil all our pleasure, a faint breath was felt, and then another, and then a little puff, and then the wind slowly sprang up, and once more we were making way for the Lizard.

(To be continued.)

MEDITATION.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You ask me to account, in some way, for the shallow and loose ideas of religion prevailing among all classes (but especially the middle,) at the present day. You say, what my experience tells me is perfectly true, that these views are put forth with a dogmatism and perseverance only equal to their shallowness. The most important points of doctrine are decided in a moment, the law is laid down, the argument settled, the opposite view discarded in a moment, those who hold it can have nothing to say for themselves; and this decisive and dogmatic statement has been arrived at—how? By a passage in a newspaper, or by some claptrap speech or saying. I agree with you that this is a growing evil among us all in some measure, and it is far easier to account for than to remedy—the reason of it is plain. It is from a neglect of meditation, or, what good old Anthony Horneck calls the great “law of consideration.” Most people have entirely lost the idea of pondering, thinking, dwelling on, and taking pains to understand, the things pertaining to religion.

The wonderful strides of science and art in these latter days may have tended to foster the idea that religion is an old-fashioned thing, far behind the advancement and enlightenment of the age: it is altogether forgotten that like the divine and unchangeable Author that was to be a constant witness to His fixed and unalterable Truth—that let the world shift and change and progress as it may, He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—and that, except in its adaptation, growth, leavening, and various fruits, the “faith once delivered to the saints” changeth and altereth not.

The utter neglect of the Church’s times and seasons, in days past, has also gone a long way to increase the evil of which we are speaking. Here is the very provision against the all-engrossing and encroaching worldliness—

here are times laid out when each separate article of the Faith, each event in the life of its Divine Founder, and His chief followers, is to be considered and dwelt upon. We do not ask the tradesman to close his shop, or the merchant his office, on all Saints' Days and Holy Days; but might he not so arrange his business rules, that those who will shall be able to avail themselves of these seasons? He need not fear deception; half the vigilance he uses in other matters would soon discover that.

And I cannot but think that even those merchants and tradesmen among us, who profess to love our Church and obey her rules and injunctions, are content to do so themselves only. As far as their business and those under them are concerned, the arrangements and rules are, for the most part, much the same as they would be if they were not Churchmen at all. In how many firms does the Church's bond of Brotherhood make itself really and practically felt throughout, from the chief partner to the lowest errand-boy? Is business so carried on between them, that the knowledge that they are all "one in CHRIST" can always be remembered? In Christian courtesy alone is it carried out? Business-rules and habits, however good and useful, should surely at times yield to the things pertaining to religion. Business is not the "one thing needful"—neither is "money," though we should hardly think that this conclusion was arrived at by, or at all affected the practice of, one in a thousand of our men of business. To prove this, I need only ask how many tradesmen close their shops on the great day of our Lord's Ascension? Not six in all London.

But, to return to our subject: what makes it still more inconsistent is the fact that religion is the *only* thing they decide, debate, and pronounce upon without a due amount of meditation, reflection, and study. That which has occupied—ay, and filled to overflowing—the highest and deepest intellects of the world, is *the* thing of all others that is supposed to require no thought, no study, no consideration. If some new invention in art or science is in progress, does it not occupy time, thoughts, and even hours from rest, for weeks, for months, for years? If some new scheme of business or commerce is to be started,

is it not well weighed and as far as possible tested? If a new speculation is to be embarked in, are not the chances of success closely calculated? And yet the things belonging to Him Who gave the eye, the hand, the intellect, the health, and all that makes possible to man the execution and the success of these schemes and inventions, are hastily decided, flippantly settled, and discussed with less preparation and study than is often devoted to the fit of a dress or the preparation of a meal.

Much of this habit of hasty decision on things sacred, I fear, to be attributed to the newspapers and journals of the day. In almost all cases religion is there treated in any but a religious spirit, the Church and Sacraments are spoken of as something which all have a right to criticize. In the popular view preaching and instruction is supposed to take the place of meditation and study, and this idea is likely to be still more encouraged by that sad perversion of all that is holy, the turning of the theatres into places for prayer and preaching. Crowds go to hear and applaud; but will such a plan make one of them think or consider? I should say not. God's work must be done in God's way, not in the way whereby the greatest crowd is attracted.

But, as I have said in my former letters on other subjects, let us look to ourselves, that is where we must first grapple with any evil habit—first see to the absence of a good one. Let us determine, as far as possible, that, let others do or say what they may, we will "think before we speak" on all questions touching our holy religion. Before we blame others let us be quite sure that we are clear in this matter; let us be careful that we never for our parts talk for talking's sake, or in a bitter and irreligious spirit towards those who differ from us.

To hold our tongue and keep silence is the first step towards meditation and religious thought, and there has been no lack during these last thirty years of works of meditation to aid us in this duty—hundreds of volumes, both new and reprints from the devotional works of our own old divines, have been printed. Let us ask ourselves, has the habit of deep thought and meditation increased at all in proportion? And, besides this, we

have abundant example, not to mention the retirement of His early years and the wonderful silence under provocation, of our Blessed SAVIOUR?

Can anyone imagine Bishop Andrewes arguing hastily and with undue warmth on any subject whatever? Can we conceive of Bps. Taylor, Cosin, Hammond, Butler, that they were not in constant and deep meditation and thought? And if we are in the world, and mixed up in its toil and business, that is all the more reason why we should snatch what time we can for this indispensable habit.

The Fathers called it, "employing the whole understanding about a thing." S. Bernard thus describes it:—"It distinguishes things confused, collecteth such as lie dispersed, searches and dives into such as are concealed and hid, examines probabilities, reflects upon what is done, resolves what to do, and presses towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in CHRIST JESUS."

I am yours, &c.,

S. G.

THE CURFEW-COMPLINE.

The following lines refer to the revival of the Curfew, after its silence many years, as a *Compline Bell*, in a parish in the West of England.

THE CURFEW calls—then, ere too late,
Cover the fires of wrath and hate;
Let not blest day have cheerless end—
The sun upon thy wrath descend.

THE COMPLINE calls—then fall to prayer!
Cast on thy God thy load of care—
Then lay thee down, and sweetly rest,
With His most sure protection blest.

THE CURFEW-COMPLINE calls—the day,
Perchance thy last,—has ebb'd away—
So sleep, that thou may'st thence arise
To duty, or in Paradise.

And whensoe'er the Curfew's knell
Thy vital fire extinct shall tell,
So may'st thou from life's Compline-time
Wake up to chaunt the eternal Prime.

Chard Vicarage,
December, 1859.

H. T.

THE EARLY AND THE LATTER RAIN.

CHAPTER XX.

It was sunset on a sorrowful spring evening,—sorrowful, because all day long the soft, noiseless rain had fallen as if the heavens could not cease to weep over the sin-stricken earth, and only as the daylight faded had one faint golden sunbeam struggled through the mist and cloud: and sorrowful because it was so like the image of a life all clouded and obscured from morn till eventide with many a deadly sin, that shut out heaven's pure light till only by bitter penitence its sad decline was illumined by one sweet ray of pardoning love.

Through the window of the sitting-room at Grassmede this last sunbeam was now passing, and it fell like a saintly halo on the bowed head of Mary Ashurst as she sat at work, but it left far in shadow the worn, beautiful face of her brother Wilfred, who lay on his couch and watched her silently.

Three months had now elapsed since Leonard brought him a shattered, despairing, well-nigh dying man to his own calm home; and in that time, by Mary's tender care, he had been gradually restored to comparative health, till now an excessive weakness was his only remaining symptom of illness.

But although she had been able to minister to the body in its suffering, the soul yet lay within him sick even to the death.

It had been Leonard's earnest charge to Mary, not to make the smallest attempt to influence Wilfred on religious subjects. He had so long tampered with the poison of unbelief, so long steeped himself in vices which have power to deform the soul, that now a recognition of the truth was no longer possible to him; his moral sense was utterly perverted, the power to look on the unseen destroyed, and the bitter lesson which the world had taught him—that all is vanity, even vanity of vanities—was the only reality which his mind was capable of receiving.

Leonard, whose personal holiness had taught him heavenly wisdom, saw clearly that the only means by which conviction could be brought home to Wilfred now, was first, through the miraculous grace of God, to be won for him by intercession in the Name of the only Mediator; and secondly, by the visible manifestation of that which he had never yet seen, even the truth of religion operating in the heart and life of those around him. To Leonard it seemed as if there could hardly be a more winning eloquence than that which would speak to Wilfred out of Mary's pure unselfishness, and the bright serenity of her gentle face; but he little knew how far deeper was the influence of his own holy life, with its intense love shining through every act of his silent unwearied labour, on the world-worn heart that had fed itself with the ashes of self-love alone.

There was but one year's difference in age between the brothers: they had been educated at the same school and college, and had in all respects the same advantages, with only this difference in Wilfred's favour, that he had higher intellectual powers than his brother. They had started from the same point for the race of life, and whither had each one tended? The elder had listened to the impassioned voice of the prince of this world, and plunged headlong into the glittering sea of pleasures that now had left him stranded on the arid and barren shore, where no living water was. The other, hearing only amid the seductive whisperings of youth's temptations all around him, the voice of his departed Lord "Give Me thine heart," had turned aside for ever from all that could divide his love with Him who called him, and setting his face heavenward with steadfast purpose, never more stopped so much as to gather a wayside flower on the path that bore the trace of His Master's bleeding steps.

"Mary," said Wilfred after a long silence that evening, "do you not think Leonard looks very ill?"

"I do," she answered in a low voice.

"He is very ill," said Wilfred; "nor could it possibly be otherwise. The life he leads is something dreadful, especially since the fever broke out in that outlying dis-

trict of his, a mere pestilential marsh the doctor told me it was; and there he is all day long, except when he is in church, and often all night too, going about in the most trying weathers from death-bed to death-bed! Mary, he will listen to you, perhaps; will you not persuade him to leave these wretched people to themselves, and save his precious life before it is too late?"

"I would not if I could," she answered in a tremulous voice.

"What do you mean? Do you not know that he is running the greatest possible risk at present; the doctor told me that if he took the fever in his present weak state, he would infallibly die?"

"I do know it," she said with a choking sob.

"Then have you no love for him," continued Wilfred angrily, "that you can sit there calmly, and say you would not make him save his life if you could?"

"Oh, Wilfred, how dearly I love him you never can know!" said Mary, with a bitter cry, "but it is precisely because I love him, that I would not rob him of his glorious crown; because I love him for ever and ever, and not for this little life only that I would not stint him in his full free offering to the Blessed One Who will repay him with His own Eternal love! Oh! do you think that for my selfish joy in keeping him a little longer with me, I would mar his unconscious martyrdom, or blunt the keen edge of that sharp relentless self-denial with which he is prepared to pour out even his soul unto death for CHRIST'S dear sake? No! let me thank heaven rather that by consenting silently to the pure self-sacrifice which may bring the anguish of his loss upon me, I may share at least in the spirit of his glad oblation of himself."

She stopped, her cheek glowing, and her eye kindling with a passionate emotion very unusual to her, and Wilfred looked at her in silence for a moment, then he said mournfully,

"You speak the language of another world, my sister—a world I know not, and where I am not known!"

Mary had resumed her work, and she bent over it without answering.

"Tell me," said Wilfred, after a pause, "has Leonard led this same life during all the years of my absence? has he never faltered nor grown weary?"

"Never," said Mary, "I have been told indeed, that in India he laboured even more, till his health failed, and left him weak as he now is."

"And in all that time he has never asked happiness for himself in any way; never sought human joy or human love; while I—"

"He has desired but one Love," said Mary's low voice, "and that has been with him always."

Wilfred turned his face to the wall as if in self-abhorrence.

"Ah, Mary, you may well say with Hamlet, 'Look on this brother and on that,'—the one all that is noble and spiritually beautiful, the other beyond expression, despicable and degraded."

Mary flung aside her work, and rising suddenly, knelt down beside him.

"Wilfred, darling, it is not too late."

"Not too late," he answered in his sorrowful voice, as he stroked her soft hair fondly, "only impossible, little Mary."

"Neither too late nor impossible," she answered, steadfastly fixing her clear eyes upon him, "there is no limit to God's mercy nor to His grace."

"But faith is required to win them both,—with me that whole foundation is utterly wanting,—it were easier for me to remove mountains without faith than with it."

"Faith may be won."

"Not by me, Mary; I have been living a life wholly inconsistent with Christianity, therefore I gladly listened to the theories of those who would fain drive it out of the world. I have so bewildered my mind with their sophistries, that I can no longer sift the evidence of revelation."

"The power to receive external evidence may be destroyed by sin," said Mary, "but there is a living Witness which neither the world nor the devil can destroy, if only we submit ourselves to it in obedience and humility."

She lowered her tone to a whisper as she added, "*It is the Voice of Christ speaking in the soul.*"

There was such an awe-struck reality in her manner as she spoke, that Wilfred looked at her with eager attention.

"Mary, do you hear this Voice?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered very humbly yet decidedly.

"And Leonard?"

"Oh, yes," she said, looking up with brightening eyes and beaming smile, "so clear, so constant night and day."

Wilfred was silent some time; but when he spoke again it was with renewed dejection, "yet this avails me nothing, Mary—the humility and obedience of which you speak can only spring from faith, and I have told you that with me it is impossible."

"It might be were faith a mere effort of the intellect, but it is not so; faith is the gift of God. Ask, and it shall be given you."

He looked round eagerly and grasped her hands, "Ah! that is indeed a new idea to me; it saves me from my own helplessness—it gives me a faint hope—yet what am I that I should ask anything of God? I know not how to seek or find Him. Mary, do you pray for me?"

"Can you doubt it, my own dear brother?"

"And Leonard?"

She threw her arms round him and whispered in his ear, as if she were making him a sacred confidence.

"These nights spent in the Church—these long vigils which you discovered accidentally, and so regretted for his health's sake—they were all for you."

Wilfred bowed his face on his hands, "Dear Mary, save me," he whispered faintly, and she stole from the room.

Leonard did not take the fever, and, as the spring advanced the pestilence abated, but in proportion as the days grew bright and warm, it was evident to all that Leonard's strength rapidly declined. He had no visible disease, but the doctor, whom, at the earnest request of his brother and sister, he consulted, felt convinced that some serious evil beyond the reach of medicine was rapidly undermining his health. Leonard made no altera-

tion, however, in his mode of life, and continued to w to the utmost extent which his weakness permitted. ' only change that could be perceived in him was that seemed even more silent and quiet than was his wont, that every moment he could steal from duty was spent solitude; if that could be termed solitude which was deed the closest and sweetest communion with his THER in Heaven.

There was nothing whatever of gloom or depression his state; on the contrary, he seemed more cheerful, a if possible, more loving to others than he had ever b before; only day by day he appeared to belong less this world, and to grow more detached from all thi earthly.

There was a saintly expression in his wan face i and a strange look in his eyes, as if they were ever gaz out beyond the things of sense, which inspired all v saw him with a feeling of awe as though they were in presence of one who had already passed into the unse

He never alluded to his condition even to Mary, i she shrank from touching on the subject with him, she knew that his extreme humility and self-distrust w such that, in surrendering himself with perfect submiss into the hands of his Judge, it was as much with a v to the possible punishment which he believed he deser as to the pardon he implored.

There are many who talk of resignation to the wil God, but few understand it as Leonard Ashurst did.

Day by day Mary hung with tremulous eagerness his every word and look, but even her anxious watch was as nothing compared with the absorbed attent which Wilfred bestowed on him. The life lived in act reality before his eyes by this young man who was pass away in the very prime and summer of his days from world which he himself had loved so well, was as a beauti miracle to Wilfred Ashurst. He studied it as one migh heavenly revelation—he seemed ever striving to dive i his brother's thoughts, to read into his soul as in a recor divine truth; he saw that to Leonard all things here w the shadows—all things unseen the substance, and seemed ever seeking to discern through the clear medi

of his brother's mind the tangible realities he had so long ignored. But he, too, was altogether silent as to his own condition, and neither Leonard nor Mary could tell how far his burdened soul had been stirred by the Divine touch to penitence.

When Wilfred first became convalescent, he never ~~went~~ to Church, nor did they ever propose that he should do so; he would even complain in a quiet tone of contempt of the constant services which deprived him at times of his patient sister's society. One Sunday evening however, when Wilfred and Mary had been talking of their mutual fears for their brother's health, Mary casually said that she feared Leonard would be much exhausted with preaching that evening, as he had already had a long day's work.

"Does Leonard preach to-night?" said Wilfred. "I should like to hear him once. I will go, but do not wait for me, Mary, I shall only come in time for the sermon."

And he came, stealing into a dark corner where none could see him; he took his place in the Church just as the low pathetic tones of his brother's voice were heard in the words of the text, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

And Leonard spoke of that rest—he who in this world had known only toil and bitter self-denial in far-off faint reflection of the One only sinless Life; and as he spoke, it was evident that he forgot what or where he was, and that his soul was as completely rapt in its heavenly contemplation as though the world and the things thereof had already passed away. It seemed to those who heard him as if the words he spoke were not his own, but gathered at the Feet of the Divine Lord, where he could listen to the whispers of that Voice of Love, and repeat them in glowing accents to his hearers. Wilfred listened almost as he would have done if the heavens had opened to let him hear the songs of the blessed angels floating round the Throne of God; and when the sweet tones ceased, he remained with his face buried in his hands as if he waited hoping to hear that divine harmony again.

He spoke not one word as Mary and he walked home together, nor did he ever allude to the subject, but from

that day he went constantly to the Church, even on week days, when there was no sermon to attract him.

At length there came a sultry summer evening, when the breath of nature was faint and low, and all things seemed to languish in the heavy heat.

Leonard had been all day in the parish as usual, and Mary had scarcely seen him.

When the bell rang for evensong, Mary went out to Church alone, for they thought it best never to ask Wilfred if he meant to go.

As she walked up the churchyard path, she saw Leonard standing at the porch, looking out towards the setting sun, and she was struck with the intense absorbed expression of his beautiful countenance—for beautiful it now was in its deep calm holiness. Mary went softly up to him, and slipping her hand through his arm, stood quietly beside him for a few minutes. He seemed unconscious of her presence, and a strange anxiety to hear the sound of his dear voice took possession of her. She looked up, and following the direction of his eyes shining with unwonted light, she said, "It is a lovely sunset; do you remember, dearest Leonard, how long ago we used to think that golden light was the gate of Paradise, and how we longed to walk up the slanting sunbeams that seemed like a glorious pathway leading towards it?"

He made no direct answer, but suddenly the grasp of his wasted hand tightened on hers, and he who never spoke of his feelings, now said with a concentrated emotion that thrilled her very soul,

"O, Mary, think that we shall see Him—we shall see Him as He is—soon—soon we shall look upon the awful sacred wounds—the print of the nails—the pierced Side—we shall hear the Voice—His Voice—we shall know that He has loved us."

His voice sank, then in a whisper which she felt was not addressed to her, or to any on this earth, he murmured, "O Jesus, O my Beloved."

Mary was awe-struck to a degree for which she could not account: she could hardly breathe, and her heart beat violently as Leonard dropped her hand and turned to go into the church: she caught the last look of his

face, heavenly beyond expression with the sunset light beaming full upon it, and the remembrance of the unearthly love and peace that shone from it in that hour never passed from her memory. She perceived, as Leonard disappeared within the church, that Wilfred had seen it too, and had heard his last words, for he was standing now behind her, pale and with quivering lips.

Neither spoke, however, and they went in to the service. Leonard said the prayers as usual, and it seemed to Mary that his voice was clearer and stronger than she had heard it for some time.

Wilfred and she walked home together, for Leonard always remained in the church after service for private devotion. They took their way homeward over the fields, and were very silent as they sauntered on with the shadows of evening darkening round them. Suddenly they heard a cry behind them: Mary distinguished her name, "Miss Ashurst, Miss Ashurst, come back, quick, quick!" They looked round terrified, and saw the old sexton running towards them without his hat, his grey hair streaming in the wind, and his hands beckoning frantically to them to return. Mary's heart sunk as it had never done before; she flew back, exclaiming as she passed the sexton, "My brother! is it my brother?"

"Yes! yes!" he said wringing his hands: "O you are too late! too late!"

She hardly heard him; on, on with frantic speed she went, needing none to tell her what sight she was about to see;—on through the churchyard and the porch where she had seen him stand, up the long nave to the altar steps, where he ever loved to kneel, and then down, down beside him. For he was there, stretched beneath the altar, with his saintly face fixed in the wondrous calm of death, his thin hands folded on his quiet breast, and his priestly garments still around him, the linen white and clean, which is the righteousness of the saints.

Mary felt that he was dead before ever she touched his marble face and hands. It seemed to her that she had always known it would be thus, and that they were now together in some wonderful way such as had never united them before, and which drew her soul and spirit into the

very essence of his peace. She laid down her head upon that tranquil breast, kissing the dear hands that lay so cold beneath her warm cheek; she could not think, she could not feel, she only knew that Leonard was at rest in his Master's love, and that she was with him in his sacred calm.

How long she lay thus she knew not, nor was she aware that there knelt one at the feet of that corpse who had never bent his knee before his Judge and his Redeemer for many a sin-stained year.

But at length the footsteps of the physician and others whom the sexton had called resounded in the porch, and before they came near Wilfred rose hastily from his kneeling posture and approached his sister.

"Mary," he whispered in a hoarse, agitated voice, "let me say one word, and oh, that Leonard may hear it too! I believe and repent; his Beloved shall be my Beloved, and his God my God."

And so it came to pass, that to both these brothers death and life were given in one short hour. The one passed from the death of sin to the life of righteousness: the other died to this mortal world, and woke to the life in CHRIST for evermore.

THE SUNDAY CALLED QUINQUAGESIMA; OR, THE NEXT SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

"O LORD, Who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; Send Thy HOLY GHOST, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee: Grant this for Thine only SON JESUS CHRIST'S sake. Amen."

O LORD, Who by Thy perfect love,
Sending Thy dear SON from above
To suffer for our sake,
Hast taught us this great truth to know,
Test of our doings here below,
We charity must make;

That every action wrought for Thee
Must by Thy love dictated be,

Or it is nothing worth ;
 O send Thy HOLY GHOST to wake
 And move our hearts this grace to make
 Our great desire on earth.

To Thee our praying hands we lift,
 Pour on us that divinest gift
 Of Heavenly Charity ;
 Make us long-suffering and kind,
 In bonds of peace our nature bind,
 Be our life hid in Thee !

Drive from us envy's murky cloud,
 Ne'er boast we our own acts aloud,
 Or in ourselves rejoice ;
 Sit we in silence wise and meek,
 Nor soon provoked rash thoughts to speak,
 Or raise an angry voice.

Harbour we not ill thoughts within,
 Nor gladness feel in ways of sin,
 Rejoice we in the truth !
 Bearing, believing, hoping all,
 Enduring still, though Thou should'st call
 To sorrow and to ruth !

In vain we have a name to live,
 Unless this gift Thou deign'st to give,
 We are but dead to Thee :
 Oh ! grant it through Thine only SON,
 Thou great Eternal Three in One,
 That we alive may be !

E. H.

S. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

"O Almighty God, Who into the place of the traitor Judas didst choose Thy faithful servant Matthias to be of the number of the twelve Apostles ; grant that Thy Church, being alway preserved from false Apostles, may be ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors ; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.
 Amen."

SEARCHER of hearts ! Almighty God,
 By Thy most dread avenging rod,
 Judas the traitor Thou hast sent
 Into eternal banishment.

Deposed from his high estate,
A warning in his fearful fate,
Of God's eternal vengeance stored
For all who dare betray their Lord.

Matthias' heart to Thee was known,—
Him didst Thou Thine Apostle own ;
To hold the ministry of grace,
And take the traitor Judas' place.

Preserve Thy Church, Almighty Lord,
From false Apostles' faithless word ;
With tender care regard Thy Bride,
To cheer, increase, support, and guide.

By faithful pastors fold Thy sheep,
May they Thine ordinances keep,
Thy sacramental gifts prepare,
With love unfeigned and sacred care.

Thy perfect counsel bid them speak,
To warn the strong, to help the weak ;
The zeal of ardent minds to guide,
To aid the tempted and the tried.

Kindle the ministerial flame
With sacred ardour in Thy Name,
With Gospel joy to feed the meek,
With tender care, the lost to seek.

Thy Church her supplication lifts
To Thee, O God, for sacred gifts ;
To her Thy strength'ning arm afford,
For evermore through Christ our Lord.

E. H.

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER X.

"I AM going to walk home with Robert and Charley," said Alex, "Will you come too, William? there is plenty of time, for it is early to-night."

William assented, and the four boys walked together through the pleasant meadows, bright with the rays of the western sun.

"How different the Service sounds," said William, "now we have been thinking and hearing so much about it I felt as if it was almost new to me last Sunday! Did you find it so, Robert? but I dare say you had thought more about it than we generally do."

Robert. I understand it better now, and I am very glad to hear all Mr. Weston says, for there are some things I never thought of before. The more one knows and thinks about sacred things, the more one finds in them, and loves them. I believe one reason that some people care so little for the Bible and the Prayers is, that they do not know enough of them. I do not mean that they have not often read or heard them, but they have not taken them into their minds, and felt for themselves all those things. I do not, I know, at all as I ought; but, even in beginning to do it, every word seems plainer, and full of interest.

Charley. How much Mr. Weston says about doing as we pray, as if praying were only the beginning, and we were to make a rule out of the Prayers.

Alex. Why, Charley, that is nothing new surely! There would be no sense in asking to be made able to do things, unless we meant to do them, and set in earnest about them directly.

Charley. But we can never be so good as those words say, it seems as if we must be so very strict.

Robert. You seem rather alarmed, Charley, but I know you do not often think it a hardship to do what mother and Mr. Fenton bid you, and you always look happy enough though you cannot run wild and do as you like, as some boys do.

Charley. O! yes, that is nothing, and I'm used to it. I should not like to be always idling about, or amusing myself.

Robert. You like to obey our mother because you love her, and you are happy to feel she loves you, and is pleased with you; but how often she has said, that no one can tell how happy it is to be sure, that in our work, and in all we do every day, we are serving God, and that we can feel that He sees and is pleased with us, and helps us in all to do His will. It seems very hard and

strict if we only think how good we are taught and pray to be, but it is made easy for us by God's help; and we must wish to please Him, and be like Him, when we think of His loving each of us as His own child.

Charley. You know I do want to be good, Robert, and perhaps when I am older, like you, I shall like trying better. I should be very sorry to be careless and displease Him.

The last words were said in a low tone to his brother, who had been in some ways almost like a father to him, though there were not many years between them.

Alex said that Mr. Weston's remark on good people feeling much more than others, when they did anything wrong, made him think of the account given him by his old friend the sailor, of the way he was led to leave the evil and careless life of his youth.

"O! tell us something about him," said William, "you told us he had been very different once from what he was, when you sailed with him."

Alex replied: "He was getting old when I first met with him, and had for many years been leading a sober, Christian life; but when he went to sea as a youth he knew nothing of religion, except what had been taught him on the few Sundays he had chosen to go to school and Church, and cared little to learn. He was active, and could work well when he tried, and having a tolerably strict captain he got on fairly in the ship; but, though he was a good sailor at that time, he used to lament very much afterwards the life he led."

Charley. Did nobody ever speak to him, or teach him; and was he not sometimes frightened when they were in danger, to think what might become of him?

Alex. As long as there is work to be done in a storm nobody thinks much of the danger, and even when it is very bad and the men can do nothing, yet when all is right again it does not sometimes seem to make any difference to them. He got out of the way of the Clergyman if he thought he was likely to speak to him, and the officers were satisfied if he did his duty and was sober. However there was a young sailor rather older than himself, with whom he became friends, and who was very

kind to him, and many times helped him out of his difficulties, or taught him navigation. This man was really and truly religious, and though he seldom spoke a word *about it* everybody could see that he was trying to do *right*, and remembered that he was a Christian. His name was John, and though goodnatured to all, he did not keep much with the rest of the crew, except my old friend, whom I think he must have hoped some day to see more like what he was anxious to see him.

Robert. Did he not try to make him so at all?

Alex. He was shy of talking much, I believe, and Ben was not willing to hear, but he did sometimes beg him to listen when the Clergyman was praying and preaching, and tried to make him understand what was said, for Ben used almost to go to sleep during the Service. However he would not take much notice, though at times he felt afraid; and he made up his mind, as he was a good steady hand, being religious would not be much benefit to him. One day John and some of the crew went ashore, and stayed some time, waiting for two of the officers, during which a dispute arose, and John was made angry. Nothing happened which the Captain took notice of, and the other men made a joke of it, but John was quite downcast, and looked not at all like himself after it. He was not vexed with any one, and behaved just as usual about his work, only he was very unhappy, his whistle was not heard, and if anybody laughed at the quarrel, he seemed more sad than even before. Ben could not understand it; he missed John's cheerfulness, and was sorry to see him unhappy, so one evening he asked him what was the matter, saying, that it was surely not about a foolish brawl he was vexing himself so much. Ben told me he never forgot the answer, and what John said that night, it seemed to make him feel what he never did before.

"I suppose John explained to him why he was sorrowful, and that to do wrong was not a light matter as he had thought it," said Robert.

Alex replied, "Yes, and Ben remembered the very words he had said to him then: 'Should not you feel grieved,' he asked him, 'if you had made the best friend you

had in the world angry with you, and had repaid all his kindness by doing something to offend him?" Ben did not at first understand, but thought he meant the Captain, who was kind to John, or one of the men he had disputed with. He had himself sometimes felt fear when he seemed to see the anger of the ALMIGHTY in a storm; and he had carelessly used His Name, and spoken of His mercy as a thing of course; but he knew nothing of the faith and love which made his comrade feel deep sorrow for his sin, and it struck him with wonder when John expressed his grief, and he saw how real it was."

"He really was sorry for the sin itself," said Robert, "and his knowledge of the love of God would only make him grieve the more for having offended Him. Besides, perhaps he thought, that as he was known as a religious man, his doing wrong would make the others think badly of religion, or give them an excuse to do so."

Alex. He thought of this also, and he told Ben how unhappy it made him, and begged him to remember that it was through still unconquered pride, and want of care, that he had done wrong. He spoke more than he had ever done before, and Ben had felt for his grief, and was willing to listen, so he heard as if for the first time of the fearful peril and guilt of sin, and of the only way of repentance and pardon through CHRIST. He felt it was all true, and he could then think of nothing else. He learnt a good deal from John at times when they could be alone, and received afterwards a great deal of instruction from the Clergyman, who had before vainly tried to gain his attention. He told me one day that often as he had been present during the Confession and Absolution, he had never understood a word till after this; but when he had turned from his wickedness he felt every word, and it was like taking a burden off him when he heard the words of forgiveness spoken by the Minister. They all seemed meant for him, and he wondered no more as he heard John's earnest Amen.

"How glad John must have been!" exclaimed William.

"He was very glad, and while they sailed together he and Ben were true friends. He has long been dead, but my old sailor can never speak of him without brushing

his hand across his eyes. He always felt so much the sins of his young days, that it was his endeavour to be a friend to the boys who joined his ship, and to save them, if possible, from bad example, and from beginning to go in wrong ways."

Charley. He seems to have been very kind to you, but did he tell you funny stories and was he merry?

Alex. He was always most contented and cheerful; never put out by work or by accident, and ready to amuse us boys with tales of what he had seen and done in his long voyages; so Charley, I am sure you would have liked him. Some of the others were merrier at times, but then when their wild fun was over, perhaps they would grumble and be out of temper. He often said to me that if everybody knew how happy true religion could make them, they would not turn from it as they do.

Robert. It is the giving up so much at first, and having to fight so hard constantly with our evil tempers and the temptations that come to us, which makes it difficult. And then we do not for a long time know enough or believe enough of the love of God, to make it pleasant to give up our wills, and have His Will only. Yet it is certain it is much happier, and whatever we give up does seem nothing afterwards, when we think of God loving us, and preparing us for heaven. Only at the time when we wish for something very much, it is hard to put the temptation away, and feel just as we ought.

"It is God's grace that makes us able," replied Alex, softly.

"I cannot think," said William, "how people can bear to go on making God angry with them all their lives, and fancying they can be happy at last."

"They do not really believe He is angry with sin," answered Robert, "it does not seem bad to them, and they do not love Him so as to wish to please Him first."

Alex. And perhaps they do not remember that all our lives are given us to become pure and fit for heaven, and that we must be like our SAVIOUR in His holiness, if we are to live with Him. Mr. Weston said a great deal to me about our life here being a school in which to learn and get perfect for heaven, before I went away;

and that if we idled and wasted it, we could expect to be no better than idle children, who are fit for nothing when their school-time is over.

"But," said William, "God can change any one at last, and make him holy at once."

"He has never promised to do so," replied Robert, very gravely, "for any one who has always resisted holiness and loved sin; recollect what Mr. Weston said to-night."

"O, I could not do that!" answered the boy eagerly; "I know it is much better to serve God. Father and mother say they have found it so, and are happy that they were brought up to love Him."

The little party had reached the widow's gate by this time, and after stopping to rest some minutes in the small neatly kept garden, Alex and William returned to their homes.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, HELENA, OF MECKLENBURG SCHWERIN.

Who amongst us has not been grieved and perplexed by the course of events during the last twelve years in our sister country France? The overthrow of constitutional monarchy, with all its hopes and aspirations for ever closer unity between the neighbour-lands, was a heavy blow to the hearts of many of ourselves. We do not say that the Orleans dynasty was essentially popular in England. It had not on its side the "aureole" and fair augury of legitimacy. There seemed no great cause, such as difference of religion, in the case of the Stuarts, for instance, for which the ancient dynasty should be excluded from the throne. The Orleans family owed their elevation to royalty, to a popular riot within the walls of Paris. In addition to this, the so-called king of the French excited not a little admiration, certainly, but very little love. Justly or unjustly, neither he nor his Prime Minister, Guizot, were commonly regarded as straight-

forward men; but rather as wise and crafty politicians. Their acts were probably judged from a too exclusively English point of view; but the fact would seem undoubted, that in these eighteen years of constitutional monarchy very little if any progress was made in the social or moral elevation of the French people. The unhappy principles which were the heritage of the first revolution, the compulsory equal division of all property, the treatment of marriage as a purely civil contract, (the law regarding the ecclesiastical ceremony as a nullity,) the consequent multiplication of endless State functionaries, and relaxation of morals, the destruction of individual energy, of personal independence of thought or judgment, or of a high tone of moral probity,—all these grievous evils remained in full force, and not a step seems to have been taken towards removing or decreasing them. They were accepted rather as inevitable ills, so that the existing “régime” had no apparent tendency to improve the state of the nation or the people. Rather it is a grave question whether the forms without the reality of liberty, freedom of speech indeed, and the utmost violence of party warfare in the press and the tribune, but always the same dull empire of bureaucracy, prostrating individual energy and municipal enterprise,—whether this state of things was not more fatal to the moral sense of the nation than open and avowed despotism could be, inasmuch as it almost of necessity took the form of an organised hypocrisy, having as little hold on the affections as on the respect of the great body of the nation.

But the social and moral evils of France were too deeply rooted in the soil for any but the highest genius and strongest will to be competent to deal with them successfully. If King Louis Philippe failed, as he did fail, in what we must consider his self-imposed task, who could have succeeded? We incline to answer, no man. The sovereign who would root out these cherished and, alas! popular evils, must be absolute, so at least it seems to us, and must combine the rarely united qualities of sound sense, an iron will, and the genius of enterprise and success. There is a man in whom these meet, and

he sits now on the throne of France. From him great things may be hoped for; we do not say expected. Of this we may be sure, if he does not realise them, it will not be for lack of comprehension; but rather because the task appears beyond the limits of possibility, even to his herculean strength; or else, which God forbid! because he deliberately chooses evil rather than good, and elects to bind the chains of lasting servitude around the heart and soul of living France.

But we will not enter further on the domain of politics. We desire to speak here of one who occupied a prominent station in the fleeting drama of elective monarchy in France, whose interests were closely bound up with those of the Orleans dynasty, and to whom the sympathies of the friends and foes of that dynasty alike have been not ungrudgingly accorded, Helen, Princess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and Duchess of Orleans. The leading circumstances of her career are possibly well known to most of our readers. We shall nevertheless retrace them briefly, availing ourselves for this purpose of a very interesting anonymous biography, understood to be written by a lady-in-waiting of the Duchess, which appeared in the course of last winter, and which is certainly calculated to impress all men with a very high notion of the admirable principles and noble nature of the departed princess.

The first reflection which strikes us in reading this interesting work is, that a royal family which excites such fervent sympathies, such deeply personal attachment and honest admiration as that of Orleans, must be really fitted by the will of Providence for the lofty station it has occupied in the world's eye. We must add, in spite of all democrats and their scoffs and groans, that the royal families of Christendom seem to us in the present day at least, to be well worthy on the whole of their elevated position. If we look at home, it is not sycophancy but a simple homage to truth, which compels us to say that we witness the traces of the highest moral qualities in the sovereign of these realms. Honesty and frankness of nature, pure and deep affections, earnestness of soul, love for her people and *her own*, high moral courage in the

hour of danger,—where do these other and kindred qualities meet more surely than in her whose very name is so dearly cherished by her nation? For her sake should her royal consort be honoured also: his practical wisdom, his rare scientific knowledge, his singular combination of modesty and mental power, his straightforward common sense, his careful performance of every duty as a husband and father, have made him popular for his own sake, as well as for his children and their royal mother's.

If we look abroad, the royal family of Prussia, the youthful King of Portugal, the living Emperor of Russia, the wise Monarch of Belgium, all rise far above the ordinary level, and reveal the remarkable union of high intellectual qualities with a grand moral purpose. Certainly there are unworthy, as well as worthy sovereigns; but we are inclined to think fewer than the world imagines. We believe for our own part in the hereditary virtues of many a noble line, though we recognize also gladly the sterling qualities of many a sturdy carver out of his own fortune. If nobility be honoured, why not royalty also? What is this cant of modern democracy respecting the essential wickedness of all the noble and the great, that it should be honoured above all other cants? Take it for granted, *as a rule*, we would say, that families which are in possession of sovereign power, are in possession of some sovereign faculties also. All things are not right because they are; but this is not an absolutely inverted world in which the base is ever where the apex should be, while the due apex has somehow always taken the position of the base. The idea may be flattering to human vanity, and human envy in the masses, but it is resolutely crushed by facts. And now without further preamble to our task.

Helen, Princess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, a so-called Grand Duchy, not very large or grand however, though not inconsiderable, was born in her hereditary castle of Ludwigshut, on the 24th of January, 1814. We spare our readers the particulars of parentage, which would add little interest to our tale, only remarking that she counted among her immediate ancestors the famous Karl August of Weimar, the friend of Goethe, and patron of literature

and art, and his heroic wife Louisa, who drew a tribute of fervent and unwilling admiration from that somewhat brusque and cavalier judge, the first Napoleon.

The Princess's childish days were passed in quiet seclusion in the German north. She was from the first the idol of her little court, and of the whole earnest and simple-minded population. Her kindness when a very little one, her devotion, her self-denial for the sake of the sick and poor, were the theme of universal love. "She never knew what it was to have a thought of self," is the testimony borne by those who were charged with her education and training. There is a characteristic anecdote of her childhood marking her faith and early piety. Those around her were surprised one day to find her particularly scrupulous in sacrificing some innocent desire. She was asked why she resigned this pleasure. "Ah," she whispered, "has not our Lord said, 'Who-soever shall desire thee to go a mile, go with him twain?' " Implying of course, that we should be prompt to do more for God even, than He has actually required of us. The Princess, though a Lutheran, was deeply impressed with all the great dogmatic verities of the Faith. In particular, the essential doctrine of the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament, free from all tendencies to exaggeration or misunderstanding, soon became the dearest consolation of her heart. Young children, sometimes older than herself, were brought to the palace at her entreaty to be instructed by her, and nothing could exceed the sweetness and patience with which that instruction was imparted. She was even over-generous with all her youthful toys and other possessions. Her young companions were led by her in all things, who was the most modest and unpretending of them all.

Her health unfortunately was not good, and received a severe shock at the age of twelve, by the premature and sudden removal to another world of an early companion of her studies. So deeply did she feel this loss indeed, that her countenance underwent a change, and despite its constant attractiveness, henceforth always presented an aspect of somewhat melancholy beauty.

Beautiful she was not, strictly speaking, but most en-

gazing: of her it might be truly said, that all loved her who beheld her. Her manners had a peculiar combination of simple dignity and grace; and we cannot wonder that at the time of her Confirmation the Church should have been thronged with a sympathising multitude, and that all joined as with one voice in the fervent hymn of gratitude chosen by herself, "O dearest LORD, I love Thee well." "O, herzlich lieb hab'ich dich, Herr."

She was led, it seems, by a combination of circumstances, but without the slightest idea of a probable union with the heir of France, to take a deep interest in French literature and politics. We need not relate at full how she became the chosen bride of the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, the brilliant Duke of Orleans. The late King of Prussia first suggested this choice to the Prince, who however would not decide till he had judged with his own eyes and heart.

Whether the Princess Helena loved from the first this royal claimant of her hand, we are not told; but it is certain that the prospect of sharing the fortunes of the Orleans dynasty, which she regarded as the representative of constitutional liberty, smiled upon her. On her first arrival in France she inspired all hearts with esteem and sympathy. The king, Louis Philippe, and his saintly wife Amelie, received her as a cherished child, and her married life appears to have been the very happiest of the happy. She wrote to a friend of youth on the 30th of May, 1838, on the first anniversary of her marriage: "It seems to me that GOD sends me too much happiness; but though I feel that it far surpasses all I could deserve, yet I accept it with gratitude, and will enjoy it as long as He bestows it."

This is the language of the Christian, indeed, who knows that all things are sanctified, royal pomp and grandeur, and family affection, by the Word of GOD and prayer. The birth of her eldest son, the Count of Paris, seemed to make her cup of bliss run over. "Oh, how good is GOD," she wrote to her own adopted mother a few hours afterwards. "Your heart has thanked Him with and for me. Your child is, indeed, the happiest of mothers; her heart is too weak to contain all this joy:

what a new world opens itself before me. What a child to cherish the hopes of all a people. How grand a task! God grant us strength to perform it!"

She seems to have been endowed with a singular instinct of foreboding, which rarely led astray, judging rather by the heart than by the head. She did not think it right to withdraw herself from the pleasures of the Court of France, of which she was considered one of the choicest ornaments; yet she had always the utmost dread of frivolity, as of all self-seeking.

The birth of her second child, the Duke of Chartres, yielded another pledge of lasting earthly happiness; alas! how soon to be dissipated, and for ever. Her pride in her amiable and affectionate husband, always more and more consulted by his father and the prime-minister, and charged with more important missions, was constantly on the increase; and the only shadow on the disk of her felicity was a certain bodily weakness, not easily to be accounted for, which led her physicians to insist on a journey to Plombières. The Duke of Orleans accompanied her thither, and stayed a few days with her in that pleasant and picturesque country, though recalled to Paris for the performance of certain essential military duties. Our readers have all heard of the deplorable accident by which this young and generous Prince was deprived of life, a few days after his return to Paris, of the fall from his phaeton, and all its terrible consequences. We shall extract a few pages here from the touching biography before us. We translate freely.

On Thursday, the 4th of July, the weather being very beautiful, the Duchess seemed to triumph in the recovery of health and strength, and undertook an expedition to a neighbouring village, Gerarmé, where a peasant family of hereditary musicians had from generation to generation enjoyed a high repute in all the neighbourhood. The Princess rested for some time in the humble cottage, listening to a poor shepherd's performance; she tried his guitar after him, to the extreme delight of the family. When the party returned to Plombières it was late. Some persons were expected to dinner. Animated by her walk, her hands filled with wild flowers plucked that

afternoon, she went listlessly to her room and dressed. Madame de Montesquieu, her lady-in-waiting, had also just begun her toilette, when a message was brought her that General Baudrand requested her immediately to descend and speak to him. She did so. He extended to her in silence the fatal letter, which only contained these words: 'Le Prince Royal est mort,'—the Prince is dead. There was no explanation when or how, by murder or sedition; but the terrible fact had to be communicated, and without delay. The butler waited to announce that dinner must be served in a quarter of an hour. Could the dreadful truth be kept back till night? No, impossible! Could it be told abruptly? This seemed too dangerous. The Prefect was hastily sent for: he undertook to prepare a telegraph, announcing the serious sickness of the Prince. But even this, a well-nigh dotting wife must be prepared for. Madame de Montesquieu counted the stairs, heart-sick, ignorant how to act, asking God to help and inspire her. She reached the door. Through a curtain she saw the Princess finish her toilette, and come towards her smiling happily. The door was opened, Madame de Montesquieu pressed herself against the wall, totally unable to speak. "Are you not dressed yet?" said the Princess gaily. "But what is the matter?" she added, approaching nearer. "You are pale. What has happened? Some misfortune in your family? Are your children ill? Is your husband—?" Always unselfish, always thoughtful for others! Madame de Montesquieu could not quite contain her tears. She only took the Princess's hands and pressed them.

A long silence followed, but the happy Duchess had still no presentiment. "Madam," the lady-in-waiting said, "no misfortune has happened to me, yet I am very unhappy. I must announce to your Royal Highness—". At these words she started backwards: "Great Heaven! what has happened? my children? the king?" "Alas, madam, the Prince is grievously sick." "Oh, God! he is dead!—I am sure of it: tell me!" and she fell on her knees, crying out, "O, my God, have pity, have pity! let him not die! I could not survive him, Thou know'st it!" She remained on her knees in silent prayer some

momenta, then asked to see the despatch, and read and re-read it several times. "This is not the usual form of telegraphic despatches,"—a doubt entering her mind; but this was rapidly removed by the Préfet, who had approached meanwhile. Then for the first time she burst into tears. At last she rose and said quietly and firmly: "I must start on the instant: I may arrive in time to be of use to him." Orders were given for departure. At moments she recovered hope. "Who knows? I may find him nearly well. How he will scold me! but I shall be so happy to be scolded." Then fear took the upper hand. "He is always so afraid of disquieting me; he must be very ill to send me word." And her tears began to flow again.

At eight in the evening the melancholy departure took place; a weeping crowd flocked around the carriage, though none hinted at the fatal truth. The carriage had to pass under the triumphal arches of flowers prepared a week ago for her arrival with her husband. They, too, had faded. The Princess prayed and wept in silence. None dared to speak to her. At midnight Epinal was reached. Trembling with terror lest some violent popular demonstration should convey the truth, Madame de Montesquieu held guard at the window of the carriage; but the multitude attracted by curiosity into the streets remained perfectly silent: the general who commanded the division stationed there, approached. No question was addressed to him. The Princess simply said to him, "We return to Paris." He bowed in silence. The travellers started anew. At one in the night, they met a carriage coming from Paris. "Open! open!" cried the Princess. She was retained almost by force in her carriage. Two men approached, one of them she knew well; it was M. Chomel, the physician of the royal family. The moment she recognised him, she cried with a shriek, "Monsieur Chomel! O heaven! The Prince!" "Madam, the Prince is not of this world." "What? what did you say? Oh, it is impossible! Suddenly? no sickness could have—Well, speak, and kill me!" "Alas, madam, an unheard of catastrophe, a fall from a carriage. He never quite recovered conscious-

ness; from time to time he muttered some German words, which were the only sign of life, doubtless some last words for your Royal Highness." "No, it is not possible!" she began again; "I do not believe you." Then sobs stifled her voice. Turning to Madam de Montesquieu, she recommenced: "But this sickness of which you spoke—" "To prepare your Highness." "What, you knew? his death? and yet—what courage you must have had!" she added, with that tenderness of heart which never left her.

For about an hour she remained in complete self-abandonment, sobbing in the interior of the carriage, while the persons of her suite sitting on the carriage-steps, for the doors were opened, tried vainly to stifle the expression of their grief: loud sobs and even loud crying would have prevailed, and alone broke the silence of the night.

When the day appeared, and not till then, she murmured, "What a day begins for us now!" Then taking the hand of General Baudraud, she went on, "My dear General, who should understand my grief if not you? You were his instructor, you knew his priceless worth, you loved him. Oh, I have lost everything in life! And France, too, what has France not lost? the one who understood, who idolised her. But you did not know all his goodness as I did: what patience, what sweetness, what good counsels! How can I live without him?" Some one spoke of her children. "Poor little ones!" she said, "no, I can only feel for him. He had my heart—my heart!"

At five in the morning her sisters-in-law the Princesses came to meet her. They embraced her silently, and so seated themselves within the carriage with her. One idea seemed to have taken possession of her mind: to see once more the features of him who was thus taken from her. There was scarcely any delay upon the way. After two cruel nights they arrived at Neuilly. The King had sent away all his suite. He only with his wife and family stood waiting to receive her. She was carried rather than led to a saloon, from which a few words were heard issuing from time to time. "Oh, my dear Helen," the King was heard to say, "this greatest of misfortunes

crushes my old age." "Live for us, live for your children," added the Queen, with her calm sweet authority.

After a few minutes had elapsed, the Duchess left the saloon, supported by the King and his eldest remaining son the Duke of Nemours. The Queen and all her children followed them weeping. She went to the chapel where the body had been laid in state. Already, alas! the bier was closed, and so lay in the centre of the mortuary chapel. She knelt down, looking fixedly on the long black velvet pall, but asking no question, and after a short prayer she rose apparently strengthened, and went to her apartment to don those widow's garments never henceforth to be laid aside.

Those who saw her remained deeply impressed with the immobility and extreme paleness of her face; active life seemed to have flown for ever, and indeed she remained for a long time in a state of virtual stupor, which excited the keenest anxieties for her own life.

(To be continued.)

THE ARCTIC VOYAGERS.¹

WE have before us the latest and most deeply interesting account of a series of Arctic expeditions, which for courage, perseverance, and wondrous endurance, may rank higher than any adventures recorded within our recollection. The names of Franklin, Parry, Ross, and their companions and successors up to the crew of the "Fox," (a short sketch of whose journey we propose to give,) will be ever dear to the hearts of all Englishmen.

But especial interest must be felt for the first named of these from his many years of labour among the Polar Seas, and from the long and painful doubt and uncertainty as to his fate.

In May, 1819, we find him with Richardson, Back and Hood, commanding an expedition overland from the

¹ "A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin." By Captain M'Clintock, R.N. London: John Murray.

shores of Hudson's Bay, to explore the northern coast of America, from the mouth of the Coppermine River to the eastward, and in this journey which lasted to July, 1822, they traversed by water and land 5,550 miles. For an account of the fearful fatigues, perils and disasters of this journey we must refer our readers to some of the old libraries, where the book can be obtained: they were endless, arising from the difficulties of navigation in ice, starvation and cold, living on tea and part of their shoes for almost days together, treachery and discontent of Indian guides, and the loss of companions, Mr. Hood and others, it was feared by murder. These and other incidents, almost too fearful for belief, are recorded in this voyage.

Again, in 1825-26-27, he was engaged in an exploring adventure by land, somewhat similar to that of Parry by sea in 1823 to effect a northern passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In these accounts we have a good view of Captain Franklin's character, and we may fairly say that his care and thought for those with him, even to the lowest of the party, were ever conspicuous. And what is better still, in all the fearful trials and privations God's good and over-ruling Providence was always recognised. With starvation staring them in the face, they would not omit their Prayers and Services, and returned special thanks to God when after a day passed without food, they got half a pigeon each for supper. In the difficulties of the way too, the hand of Providence was often acknowledged to have guided them in a choice where another way would have led to almost certain destruction. This habit under such peculiar temptations should be recorded to his and their honour. Not that it would seem to us possible to pass through such wonders of the deep and works of the Lord with indifference. Even natural feelings alone would (as an Arctic traveller once told us it was with him,) excite the constant repetition of that verse in the Benedicite, "O ye Ice and Snow, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

Just fourteen years since Sir John Franklin and his companions, 135 in all, left these shores, viz. in May, 1845.

In June, 1846, they were heard of; but after that, five years elapsed without any further tidings. In 1850, Captain W. P. Snow brought some fragments of rope-canvas, &c., to England, which were proved to be relics of Franklin's expedition. Afterwards, three graves were found. Then other expeditions failing, all that was needful seemed to have been done, and the government decided that they could do no more. But Lady Franklin was not convinced that all hope was over, and the Fox, under the brave and renowned Arctic traveller, Captain M'Clintock, who was with Sir James Ross in 1848, was fitted out, and his narrative is now given to the world at large, and must be read with the deepest interest.

The Fox is a screw steam yacht of 820 tons, and 30 horse-power, and about 132 feet long. She could carry two and a half years' provision, and a good supply of fuel, and a crew of thirty. They had dogs for sledging, and made good use of this plan of travelling. They reached Melville Bay in August, 1857; and after several doubtful attempts, were beset in the ice by the 20th, and obliged to pass the winter in the pack ice, being driven about backwards and forwards 1100 miles during the whole winter, and did not make their escape from it till the 25th April, 1858, some way down Davis' Straits.

A winter spent in the sea like this can scarcely be realised by us: the mere fact that they must rest useless as far as their mission was concerned, would alone suffice to discourage them. Every plan to pass the winter cheerfully and profitably was adopted. On the 26th October, Dr. Walker opened a school for the men for reading, writing, arithmetic, and many scientific pursuits. On the 1st of November, the sun disappears; the ship is all housed over, and candle light is the only light they get except occasional moonlight.

Well, by the 26th of May they had crossed Melville Bay to Cape York, and arrived at Cape Warrender, in Lancaster Sound, on the 12th of July. After some little communication with the natives here, and at Ponds Inlet, but with no satisfactory news, they reached Beachey Island on the 11th of August, and here erected the marble memorial, sent out by Lady Franklin, of the lost ones of the

crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Here also were plenty of provisions left by previous expeditions. By August 20, they reached Brentford Bay. On the 6th of September, the *Fox* passed through Bellot Straits,¹ and was secured to fixed ice on its western outlet.

Their second winter came on, and during this long dark time they fully occupied themselves with preparations for the search on foot and in sledges,² in the following spring. The plans were as follows. To Captain Allen Young, who was a liberal contributor to the expedition, it was allotted to explore to the north-west; Lieut. Hobson, south-west; Captain M'Clintock, chiefly south, and back round King William's Land.

The winter was passed as before, the ship housed over, schools, and various amusements; hunting parties at times sailed forth. (Eight reindeer, two bears, eighteen seals, and some waterfowl, were about the extent of their result.) The projected journeys were made in the spring. Captain Young carried with him a depot to Prince of Wales' Land. Captain M'Clintock, with the interpreter and quarter-master, went to seek the natives southward, towards the magnetic pole. They had two dog-sledges; and on the 11th day fell in with about fifty Esquimaux.

During the four days' communication with these people they received from them the first dependable information of the Franklin party, and also heard that years before one great ship was crushed by the sea off the north shore of King William's Land, and another had drifted ashore. They also produced relics of the expedition, and said that the people belonging to these ships had landed and gone towards the Great Fish River, and were all supposed to be dead. The chief relics they had were, seven knives, spearhead, and staff, two files, six silver spoons and forks, part of a gold watch-chain, and a silver gilt ornament, a few buttons, and a medal.

After this information, the explorers were all anxiety

¹ Named after the gallant French officer who lost his life here by falling from the ice.

² Their sledges are described as the best ever made, combining strength, lightness, and a capability of carrying a large stock of provisions.

to start, which they did, first returning to the Fox for additional equipment. Such was the cold in this journey that the mercury in the barometer was frozen. About April 2, they recommenced; Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson going together as far as Cape Victory, and then starting on their separate journeys. Each had two sledges, one drawn by men, and one by six dogs.

Lieutenant Hobson was to follow up any traces of the wreck on King William's Land, and on this journey occurred the principal discovery.

The region they had to traverse is barren in the extreme, and covered with ice and snow. All are dressed and muffled up to the eyes, with boots and gloves all suited to the work. On they travel through ridges of ice and snow, sleeping in their skins laid down on the ice, with a tent pitched over them, themselves in blanket bags, side by side for warmth: searching and prying everywhere that an opening seemed to present itself, through cold, sleet, snow, and fog. On they go, nor dream of returning till something is discovered. Arrived at the shore of King William's Land; a little to the west of Cape Felix, a cairn or pile of stones is found, and close to it three tents and other European goods. Blankets, mits, clothes, and parts of instruments were found under the tents, but no records or writing. Two other cairns are passed but without success. They pitch their tent at a fourth on Point Victory, and all around were abundant relics of the Franklin party, and among some loose stones of the cairn there was a small tin case, which they opened: with what eager and trembling hands we may conceive. It had been there eleven years. It told that the Erebus and Terror in 1846 and 7, had come from the eastward to the known navigable waters, flowing along the shores of America from the west, and so had really accomplished the north-west passage. That Sir John Franklin died June 11, 1847, and that the ships were abandoned in 1848.

After all had been well examined they made their way to another cairn across a bay. They continued the coastline for forty or fifty miles. On their return two of this party found a boat on a sledge of oak. They cleared the

boat of ice, and under a pile of clothing found two skeletons—the head of one rested on our Church Prayer Book. The book was open, and the leaves rumped as it lay under its head. Their loaded guns were at the side. Ammunition and fuel, too; tea, tobacco, and chocolate were there. After this, our travellers returned to the Fox, which they reached after seventy-three days' absence.

Captain M'Clintock had traversed the east end of King William's Land without meeting with natives till the 1st of May. They searched Point Ogle, Barrow Island, and Montreal Island. On recrossing the Strait to King William's Island, on their way back to the ship, they found a skeleton, but no record, save a pocket-book and private letters.

Captain Young's search determined the insularity of Prince of Wales' Land. Part of the journey (the last forty days) was passed by him with only one man, through fogs and gales, building a snow hut each night.

Having gained such important news, they were all of course anxious to return to tell it to those at home; at least the information would relieve Lady Franklin's long and painful doubt; though when we read of the fearful privations triumphed over in Franklin's early days we can hardly think that all the 105, some of whom must have been young and strong, are dead: and indeed at the risk of being called Quixotic, we shall still feel inclined to bid God speed to Captain W. Parker Snow's noble offer again to search for some record of their fate if he is enabled to do so.

For the details of this journey of the Fox—for the anecdote, science, accidents, and wonders of earth, sky, and sea, by which the adventure is more fully realised, we must refer the reader to Mr. Murray's book, which will be read eagerly, and on all sides, and is well worthy of the universal praise bestowed upon it.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.¹

CHAPTER I.

"Yet is He near us to survey
 These neat and ordered piles,
 Like field flowers in their best array,
 All silence and all smiles."

Christian Year.

It was certainly a very happy, busy-looking room, that Milton School-house, on the afternoon of the hot June day when I remember it. Perhaps it was the coolest place in the whole parish; for every one complained of the heat, walked about under huge umbrellas, and stood up in little patches of shade, as they wiped their red, warm faces, and said for the fiftieth time, "'twas a sight hotter than ever they remembered before." But in the high-pitched school-room, with lofty windows open, and ventilators all on the gape, the little faces looked fresh and cool, and though the needles did get uncommonly sticky now and then, yet a visit to a well known scarlet cushion stuffed with a mysterious black powder, which lay in Miss Seaton's basket, always had the magical effect of "making them go" again, as the bairns expressed it, as deftly as before; but every one had not sticky and refractory needles, oh, no! honour to whom honour is due; we must first look across to the other end of the room, before we proceed to describe Milton School, and have a peep at the boys. The lasses shall be taken care of in due time, but men and boys all the world over come before women and girls. Adam was first formed, then Eve.

There were three classes of these lords of creation, though only two were now to be seen. The third, or "little class," might be *heard* every now and then, as they ran by the open door shrieking in merry glee, for the twenty-four small men who composed the "little class," used to get so very hot and steamy, and consequently restless and fidgety about four o'clock, that the vicar had decreed that when the clock struck, *all the*

¹ The Continuation of Churchyard Gardening, in Vol. XXIV. p. 202.

~~Good~~ ones, (this he particularly emphasized) should be let out to play, and the effect of this mandate really amounted to a phenomenon! the "little class," often the torment of the school, became a band of orderly, well-behaved members of society; they were warned to a distance, however, by Mr. Salisbury the master, when they occasionally approached too near the door, lest they should disturb the elder boys. But this afternoon the ~~first~~ class seemed too intent on their work to be easily annoyed; they were all doing the same sum, a very difficult one, and the two long desks full of boys were quite a picture, for like the horses in the celebrated Elgin Marbles, no two were in the same position, some sat grasping air or legs, others almost laid along the desk, seemed to be in danger of rubbing out the figures with their noses, a few were bolt upright, one or two had shut their eyes to think the better, and I am afraid more than one pair of those useful articles were less properly employed, and peered curiously over their neighbours' slates, in hopes of gaining a hint from their cleverer companions; all looked up often at the great slate where the sum was set out, and by the side of which stood the master, pointing to the figures as he explained some difficulty, and then waiting while they worked it out, or making an occasional excursion to the second class, which under the guidance of a clever little monitor, was wading through that slough of despond to many a boy, the multiplication table.

The room was very quiet; now and then a louder hum would rise from the girls' corner, or the multiplication aspirants rise into tremulous trebles. Mr. Salisbury had wonderful ears, he always seemed to hear what he was not intended to hear, and you were sure if there was a mistake his voice would be raised to correct it, even if it were stammered out in the faintest voice; "Seven times seven, say that again, Charley, it's forty-nine, my boy, say it over and over till you know it;" or, "Come, speak out, Bob! let's have it loud, eight times nine are what?" It really was astonishing how anybody but a hare could hear like Mr. Salisbury! But now he must have thought the room was growing too noisy, for in a voice rather below than above his usual tone, he said, "Suppose we

listen to the clock ticking for a minute." There was a dead silence, Miss Seaton's lifted finger warned two whispering little maidens to wait, and when after a minute she went on, giving directions to the child at her side, and the boys resumed their lessons, there was a marked hush in the room, which no loud call of "Silence! silence!" would ever produce. Even Miss Seaton's voice was lower as she said, "I must tell you after school, Mr. Salisbury thinks we are too noisy."

And now we come to the girls. It was a very large class—perhaps there were forty girls. They sat in a square, facing inwards, and at one corner was Miss Seaton's place. Her work-basket was by her side, and on her lap a tiny creature of four, whose unskilful little fingers were just beginning the difficult accomplishment of hemming. Before her stood two maidens, each waiting to have her work examined, and round the class the various pieces of work formed a picturesque and cheerful confusion; from the cloud of calico, almost burying the possessor, and destined for a garment of fabulous size, to the tiny frill for "baby's nightcap," mixed with bright-coloured patchwork here and there, which some of the little ones were constructing, and which, when finished, was to produce no less a fabric than a quilt for the Vicar's bed. The smallest maid in front of Miss Seaton, whose name was Annie Lee, held a sleeve of brother's shirt, which her elder sister Jessie was ready to attach to the neatly-stitched wristband, and then, if there were time, Alice was to do the button-hole; for Alice Grant was the *button-holer par excellence*, and last Easter had won the most beautiful pair of scissors ever seen, for her skill in this too often neglected department.

"Whose turn to sweep the school?" asked Miss Seaton in a low voice, looking round the class. "Is it not yours, Sara?" she said, when no one answered. "My dear, what is the matter? why are you looking cross? Come here and tell me."

Sara Jones came. She was an ill-conditioned, troublesome child of twelve years old, yet Miss Seaton was very fond of her; but then somehow she seemed fond of them all, and this *might* have had something to do with their

being very fond of her. "Well," she said, speaking very kindly—for the girl's temper was a queer one to manage—"why did you not answer, my dear? do you not know that it is your turn?"

Sara muttered something about having to get mother's tea ready.

"But your mother cannot get home from market till seven, and you know you can finish the sweeping by five if you are quick. It is only an excuse, and that I can't allow. You asked me to put your name on the list of the girls who swept the school, Sara, and you must take your turn. It is not a long business—half an hour will do it quite well; since we made the rule of sweeping at dinner time, there is not half the trouble, so do not let me hear another word, Sara."

Still the girl stood pouting, and asked, after a pause, if Grace might help her.

"No, it is against the rule. You know you used to do nothing but play when there were two left; and Mr. Salisbury wants the room quickly for his practice. Now let me hear no more, Sara, or I shall be displeased. Bring me your work, my dear: I thought you had stitched the collar so nicely yesterday."

Sara went back for her work, whispering as she stooped to Grace Arnold beside her; but her movements were so slow, that before she had returned with the collar, a low, long whistle made every one look up, and brought the crowd of tiny third-class boys to their places all hot and glowing from the half-hour's play.

"Is it possible, Mr. Salisbury?" said Miss Seaton, in reply to the polite bow with which he had approached her, to intimate that school was over for to-day.

"I could not have believed it! How the afternoon slipped away! It seems to me sadly too short, though perhaps my lasses will not agree with me."

"Yes, we do, ma'am," said three or four heartily, as they folded their work.

"I could go on for an hour longer," said Alice.

"And I!" "And I!" others chimed in.

"And you idle little Janie, and Ellen, and Sophy, would you like another hour of work?"

"Nay, ma'am," they said shyly, and one began to hum softly to herself,

"We love 12 and 4, for it then is the rule
To finish our lessons and march out of school."

Miss Seaton smiled. "My dear little girls, I do not expect you to be as enthusiastic on the subject as we old people," turning to the elder girls; "but now, if you will all stand still when the work is gone into the box, I will tell you a secret."

The work was rapidly put away, and the girls stood in eager expectation. The first class of luckless boys, whose sum was still unfinished, ceased their calculations and looked curious.

"We are interrupting sadly, I fear, Mr. Salisbury?" she said.

He smiled a negative. "We have not five minutes' work left, and if you do not mind telling them, I dare say the sum will be finished all the quicker for knowing the secret; eh, my boys?"

They laughed their assent, and Miss Seaton went on, "Perhaps you can guess something of what I have to tell you?"

"Is it about—the Bishop?" asked a shy blue-eyed child at her side.

"Well, Katy, you have guessed very near the truth; can any one guess more?"

"Is it about our feast?" asked one of the boys, with a bright smile.

"Both right; the Lord Bishop is so kind and condescending as to write to the Vicar; perhaps you will like to see and hear the letter?"

"Yes, oh yes!" There was a chorus of voices, as she took it from her basket. One or two peeped over her shoulder. "There it is," she said, holding it out, but I don't think you can read it. You may all look at it—the Lord Bishop's own hand; and now you shall hear what he says." There was an attentive silence while the short letter was read.

"You see he kindly promises to come one day next month and open our new chancel and our pretty school;

it must be *such* a day ; *such* a feast for all, old and young, even the babies," she added, as a small four years old creature seized her apron in half unconscious glee. "It is so very kind ; it is such an honour ; none of you children can guess how much our Bishop has to do ; how many letters to write ; how many journeys to take ; how many important things to attend to ; and spite of all this, he says he will give us a whole day. Now we must begin to think how we shall welcome him."

"Ah we *will* make the churchyard pretty," exclaimed one of the boys.

"Yes, and the Church ; we must all work at the ivy wreaths and decorations ; everybody must have a share in the happy day, even little Maggie," she said, lifting the child in her arms, "and now the secret is told, and the boys will finish their sums, and my little girls leave the schoolroom quietly. Good afternoon, Mr. Salisbury ; good afternoon, my dears."

The boys made their pretty military salutes, and the girls flocked out after her to hear a little more.

"Will the Bishop wear his crown ?" asked one eagerly.

"His mitre, you mean, Sophy. No ; Bishops don't wear them now-a-days, but you need not look disappointed, he will have beautiful lawn sleeves, and a cap like Mr. Seaton's."

"Is the Bishop a man ?" asked a child of ten, almost too softly to be heard, pressing close to her.

Miss Seaton stooped to kiss the little face. "Yes, my love ; and I hope no one will ever need to ask that question again. No one will ever forget seeing the dear kind Bishop."

"Ah, it *will* be grand !" called one, clapping her hands. "Tell us, Ma'am, shall we all come to tea at the Vicarage, and shall we see the Bishop close ?"

"I can't tell yet how we shall arrange about tea ; but I think I may promise that you shall all see the Bishop close, for Mr. Seaton will ask him to go into the schoolroom on purpose to see the children, and give them his blessing."

They looked rather grave for a moment, and one said,

"We must kneel down for that."

"Of course, and very joyous, very grateful we shall feel to have the blessing of so good and great a man as our Bishop."

"He is the highest of all, isn't he?"

"Highest of all in our diocese. I told you the other morning about dioceses and Bishops, but I don't think little Katy was in the class. See! who is that coming to look for me! Now, children, I must go; run away home, dears. Sara, you will not have to wait long; Mr. Salisbury said five minutes. Good-bye, my dears," and she walked away to meet the Vicar, who was coming towards her.

Church News.

THE CHURCH AND THE COMING SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE important subjects bearing on the welfare of the Church which will come before the Session of Parliament just commenced call for the earnest and united efforts and prayers of all Churchmen. The Marriage Law, the Divorce Court, (of the working of which we have lately had such fearful accounts,) the Revision of the Prayer Book, Church Rates, Desecration of Churches by rioters,—all these, and more, will be, in a measure, put before the rulers of our country, and are of themselves enough to excite our deep anxiety. Union and unity must be our watchwords; and for this we cannot do better than urge our readers to join without delay some of the working bodies on these important subjects:—The Marriage Law Defence Association; The Church Association; The Church Protection Society, and others.

Reviews and Notices.

TO all our readers we commend the Letter by the Bishop of Exeter to the Bishop of Lichfield, on *Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister* (Murray). It is short and clear, and thoroughly to the point. One extract will amply prove this. It is touching those who reject the argument from analogy on Lev. xviii. 18.

"That the argument from analogy, and by inference, is not only a legitimate, but a most fit and appropriate way of interpreting Scripture, even in the most momentous particulars, is, I think, plain from the example of our Lord Himself. He deemed it a sufficient refu-

tion of 'the Sadducees who denied that there was any resurrection,' as say, Luke xx. 37, 'Now that the dead are raised, even Moses showed at the bush, when he calleth the LORD the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.' Surely the Sadducees had as good a right to say, 'in a matter of this kind,'—no less than the resurrection of the dead—'it seemed to them that a conclusion from analogy is not sufficient, and that a positive declaration is required,' as men of our days have to demand a positive enactment of the Word of God against an alleged instance of unlawful marriage. When our LORD said, 'Whoever looketh at a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart;' is there no force in the conclusion from analogy, that a *woman* is equally forbidden to look at a man to lust after him?

But let us look more particularly into Leviticus xviii. The sixth verse gives the general law, 'None of you shall approach to any that is near of kin to him, to uncover (their) nakedness: I am the LORD.' Then follow, to the 17th verse inclusive, certain special cases of prohibition. Among them is verse 16, 'Thou shalt not uncover the nakedness of thy brother's wife.' The Church from the beginning is believed to have always held, and our Church in particular has expressly ruled, in the 99th Canon, that *pari ratione* to uncover the nakedness of a wife's sister is herein prohibited. This you deny, for it is merely 'a conclusion from analogy:' you 'require a positive enactment.' Well then, when the very instance of unlawful approach to those who are near of kin is given, verse 7, 'The nakedness of thy father, or the nakedness of thy mother, shalt thou not uncover: she is thy mother:' according to you, we must not hence infer *pari ratione*, that a man may not marry his daughter; or, from verse 10, 'The nakedness of thy son's daughter, or thy daughter's daughter, shalt thou not uncover,' we must not argue *à fortiori*, 'The nakedness of thy own daughter thou shalt not uncover,' for this is only a conclusion from analogy, and a positive enactment is required to justify the Church in saying, 'a man must not marry his daughter.' A similar process would justify a man's marrying his niece; for the positive enactment forbids only a man's approaching to his aunt.

"Oh! but we are told, *nature* forbids such unions, and it was not necessary expressly to prohibit them. Why then is the case of a man's marrying his mother in terms forbidden? Is not this equally forbidden by nature?"

We wish it could be circulated by thousands. Certainly no one ever wielded the "Fist of Argument" with greater execution.

The Bantam Family, (Mozley.) This little book is quite equal to, and in some parts surpasses the "Conceited Pig." Nothing can be more pointed and witty than the lessons so well drawn from the supposed doings and sayings of the animal world. The fairs of the Bantam Family, the Martin, the Conceited Swallow, the Precocious Starling, are inimitably drawn.

Amusements and Healthy Recreations for the People. By George Huntington, M.A. Mr. Huntington is attached to Manchester Cathedral, and the substance of his book was a Lecture before the Church Institute there. The difficult subject is handled in a lively and yet appropriate strain. Festivities at Special Seasons, the Playground, the Park, the Village Green, the Fair, Cricket, Gardening, Cheap Trips, &c., are discussed, and those amusements reprobated which are clearly dangerous. Mr. Huntington evidently knows the people and their wants in this respect.

The Life of the Rev. J. A. Cook. By the Rev. W. E. Heygate. (Masters.) We mentioned Mr. Cook on the occasion of his death and funeral. This little memoir fully bears out the high estimation we had formed from an early acquaintance with this devoted Parish Priest.

Play and Earnest. By Florence Wilford. This is an excellent story of which we hope to give a detailed account in our next. It shows an amount of advance, both in style and principles, that augurs well for the future of this young author.

Notices to Correspondents.

P. CLERICUS.—It is not probable that the articles mentioned in your letter will be continued: not from their unsoundness, but from the fact of their being somewhat out of place. The parts quoted by you are simply and purely Scriptural. See Isa. liii. 5. See also the Creeds and Litany on that subject.

The answer to your other questions is not so easy. "A commodious church, three or four dissenting chapels, worldly prosperity, and a body of district visitors to distribute tracts," may certainly be quite consistent with your "semi-heathen and ungodly population." Let the Church's work be done in the Church's way; let the Prayer Book be a living, acting reality, every bit of it, from the Preface to the last line of the Psalter, and then, and not till then, will you have set before the people that system which the Church of England orders for the spiritual building up of her members.

IBENE.—The books and tracts mentioned can certainly not be depended on by any Churchman.

THE Churchman's Companion.

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THE WYNNEs; OR, MANY MEN, MANY MINDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HOUSEHOLD RECORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON a bright morning three months later, great was the hum and commotion at No. — Portland Place. Madame St. Croix flitted from one room to the other, superintending not only her daughter's toilette, but that of her four bridesmaids, Barbara, Elizabeth, Laura, and a second cousin Grace Gordon, whom this wedding rescued for one bright July day from the trammels of a London school-room.

"Mamma, you give yourself no rest," said Isabella, as her mother for the tenth time, just looked in to see how "ma petite amie's" hair was progressing under her maid's agile fingers.

"They are just complete, Elizabeth à l'air d'ange,—et tu—ah, but they await me," and away Madame St. Croix ran.

There is no need to detail the wedding, nor the breakfast that followed, nor how hot and angry M. St. Croix's delicate compliments made Barbara; at last bride and bridegroom were off for their first quiet week at the Lakes, and second scarcely less so in Perthshire; old General Kelso having expressed so earnest a wish to see his almost unknown granddaughter and her husband, that his invitation could not be refused.

But the toils of the day were as little over for those left in Portland Place, as for the pair now on their way to Cumberland. In the afternoon a visit to the Botanical

Fête, and in the evening a "soirée dansante" according to their hostess, a ball according to the delighted Laura.

Mrs. Wynne had far from reluctantly been obliged to decline taking part in the afternoon's entertainment, for Mrs. Crane had offered to pay her half an hour's visit on her way from Liverpool; and Mr. Wynne gladly availed himself of the good excuse of keeping her company to remain at home himself. Barbara went in to them just before they started.

"Well, dear Barbara, so you are just ready! I am so sorry for you."

"Do you know, mamma, I don't mind it a bit? I am so glad the wedding is over, that Madame St. Croix may drag us where she likes, it can only last this day."

"That one feeling has been one's support throughout, and I think Isabella, poor child, would have been puzzled if we had fought for a quiet sensible day. Certainly Madame St. Croix shines as a hostess; how attentive she is, and how tastefully everything was arranged."

"Frank declared he didn't know me," said Barbara with a smile, "and as for Hargrave, he thinks if Madame St. Croix would but take my dress in hand for one week even, I might be a presentable woman yet."

"Too frenchified for me," said Mr. Wynne, eyeing the elegant little bonnet and flowing dress superciliously.

"Not for to-day," said his wife, "though for home wear, I should think so too. When it will be worn again I don't know, at Liverpool perhaps."

"Oh mamma, do mind you ask Mrs. Crane everything;" but here Laura happy and breathless looked in for her sister and away she went.

"Really, Barbara seems quite happy," said Mr. Wynne, "I had always fancied she and Paul had been such allies, the parting would have tried her a good deal, but perhaps after they were boy and girl the fancy died out."

"No not that, but Barbara does not fret against inevitable trouble as she once used to do; and really as she says, is I am sure quite relieved that it is all over, and the parting such as it is consummated."

"Partings seem never ending," said Mr. Wynne with

sigh, "First David, now Paul; Ford House is growing a great deal too big for us."

"Ah, but we have grandchildren now to fill the old nurseries; think of dear Hetty and her boys there," answered Mrs. Wynne, struggling with tears of joy.

"Dear, sweet Hetty, to think she should be so tried. What is it? two months now since she has been out of doors, that blooming, happy girl; there's not one of the others like her."

"No, Will most, he has just the same blue eyes and smile, escaping all handsomeness as he does. No it is in our grandchildren we must look to see Hetty reflected."

"And next there will be Will, and then Hargrave. I wish we heard from David."

"He will have a letter ready by the first opportunity I feel sure; and in eight months now will be in old England again, all the better for the change, I really have no doubt."

Just a month ago now David had sailed in the "Firefly" for Rio Janeiro, full of hope. No one will wonder that Mr. Wynne had given way when the last parting came, far more than his wife; but David, happily for his mother, kept up his steadfast untearfulness to the last; happy that safe in the bottom of his box, (unknown to any but herself and him) lay a photograph of her, and that within, so as no one could find it, lay a little wave of that rippling, brown hair. One most matter of fact letter from Gravesend was as yet all that had reached them.

Mr. Wynne sat a few minutes in silence, then went to the window, watching the ceaseless bustle of the street below.

"Five minutes to three," he said, pulling out his watch, "surely Mrs. Crane ought to be here,—ah, there's a cab stopping now."

And in two minutes more the butler ushered in "Mrs. Crane."

Mrs. Wynne rose, and welcomed with a double portion of her warmth and grace, one who for two long months had been waiting on her daughter almost as tenderly as she herself could have done. Mrs. Wynne had not been

able to leave home for more than one fortnight; and indeed had not Hetty been very ill, could not have felt justified in leaving her husband and home, with David's departure so near, at all.

"I really need not introduce you to my husband, we both feel you are an old friend."

Mrs. Crane smiled and held out her hand to Mr. Wynne's cordial grasp. She was tall, her features plain, but the contour of her face that lovely oval which surely carries half the palm of beauty in itself. Her eyes wearing the calm, subdued, and yet contented expression of one who has known great trouble, but who letting trouble neither wither nor hopelessly depress her, has wrung a blessing from it, even against its will.

"And how did you leave Hetty?" asked Mr. Wynne almost in the same breath as his courteous "I hope you are quite well."

"So much better, lying on the sofa, little Frank fast asleep in her arms."

"And poor little Frank himself?" asked Mrs. Wynne.

"Rather stronger; still, poor little fellow, very far from well."

"Ah, he'll never be reared," said Mr. Wynne sadly, though he had never had an opinion on the health of any one of his own ten babies.

"I must own I fear not," answered Mrs. Crane; "but Henrietta—I cannot now call her Mrs. Cradock—is full of hope, and that is all in his favour. As for Master George, you would not know him, Mrs. Wynne, such a fine bonnie boy: my cousin is so proud of his son and heir, and I really believe little George half knows his father's step already."

"I cannot fancy Mr. Cradock with a baby," said Mrs. Wynne amused.

"I assure you, when he is in the nursery, he is quite unhappy if Georgie be in any one's arms but his own; and Georgie begins to crow at the first sight of him,—at least so cousin George and Hetty fondly believe."

"And Hetty"—pursued Mrs. Wynne eagerly—"but how selfish we have been. Do, Mrs. Crane, take off your bonnet and let me ring for some refreshment at least;

Madame St. Croix begged I would see you had everything you could want."

"No, I thank you, I want nothing, I shall be home in half an hour, and then am to dine; my brother-in-law is generally in by six. You were asking after Hetty, she is really getting well fast now, her old colour coming back. She looked so lovely this morning in her white dressing gown and blue ribbons, her sweet blue eyes fixed on little weakly sleeping Frank, I only wished you could have seen her with her eyes and cheeks so bright with happiness. She is looking forward with such pleasure to her sister's visit."

"I really think I must run down with Barbara," said Mr. Wynne to his wife. "Ah, but Paul being away," remembering himself, "I can't."

"Why not? go down late on Saturday and come back by the first train on Monday;—unless the excitement would be still too much for Hetty?" and Mrs. Wynne turned to Mrs. Crane.

"Oh, no, I think not, if Mrs. Cradock *knew* her father was coming. She does not get excited now, is far too really happy in herself and as she is," added Mrs. Crane, her voice for the moment faltering; husband and child had both for two short years been hers.

"Thanks very much I feel sure to *you*," said Mrs. Wynne, warm even in her gentleness, laying her hand upon her visitor's, "the one little note our child wrote two days ago was full of the very great debt she owed to you."

"No *debt*; it was such a pleasure to feel of a little use again; and nursing Mrs. Cradock must always be a pleasure. I never knew so sweet, so loveable, so unselfish a woman. If anything can save poor little Frank, it will be his mother's untiring devotion. If I have any fault to find with her, it is thinking too little of herself."

"She was always so utterly unselfish," said the father.

"She was always a great pet at home, as you will have seen," said the mother trying to smile at her partiality; "and to think of such a darling in pain and anxiety has been almost more than we could bear through all the preparations for our son's wedding; but Hetty, as y

know, when she was once out of danger, would not hear of its being postponed further."

Mrs. Crane was forced to leave them far sooner than Mr. and Mrs. Wynne were ready to part with her, and went her own way to her sister's little suburban house in Camden Town. Her short married life and two years of luxury at Liverpool, seemed now like a "dream when one awaketh."

The Regent's Park party came home to a six o'clock dinner, well pleased but rather tired; and so after dinner Barbara and Elizabeth retreated to Isabella's former bedroom, and talking freely of the events of the day, rested there in preparation for the further fatigues and pleasures awaiting them: Mrs. Wynne paying a most welcome visit of ten minutes to detail more fully than she had been able to do in public, all the particulars Mrs. Crane had given of Henrietta and her twin sons.

"Now I must go back to Mme. St. Croix," she said rising; "I have really been rude in slipping away now."

"Oh, mamma, she will be glad of a little quiet," said Elizabeth.

"No, I think not; restless activity was always her character: who else would have a ball the very night before starting for the continent? And yet one cannot help liking her, there is so much that is good and kind about her; she could not have been pleasanter and kinder to you two girls if you had been her own children."

"No: and how good she is to that fulsome, tiresome M. St. Croix," burst out Barbara, and then laughed and added, "but it is very ungrateful after all the attention he paid me as 'Miss Wynne' all the afternoon, and all the flattering opinions of Paul he poured into my ear, 'so happy to trust his darling child into the keeping of such an inestimable husband.' The only time I came unawares upon him with his 'darling child,' he was as snappish with her as could be. Poor Isabella! how glad she must be Paul fell in love with her, and put such a speedy end to all that nonsense."

"Do you know Will calls him, 'The walking humbug,'" added Laura, laughing. "I was so afraid once this after-

soon he would hear. Grace Gordon did, and she laughed so, you can't think ; and then M. St. Croix turned round and smiled so sweetly, and asked what we laughed at ? I was obliged to point at a great green umbrella an old lady just before us was using for a parasol."

Mrs. Wynne looked grave : to Barbara, Laura's flip-pant amusement had been sufficient rebuke without this ; and when their mother went away she hastened to turn the conversation from their host and hostess to safer subjects. Mrs. Wynne encountered Will and Gordon on the landing ; and the very words she heard were " old talking humbug."

" Will !"

" Yes, mother," turning back.

" I want you for one moment."

" Yes," and he followed her to the lesser drawing-room.

" My dear boy, I don't like that expression at all ; and it is very bad taste, to put it upon no higher ground, to speak so of your host, and a connection too."

" Oh, mother, it just suits him."

" Now, Will, don't let us have our old dispute about nicknames. You know I will have my way ; and I will not have it used again."

Will's cheek flushed rather angrily. Mrs. Wynne waited in silence a moment, then stroking that tell-tale cheek, and kissing his forehead, said kindly, " I own I am vexed. Laura has been talking of him very flip-pantly, and says that, when you were all laughing at your using this very name this afternoon, he turned round and asked at what you were amused ; and so she was *forced* to tell something so like a lie that I should have thought you would have been taught never to use an expression which common shame forbids your repeating."

" I did feel rather hot, I know."

" And Laura is quite enough inclined to be supercilious and satirical, without your help."

" Oh, mother, what I do and say can't signify to her."

" But they do. Now Hargrave, David, and Gordon

are gone, you two are thrown more and more together every day; but remember, you are the elder."

"She's such a good-natured, pleasant girl."

"Very," answered Mrs. Wynne, warmly; "full of good points, but not without faults, nor tendencies to them, any more than any other girl of twelve. You are two years older, and she loves you dearly; so what you say and do, or even think, must influence her, whether you wish it to do so or no. Now run off to Gordon; he will wonder what has become of you."

Will, however, lingered. "I don't like it, mother."

"What?"

"Having any influence over another person."

"No one can help themselves: it was the same with Paul and Barbara. But I don't want you to think of it further than by taking more pains with yourself. Now, if you stop, I can't: Madame St. Croix will wonder what has become of me." And she kissed him fondly, and was gone.

The evening passed off happily: the invited guests were pleasant people. Madame St. Croix by her lively, gracious manners spread ease around her. Thus all went to bed at three in the morning, well pleased.

CHAPTER XX.

LATE on Saturday night, Mr. Wynne and Barbara reached their long journey's end. Mr. Cradock was awaiting them in the hall, and gave Barbara so hearty a shake of the hand, that her heart at once warmed doubly towards him.

Coffee and cold meat were awaiting them in the dining-room, and were very acceptable.

"No Hetty," said Mr. Wynne, looking round.

"Oh, no; she specially charged me with her very best love to you both, but not till this week has she even been down so low as the drawing-room: we must not look for her here for a long time. Barbara, you are doing nothing: let me give you some more chicken."

The next morning dawned warm and bright. Barbara rose up, and down punctually at nine, the Sunday breakfast hour in Aigburth Road, longing to pay a visit to the nursery on her way, yet not liking to do so unasked.

Presently her father and brother-in-law came in together. Mr. Cradock hoped she was rested; Mr. Wynne asked whether George were not a splendid little fellow.

"I have not seen him."

"Not seen him! what a heartless aunt!" cried Mr. Wynne, amazed. "Why, I had a peep last night, and a show this morning: such a roar he set up at the sight of me."

"He knew you were a stranger," remarked Mr. Cradock, evidently pleased at his little son's discrimination. "I am glad to hear him use his lungs even in such a deafening way; Dr. Matthews says it does him good. But now let us get to breakfast. Barbara, will you kindly take Hetty's place?"

Barbara complied, thinking, but only sadly, not bitterly, how such behaviour on the part of his little daughter would have been regarded.

After breakfast came Clarke with mistress's love, and she hoped Mr. and Miss Wynne would come up and see her as soon as they could. They went up to her sitting-room,—the room where, during her last visit, Barbara had so often seen her distracted with pains, mental and bodily, she vainly tried to hide even from her sister.

Henrietta had made an effort, and was already on the stairs waiting them, in the white dressing-gown and blue ribbons which Mrs. Crane had truly described as so becoming. Her fair face, pale still, but a bright red flush of expectation lighting up cheek and lips, and at first sight making her more like happy, blooming Henrietta Wynne than she had been for two years now.

"Don't rise, my darling," cried Mr. Wynne, bending over her, and giving her such a kiss!

"I don't rise now because you forbid it, but because I can't," she answered, with her old saucy smile, keeping her hand fast in her long white fingers, till she caught him looking sadly at their transparency and thinness, and

with a smile and blush buried them out of sight under her dressing-gown.

"You are getting on, my poor dear?"

"Don't call me your 'poor dear,' as if I wanted pity. Getting on?—famously. Last Sunday I was not up till four in the afternoon—see what a stride I have made in one week."

"You have a great many more strides to make," began Mr. Wynne, sadly.

"Before I and your two little grandsons are in dear old Ford House? Yes, but we shall be as quick about them as we can. Papa, I do take it very ill that you have not yet made a single remark upon my boys."

"George is a fine little fellow, but poor Frank"—

"Poor dear! 'Poor Frank!' Papa, we don't want any pity. Frank is running a race with me in getting strong and sensible. I really heard him taking a second in one of Georgie's roaring fits this morning."

"That was at sight of me," answered Mr. Wynne, quaintly; "something about me frightened both alike."

"Ah, they will soon know you—they do me and George. Just think of my having two sons of my own," and she buried her happy face upon his shoulder; "I shall have another Ford House, all noise and fun, some day."

"Little noise and fun now, my dear! Indeed, it's a great deal too big for us."

"No, not a bit. I shall want three great big rooms every time I come, and that will be whenever I'm asked, and George can make time. But, Barbara, come and tell me all about the wedding."

"Ah, my dear, it was nothing with you lying ill here."

"Papa, you will make me quite angry, and any excitement is most strictly forbidden. Think how grave Dr. Matthews will look if I have to tell him this afternoon, 'Yes, Doctor, I do feel very bad, but father's been to see me, and he did put me in such a passion you can't think.'"

Mr. Wynne smiled; Hetty laughed, sighed, and smiled again. "It is being so happy that makes me so nonsensical."

I shall be wiser when I'm up and about again. But where's George all this time?"

"We left him in the dining-room. He meant us to enjoy you all to ourselves," said Barbara, gratefully.

"Do just—ah, but he must be in the nursery, or he would have been here before now. Ah, that's his step!"

Her wifely look of expectation gladdened Barbara's heart. In another moment Mr. Cradock came in, and though he only took his stand behind the sofa, and simply said, "I hope dressing has not over-fatigued you," Hetty, albeit the quieter for his presence, looked all the more content.

"Now, Barbara, please tell me everything, how Mme. St. Croix was dressed, and whether Isabella"—

"No, no, my dear," put in Mr. Cradock at once, "you have had your father and sister quite as long as is good for you at once already. Indeed, I believe it is quite time for us to be preparing for church."

Barbara took the hint and departed, but was dressed quite in time to have a good five minutes with her two little nephews; both of whom were, to her indiscriminating eye, equally ugly and dear.

Luncheon passed off fairly, and so did the space before afternoon service, though Mr. Wynne was every minute meditating an escape to his daughter—a design that Mr. Cradock, with unfailing politeness and patience, never failed to contravene. Barbara had submitted at once to his courteous "I think Henrietta must be left to rest till after our late dinner."

After dinner, first Barbara, then her father, stole away to the drawing-room, and had a quiet hour's happy talk with a sister and daughter whom absence made but doubly dear; Hetty looking paler than in the morning, more inclined to listen and less to talk, but listening with undiminished interest to every word of her old home and its inmates.

Then Mr. Cradock came in and said, "My dear, it is quite time you were upstairs," rang the bell for Clarke, gave his wife his arm, half carried her up stairs, and hurried back to his guests.

"Poor Hetty! she is sadly changed."

"Indeed?" answered the husband, looking surprised; "she is of course still far from strong, but I have thought her all day looking so remarkably well. You must come down for another Sunday before Barbara leaves us, and see how she is progressing; we shall be so pleased to see you."

Barbara thought this very pleasantly as well as courteously said.

"Thank you, I shall like it of all things. I quite dread the thought of returning to that empty house."

Meantime the inhabitants of the "empty house" felt strange and dreary too. No clatter at breakfast, no mirth at dinner, no afternoon walk, no noisy, happy supper. Never mind, in a little time they would discover the few compensations of their present dulness, the snugness, the unity of will and purpose of a small party, and Will himself will cease to feel a laugh in which there were no brothers to join, a hollow mocking vent for gladness.

That day three weeks Mr. Wynne travelled northwards again to fetch Barbara home on the Monday. How had that fortnight fared with her? Prosperously, Barbara felt. Mr. Cradock had for the last few mornings paid her the compliment of treating her so far as a sister as to read the *Times* the latter half of breakfast, instead of making talk all through the rather appalling *tête-à-tête* meal; they had also found a common source of interest in the nursery and in German literature; and though each had still many old-standing prejudices against the other to outlive, both began to suspect they *would* be outlived in time. As for Hetty, Barbara saw her surprise her father by entering the dining-room at breakfast-time, with little less than a mother's pride.

"Why, papa, are you too astonished to kiss me! I believe you are horrified to see how nearly a great Cradock invasion is impending over Ford House!"

"Wait a minute, let me look at you," answered Mr. Wynne, taking her hands.

Very lovely she looked as she stood there, cap, shawl, and dressing-gown, all at last discarded. Her hair was simply dressed, and the fair face and graceful figure had certainly gained in mature beauty.

Mr. Cradock fidgeted. Barbara came to the rescue. "Papa, she must not be kept standing. This is a great feat in honour of your arrival. She went to bed an hour earlier last night on purpose to make it. And does she not look well?"

"More beautiful than ever," said Mr. Wynne, in his most matter-of-fact tone, as stating so evident a truth that there was no fear of contradiction.

Hetty turned to her husband and smiled, somebody she had, on first seeing her that morning, unconsciously looked such admiration that even her father's words fell far after it.

"Now, you know, I expect you all to be very good to me," said she, taking her old place behind the urn; "there, papa, you shall put in the sugar, Barbara the cream and tea, and I must have my old place, Barbara knows it of old. The honour mine, the trouble some one else's,—stop one minute, one cup must be all my own."

Her hand was still so tremulous that the tea trickled into the cup in so absurd a manner, she half laughed and cried at her weakness, but it was complete at last, and holding the saucer with both hands, she rose and put it before her husband.

"There!" she said, cheek, eye, and lip smiling, "that's the first cup of tea your wife has poured you out these three months. What do you give her for it?"

Not a kiss before two spectators, but Mr. Cradock pressed the trembling hand tight, and gave her in return a smile worth, Hetty now thought, all the more evident tokens of affection in the world. She lay up after breakfast, but had her two little boys in to love and be admired.

"Here's an improved godson for you," she said happily, holding out little Francis Wynne Cradock to his grandfather.

"And here's the king of babies," said Mr. Cradock, catching his wife's tone for the minute, as he took his little first-born son from Mrs. Giles' arms, "and the image of his mother."

"H'm," said Mr. Wynne, rather discontentedly comparing the sweet fair face of his daughter with the red-rimmed one of his grandson.

"Oh, but it is very like," put in Barbara, "George's are Hetty's eyes all over, and his hair is getting so much lighter, and has just the same bright tinge."

"For all that, this is mamma's own true boy," said Hetty herself, pressing little Frank tight, "we two will buffet through the world hand in hand, won't we, Frankie? and leave great happy Georgie to fight his own way."

Georgie looked at his mother with a serene benignant smile, and nodded his little head in such grave apparent consent to this arrangement that even Mr. Cradock laughed.

"We shall see, shan't we?" he said to his smiling good-tempered heir, with a smile, "papa and George, versus mamma and Frank. There, Giles, take him, I want, my dear, just to inquire after Mr. Brown, he was very unwell last night, and do pray send Frank away too, you are doing too much."

"Oh no, we must have them a little longer: Barbara will look after Georgie."

"I am sure you were enough worried with that child last night," he persisted.

"Not *worried*—George, you don't understand a mother's *pleasures* yet."

"A very harmful pleasure, your always having that fretful child with you, do pray let Elizabeth take it."

Hetty kept it tight a minute, her bright face a little clouded. Frank was lying so peacefully in her arms, so perfectly happy and content for once with simply turning round the wedding ring that hung so loosely on her thin third finger, it seemed cruel to call him fretful, more cruel to part herself from her precious treasure, most cruel of all to disturb his present happy dreams. Still Mr. Cradock lingered, and Barbara's spirit grew hot within her. Surely Hetty would never submit to such blind tyranny.

"Well, good-bye, my little boy, for the present," Henrietta said at last, speaking cheerfully with an effort, "take him gently, Elizabeth."

But gentle as Elizabeth was, little Frank felt she was an enemy in disguise, and whined and cried, and vainly tried to keep his hold upon his mother.

"No, no, my little boy, be good," said Hetty soothingly, her eye bright and anxious, "papa says you must stay.—Pray don't look so piteously at me—stop, Elizabeth, I'll carry him up myself," and she sprang up. "No, no," said Mr. Cradock calmly, laying his hand on her, "let him begin to learn obedience at last; that is not to make the slave of you all its life that it has done these two months."

Henrietta lay back with an effort, and breathed more freely when the feeble piteous cry for her was at last out of hearing.

"Then I am going. I quite hope to be back in time to walk to church with you."

"Thank you," answered Barbara coldly, with a great deal to add, "but we know the way perfectly well without you."

The hall door closed behind him, and Hetty lay flushed and weary, rallying herself with an effort to begin conversation again by saying, "I suppose people are right in saying obedience cannot be taught too early, but I understand now what teachers mean by saying, 'it hurts me a great deal more than it can you!' Papa, I remember once saying that to Frank, and oh, how angry I was with you! It did seem adding such insult to injury. Besides, I could not believe it one bit. I hope little Paul will be wiser than his mother was in his place, and take her at her word. And so Frank is to be with us next Sunday? to make up for not being at the meeting."

"Yes, and to preach—Hetty, you ought to have been there."

"I shall hear him yet, and in his own church too, which will be better; that is, if all goes well. George has promised me to take me down to Merriton from Friday to Monday, whilst we are with you. I should like to go. But you said you had a letter from David to read."

"I have it," answered Barbara, "shall I read it?" "No, I shall like to see the boy's writing for myself. Clear and good it is, Paul might take a lesson from it, but as short as your letters always are, papa."

"Yes, bare facts and no comment, David all over," answered Barbara, "still, you see, he was ready for the first opportunity of sending a letter home."

"You were always David's defender," said Hetty with a smile, "Oh, dear! what fun we used to have before we all grew stupid and old, and grew out of the schoolroom tea, never was such a piece of unappreciated promotion as that to the late dinner."

In the evening the gentlemen stayed to chat over their dessert, and Barbara went up to the drawing-room to have a last long talk for many months to come yet; but as often happens both sisters sat almost in silence, happy in their own way, but thoughtful, and wondering what further changes would be before they met again.

One great change had taken place. Little Frank had for seven long weeks been lying by the side of the two little sisters in the Cradock vault—and the mother?

She reached Ford House with husband, nurse, and child late one Saturday evening in October; pale, and wearied out with her long journey, glad to make an excuse of fatigue, and at once to go up stairs to bed, so as to hide herself from all those loving eyes; be left to battle with the terrible aching at her heart alone; to crush it down once more into its quiet resting-place before she met the happy home party,—and thus mar no pleasure of theirs by her own vain sorrow. She thought she had long ago lain it to rest for ever, was even thankful that a long life of ill-health (which was all little Frank could have known) had been spared him, but to see her mother and feel that *she* at four and forty had never known a grief which at four and twenty had three times torn her own poor heart, seemed almost cruel.

The next day she could look on all with a calmer, happier mind, wonder at her last night's jealousy, forget her own sorrow in thankfulness that her mother had never known such herself. Yes, she was really more than resigned, *glad* to think "her own little boy," as she had always called him, was safe from all the changes and chances of a life, which young as his mother still was, she herself had found very thorny; glad too for another reason

that she never breathed to others a secret which died with her: that while little Frank lived, the sympathies and deepest affections of husband and wife had been divided; as weeks passed on had oftener and oftener elapsed. Now all the love and care of both were centred upon the same frail venture.

Frail Henrietta might well feel it; bonnie, blooming and rosy as little George had become. She had indeed been terribly taught not to set her affections upon any earthly thing, to have her treasure in heaven. And yet she was unhappy, for she had the bracing consciousness of daily trying to do her duty to the uttermost, both by husband and child.

So she came down on the Sunday in her black silk dress, happy smiling Georgie in her arms, his own two little fat arms tight round her neck. And if she thought of the little frail arms which had once so often thus clung, of the little weary head so often laid to rest upon the shoulder on which Georgie, in a sudden access of coquettish shyness, was hiding his face from his admiring uncle and aunts,—she did not sigh, or look the sadder, but met all with so frank, sweet and bright a voice and smile that Mr. Wynne remarked to his wife, “Really, Hetty has got over little Frank’s death wonderfully.”

“Oh, do give him to me,” cried Laura, eagerly stretching out her arms, “Oh, what a darling he is! mamma, Will! do just look! hasn’t he the sweetest face—” but the little nephew not liking his stranger aunt’s young arms so well as his mother’s, here puckered up his rosy face preparatory to a loud assertion of his disapproval.

“You had better wait till he knows you better,” said Mr. Cradock, blandly; “take him, my dear, you cannot expect him to be happy away from you in such a party of strangers.”

Hetty held out her arms, and George was soon once more full of smiles, patting with great admiration with his little fat hand the scarlet bow fastening his mother’s collar.

“Master George has a taste for gay colours at any rate,” said Mr. Wynne.

Hetty winced a little, but quickly rallied; “Perhaps

we shall see him in a scarlet coat himself one of these days: but he is keeping you all waiting, which is highly improper; I will go up to the nursery with him, and send Giles in to prayers."

Up Hetty went, and setting her little son out of harm's way on the floor, looked at herself in the glass.

"I cannot wear it," and she had her hands upon the ribbon, then stopped, "yet what does it signify? George likes it so, and poor little Frank, will he know if,—what is the outward sign of mourning? and yet Barbara and mamma will wonder and think fashion has made me heartless, and those lilac flowers in my bonnet—Oh, I wish I had stayed at Liverpool. It is so hard, so—"

There was a gentle pull at her long full skirt, and looking down there was the sweetest, most wistful pair of blue eyes looking into her face.

"Why, Georgie?"

Still the wistful blue eyes gazed on as if wondering what could make mamma so forget her little boy.

Hetty stooped down in her warm impulsive way, took him in her arms, and pressed him tight.

"What's the matter with mamma, baby? Foolish, silly thoughts, papa cannot bear to see me all in black, and so long as we please him, what does it signify what the world says?—so long as I have you, how can I fret over the dear little brother you will never know? There, mamma is not going to be so silly again the whole time she is here," and she walked with him to the window, and whilst he still played with that all-attractive ribbon sang softly, unconscious of words or air,—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where Saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from our's.

"Could we but stand as Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore."

Barbara had come up to tell her that breakfast was waiting, but stood silently, unperceived at the doorway, listening to the gentle murmuring song, watching the calm, lovely, slender figure, standing so unconsciously at the window,—the child in her arms as happy and care-free as his young mother was subdued and overburdened. "How little I once thought of Hetty! how far she has left me behind!" was her thought, her heart full.

Suddenly Henrietta awoke to the consciousness of some one's eyes upon her, started, turned round with a smile, gave her little son into the arms of faithful Giles, whose way to the nursery Barbara had been blocking up, and followed Barbara down stairs, thinking herself quite comforted, thinking it no shame for the sake of others to be bright and gay.

And yet she was not really at rest till, in the twilight that evening, as Mrs. Wynne and herself kept watch by sleeping rosy Georgie's crib, whilst all the others were at the evening service, she had poured out all the memories overlading her young heart to her mother; had laid her head, as of old, upon that kind shoulder, and wept away her care.

"There, mamma, you will think me more a child than ever, but I do feel quite different now,—as I did before I came. Papa shan't see red eyes when he comes in, shall he, baby?" and she bent down and kissed the rosy cheek, "he has plenty of cares without our troubling him. Now, dear mother, tell me all about Paul and Isabella; Barbara told me they were to be asked to keep your birthday on Wednesday."

And that evening Hetty chatted to her father, sang for Elizabeth and her mother, was always ready to leave others for her husband when he wanted her, and went to bed happy, yes, happy quite. Rightly governed, what an untold blessing was the buoyant spirit which had once been her greatest snare.

OUR CORNISH EXCURSION.

CHAPTER III.

"And above them
Hovered the terns, and the sea-gull swept by them on silvery
pinions."

Andromeda.

THAT pretty little cove, I see it now, so vividly, so well! When, after sweeping in sight of it, we gradually floated into, and at last anchored in, its still, clear water, one could almost have expected to look down, far, far into those depths, and to see

"The coral, and sea-fan, and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean,"

though from out them rose not

"From their sea-weed chamber the choir of the mystic sea-maids."

No! I certainly did not see any "sea-maids" whilst we were there!

But I am forgetting that all this time we are quietly anchored at "Penvoose." I don't think the beauty of the scene will ever be dimmed, or less exquisitely lovely than when it broke upon us for the first time on that glowing summer evening, when the broad deep tints of day were mellowing, and softening, as the hushful, subduing, gloaming grew nearer and nearer. It is a little cabinet marine, a choice gem, enshrined within the memory of memories of our pleasant summer holiday. The rich warm glow and colouring of sky, and sea, and high-piled cliff; the hush and unbroken stillness of the spot; not a human creature within ken, only the white sea-gull with its wild shriek, or the "chough" rising from the cliff at our approach; or, dear me! what can they be there, clustered on that rock? there—don't you see? Gulls? Oh dear no, not gulls. It must be the cormorant—yes, it is. There! one has just dropped off the rock down into the water; doubtless he has seen a fish.

There! now he rises again, and is back once more on the rock, spreading his wings to dry; but these appear to be the only living things in sight; their wild notes the only sound that mingles with the rippling of the waves as they break upon the shore, or plash around the keel of our little vessel.

We were soon in motion, for there was no time to lose, so the little punt that glided in our wake conveyed us by two to the shore. It was such a nutshell that it would hold no more—so small, that the last load consisted of but one individual, and our well-stuffed, somewhat weighty, carpet-bag.

Here we are! The keel grates on the shingle, no sooner had we set foot on which, than we commenced picking up little bits of dark stone, smooth and polished by the friction of the waves, apparently, not so *very* much to attract our attention, but, nevertheless, real porphyry.

"Come on, Kate! plenty of other times for that! Come on further up the little bank here. There! Ah, yes, here is sign of human proximity, two or three cottages and a pig-sty, a cart-shed—no, a boat-shed, and a boat drawn up high and dry. Is this the Lizard? Oh no, this is not even the "church-town," although the church is but a little further on. We entered one of the cottages to request a glass of water, and begged for permission to leave some of our "things" there, whilst we proceeded inland on our discoveries. This was readily granted, and then proceeding onward we came in a few minutes upon a small cluster, or rather, to be correct, a small "straggle" of cottages, for some were on one side of the road, and some on the other, and back, just a pace or two, the church of Landewednack, which is a name with a beautiful signification, a purely Cornish one, and meaning, "the white roof holy church, or church of God,"—a name probably given to it when Druidism waned beneath the pure light of the true faith that was gradually dispelling superstition and ignorance. One could not but pause and think of that time, now so far back, and hazy with the mist of centuries of change between it and the present, when gradually the mighty pile

of noble rocks that served as the altar of mystical and superstitious rites was forsaken for the altar of the Living God.

Here our party divided, those who had to reach Falmouth again that night "some time" after depositing us "somewhere," made for the church, whilst we, leaving that for another occasion, began to inquire for a place wherein we might find food and shelter.

(To be continued.)

THE EARLY AND THE LATTER RAIN.

CHAPTER XXI. CONCLUSION.

IF the history of Mary Ashurst's inner life has shone forth as clearly in the foregoing narrative as we designed it should, it will, we trust, have brought with it some little consolation to those who love our Lord most dearly; for it seems to us to elucidate very clearly this blessed truth, that when it has pleased God to call any soul to that high and special devotion which seeks to break loose from all earthly ties and live in undivided love for Him alone, it is always possible for them to carry out this heavenly vocation in the deep of their own heart, whatever may be the external circumstances of their position.

There is no question, of course, that the true and happiest development of this angelic calling is in the retirement of a religious community; and we may indeed be thankful that the last few years have restored to the English Church the power of meeting this spiritual want in her children. But it too often happens that those who would gladly take refuge in those holy homes are prevented from so doing by the deep-rooted prejudice of relations, or by the claims of those to whom they can be useful; and in such cases they are apt to think that the life of saintly abnegation and heavenly love is therefore for them impossible, and that they must even mar God's purpose in calling them to it, and throw themselves back into the world He bade them leave.

Now to such we say, what we think has been at least faintly shadowed out in Mary Ashurst's history, that there is *no* human hindrance which can prevent the free, full offering of the soul to God, when once the Divine call has been heard within it. Let there be a resolute adherence to the primary condition of a single life, which all have a right to choose, and then, whatever be the outward framework of existence, it will be found that the counsels of perfection may be amply followed out in the life of the soul and spirit. It will be under disadvantages, no doubt, and through many and wearing difficulties which would never be encountered in the legitimate refuge of a religious house ; but still the heart may be made as an altar whence the unceasing sacrifice of life ascends to God, and before which the unwavering love burns as a perpetual lamp ; and however painfully the world may close in round it, and the tumult of earthly passions jar upon it, still in the deep secret of its hidden life it knows and feels in blest security, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!"

And now that ten years have elapsed since the death of Leonard Ashurst, those who have followed Mary thus far on her quiet path may like to know how it fares with her at this time upon her journey home. Her appointed discipline is still the same. She who so long has ardently desired to go out into the highest range of self-devotion, and do great things for the LORD of her only love, is still chained down by the interests of others to live in all the trivial details of their necessities.

Mr. Ashurst's death took place a few months after that of his son ; and during the lingering illness which preceded his departure he enjoyed all the consolations of that holy religion which he had so truly learnt to value, and the peace of mind as regarded the prospects of his family, which had been purchased for him by the sacrifice of Mary's fortune, and of the cherished scheme to which she had devoted it.

It remained for Mrs. Ashurst, the worldly, ostentatious woman, to see the good things of this life, in which she took such pride, melt away within her grasp. Ashurst Court, the centre of the family wealth and honour, passed into other hands ; and all that remained for herself and

her children was the small income she derived from her own money.

It was a bitter lesson, but it might perhaps have failed in its effect on the heart so long closed to all but the influences of this world, had it not been followed almost immediately by a far heavier blow, which wounded her on the most tender point. Eva, her favourite daughter, her joy and pride, became her severest trial, and the marriage in which she had so long exulted proved her deepest humiliation.

It will be remembered that Dr. Markham was on the point of being made Bishop of the diocese when he visited Wood Morley, on the painful occasion of Lucy Miller's death; and one of his first acts after his consecration was to send for Mr. Gresham, and expostulate with him on the fearful injury he was doing to his own soul, as well as to those of his parishioners, by his culpable neglect. The Bishop spoke most solemnly and yet kindly; and had Hervey Gresham, in the hour when he received holy orders, made but one true prayer for grace to fulfil aright his terrible responsibilities, that earnest rebuke might now have awakened him as with the words of eternal life. But as it was, his conscience was seared and darkened by the act of sacrilege he had committed, when he assumed the sacred office of the priesthood from the lowest and most unworthy motives, and he left the Bishop's presence with every bad feeling stimulated by the desire to drown the warning voice still ringing in his ears, and plunged more wildly than ever into pleasures wholly unbecoming his position, as well as sinful in themselves. The large fortune which he now possessed, independent of his living, made him wholly reckless of the consequences; and the only result of the Bishop's admonition was to estrange him and his wife entirely from their sister Mary, whom they declared in their anger to be the sole cause of the humiliating reprimand Hervey had received. Moved by the wild desire to set the Bishop at defiance, his conduct soon became so reprehensible, that a representation was made by the Churchwardens to the Bishop, and a commission of inquiry instituted. To this he would not submit, and he at once resigned his

living and started for Paris, where he established himself with his wife, who was still the blind and idolising supporter of all his misdeeds.

He now seemed to think that by resigning his living he had cast off the priestly office altogether, and freed himself from the claims of his ordination vow, and he threw himself at once into all the intoxicating gaieties of the French capital: but the hour of retribution was at hand for Hervey Gresham; he who had refused to the Church's dying children the heavenly succour which was their own inheritance, was himself to pass from this world in a moment of time, without penitence, without Sacrament, and without pardon, so far as human judgment could perceive.

One day they had gone out to the Bois de Boulogne, Eva in her carriage, Hervey mounted on a fiery horse, which he had bought that morning for an extravagant price. Without apparent reason it suddenly became restive, and refused to obey the curb. Hervey's passionate temper was easily roused; he grew angry, and applied whip and spur furiously. The horse reared and plunged, and in another instant it had flung him over its head and dashed him with fearful violence against a tree. All who saw the accident,—and amongst these was his wretched wife,—knew that it must be fatal, and that his skull could not fail to be fractured by the terrible blow. And so it proved. He was dead when they took him up; and in another moment the bleeding corpse had by Eva's desire been placed in the carriage with her, and the horses' heads turned to that home whence he had gone forth an hour before in all the joy and strength of his life's gay prime.

From that moment to the time of his burial, Eva sat and looked night and day on her dead idol with stony eyes and impassible face: she neither wept nor spoke, and seemed unconscious of all around her. She took no notice of Mary, who had hastened from England on the first news of the terrible accident. When at last the coffin was taken away from before her eyes, she fell down in a fit: brain fever succeeded, and after a long and dreadful illness, Eva, so beautiful, so brilliant once, woke

up from it a shattered wreck, hopelessly imbecile, like the poor idiot who still sat wreathing his flowers at her young brother's grave.

Surely in her case too the retribution was just, though terrible. In the full power and maturity of her mind and intellect, she had wilfully chosen the creature rather than the Creator; and now, when her idol of clay had crumbled into dust, the power to turn back to God was for the time at least taken from her.

Mary brought her unhappy sister home to their poor mother at Mrs. Ashurst's own request; but the trial was too much for her, coming as it did after so many other painful events which had undermined her health and strength. The sight of Eva, so lately the radiant bride and happy wife, now always before her with her blue eyes wandering helplessly, and a vacant smile upon her beautiful face, was more than the mother could endure. Gradually she sunk, but not unhappily, for the bitter chastening of her merciful FATHER had done its work. She acknowledged His loving hand in the trials which had broken down her pride and selfishness, and showed her that the things of this world can bring no true happiness to an immortal soul. She made her peace with God, aided therein by Mr. Radclyffe, who had become her most valued friend: and her mind dwelt peacefully on the thought of that home whither her husband and her sons had gone before.

When at last, after long weakness and suffering she died, she made but one request to Mary and Grace, who had tended her with unwearied care throughout her illness: it was, that they would give her a solemn promise that one or the other of them would take charge of Eva as long as she lived, and never allow her to be placed in an asylum or under the care of strangers in any way. It mattered not, she said, which of them undertook the charge, they must decide that as their future circumstances might direct. They would both, she knew, be equally kind and loving to poor Eva: they were her dear good children, for whose love and dutifulness she could never be sufficiently grateful; and with a murmured blessing upon them and Wilfred, who was kneeling by her

side, she passed away from the shadows of a world which had once deceived her, to the blessed realities which could never fail her.

The promise she had asked from her daughters was indeed not required, for they would never have given up the care of Eva: the more, as the physicians were not without hope that her mental malady, brought on as it had been by so sudden a shock, might ultimately be removed and her reason restored.

It very soon became necessary however that they should decide on which of the sisters this charge should devolve.

The faithful and unwearied intercession of Leonard and Mary for their brother Wilfred had been abundantly accepted, and from the moment when he owned over the dead body of his brother that the Redeemer had conquered once again in His wondrous mercy, he set himself with all the energy of his soul to follow out a course of life-long penitence and faithful love—for he had said truly that the Beloved of Leonard should be his Beloved: and it seemed as if the deep adoration which had filled his brother's heart for the LORD of his salvation, had not only given its colouring to his prayers for Wilfred, but also to the answer that was sent to them: for it was to Leonard such exquisite pain that any should fail to respond to the infinite tenderness of Him Who so endured for us, that his one longing entreaty for Wilfred ever was, that he might receive the gift of love: and it was granted.

When the long growing conviction of the Divine Truth at last burst into life in Wilfred's soul, he felt, as indeed he could not fail to feel, that he was totally unfit to guide himself along the thorny path of penitence, and he at once made his primary act of humility and self-denial by placing himself under Mr. Radclyffe's direction.

The first test of sincerity which the priest required of him was one bitter indeed to his proud spirit, but sweet in its fulfilment. He bade him humble himself before his father and seek for a reconciliation with him.

It was a hard task, for in his days of sophistry Wilfred had taught himself to believe he had been unjustly treated,

and that it was no wrong to his father to have sold the right he would acquire at his death ; but when a very short time after the stern requirement had been fulfilled he received his father's dying blessing, he felt that the work of righteousness had indeed the promise both of this life and of that which is to come. After this first effort he advanced rapidly in the knowledge and practice of the will of God.

While his mother lived, he remained with her a loving and dutiful son, soothing many a sorrow by his unexpected kindness ; but he felt deep in his heart that this was too gentle a duty and too easy a life for one who had to redeem the time of so many evil days, and when she was gone, he saw that the hour was come when he might satisfy his new-born love and zeal, by a true, stern life of toil. Wilfred felt, and in this Mr. Radclyffe entirely agreed with him, that his past career had been such as to preclude him totally from aspiring to that most holy office of the priesthood, which none should dare approach except they have indeed clean hands and a pure heart ; but a sphere of labour suddenly opened out before him which seemed fully to meet his most ardent longings.

Dr. Markham, the Bishop of —, who from the date of his first acquaintance with Mary, had become a staunch friend of the family, was mainly instrumental along with several other Bishops, in carrying out on a large scale a Church Mission, which had been organized, to a remote region in Africa. It formed one main feature in their plan that the Bishop and clergy who were going out should be accompanied by lay missionaries, both men and women, who were to be employed in schools and other labours among the natives. Mr. Radclyffe entirely concurred in Wilfred's wish to offer himself in aid of an enterprize at once arduous and even dangerous to the life and health, and he rejoiced with him in the ready acceptance of his services which followed his offer.

The Mission ship was to sail in a very few weeks after Mrs. Ashurst's death, and when on the night of her funeral the last remains of that once gay family assembled together, Mary, Grace, and Wilfred, with poor Eva sitting in the midst of them, like a beautiful statue, Wilfred

told his sisters that it was his dearest desire to take one of them with him in his distant exile. He wished it for his own sake, he said, because he who once had fallen so low dared not trust himself even now, and he felt it would be a great safeguard to have one with him who knew his former temptations and his present intentions. When his long habits of luxury revolted, as haply they might, against his new and painful life, he said with his winning smile, that it would be like taking a visible guardian angel to have a sister ever ready with him to urge him on if his courage flagged, and to warn him of yielding to the insidious approach of that indolence which had been his besetting sin. But he added, that it was not only a selfish wish—he knew that his sisters would both of them rejoice beyond words to give themselves to the glorious work of the mission, and he left it to them to decide which would go with him, and which remain, to undertake the sacred charge of their poor helpless Eva.

When Mary heard these words, her whole heart leapt up within her in joy unspeakable at the thought that at last she would be able to give her life and soul to God in just such a noble work as she had often longed for in her holiest dreams—toil and danger, exile and unrest, death itself, perhaps, death for her LORD's dear sake, lay smiling before her in that mission work, and all her burning desires, her longings for so many years would find their full satisfaction in this saintly enterprize. She never doubted, in her first deep joy, that Grace would wish to stay with Eva—they had always been so united, they had always loved each other so much better than they had loved her; she turned with sparkling eyes, and stretched out her hands to Wilfred, but before she could speak Grace had started from her seat, and flung herself on the ground beside Wilfred, clinging with passionate energy around him.

"Wilfred, Wilfred, let me go, oh, let me go! it has been my heart's desire from the first, I have thought of it and prayed for it, and now it has come. I know you will take me—it is the very life for me—Mary will like best to stay with Eva, she was always made for a quiet life, were you not, Mary?—as to me, it would kill me to

watch darling Eva in that state all day; I have never told you how I felt it, but it is worse than death to me to see her so. O let me go, Mary, dear Mary, let me go."

Mary listened while her sister spoke with such a bitterness at her heart, as she had thought never more to feel,—for she saw how completely she had been mistaken, and that Grace's whole impulsive nature was set on this expression of the zeal she herself taught her: she blamed herself also for not having thought of the blight to that young life, which the care of their idiot sister would surely be. Then she looked up, and saw that Wilfred was looking fondly on Grace, that his heart too was fixed on the young fair sister rather than on herself, true friend as she had been to him; and once more the well known path of self-abnegation opened out before her, and this time for life. On the one side lay the dull monotony of existence as nurse to that poor imbecile: on the other, the grand field, white already to the harvest, of that heart-stirring enterprise to which she would have gone as on a new crusade; for a moment her soul rose up and wrestled fiercely with the stern spirit of sacrifice, but the memory of many a holy prayer for the grace of inward crucifixion came to her aid, she folded her hands resolutely together, and turned to her brother and sister; a few tears forced themselves to her eyes, but it was with a smile of strange sweetness that she said,

"You shall go, dearest Grace. It will be best and happiest for all."

And now Wilfred and Grace have been gone from her some years, and her heart thrills with joy as she hears of their good deeds on the far-off burning shores, and Mary lives with Eva in a large town, where she can obtain good medical advice for her sister, still a poor imbecile, though at times faint gleams of intelligence give a slight hope that at some distant day her long and patient care will be rewarded.

And Mary Ashurst has one pleasure, for she has one work which she can feel to be a free and voluntary offering to her Beloved Lord.

Close to the cottage where they live, there rises up a huge dark building, sad and stern-looking within and

without, where many a sick heart pines in long imprisonment, none the less dreary that it is a well merited punishment, and that no witness of a good conscience is there to make the sore trial light. Into this gaol Mary succeeded in making her way, for it had ever been one of her special longings to have the opportunity of responding in answer to these words, "In prison and ye came unto Me." At first she was only allowed to visit there occasionally, but happily for her the Bishop had succeeded in inducing the governor to co-operate with him in a system of religious instruction which was regularly organized in the gaol, and through his influence her gratuitous services were accepted as daily teacher to the female prisoners, and now she is not their teacher only, but their friend and adviser, their support in sorrow, their nurse in illness, and their comforter always; her very presence does them good, for they know that she comes unasked and unbidden, out of pure tenderness to them, the dejected and guilty outcasts of the land, and it is to them the earnest of the love of the Master Whom she serves.

And so, day by day, they listen eagerly for the light of the footstep that never fails to come alike through the storms and snow of winter, and the fair summer sunshine, which makes the contrast within the gloomy walls so marked; and there every moment of her time is spent which is not required by her painful charge at home. The early morning when her sister sleeps, the sunny hours when she is driving out, and the sultry noontide when she likes to rest undisturbed upon her sofa, are all given to the gaol, and often when the poor prisoners are sick or dying, Mary obtains leave to watch with them by night, and the cold dark cell grows bright for them when her gentle voice speaks words of heavenly comfort.

So pass her days, and to some it might seem that her life was very sad, thus spent between the felons in a gaol and the poor idiot sister, who has no knowledge of her loving care. But in actual fact Mary is very happy, for she lives not to herself, but to Him Who is the source of all true joy. She has obtained the wish she once expressed to Leonard, and found in its fulfilment all the deep hidden blessedness which she expected. *She lives*

alone with God, for Eva is no companion, and into that pure calm solitude no sound from the outer world ever enters: but at times it seems as if there came to her soft whisperings faint and low, as of voices very far away,—the voices of her two dear brothers, who have fallen asleep, and the one ever says to her in his sweet boyish tone, "*Amor meus crucifixus est,*" and the other murmurs with more thrilling earnestness, "*O Jesus, O my Beloved!*" and when she hears those words, her own heart steeped in its long faithful love, swells with irrepressible longing to enjoy but one moment that glorified Presence in which they ever dwell, and falling on her knees, she sends her very soul out in one deep prayer, "With their eternal blessing, bless me, even me also, O my FATHER."

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

"Almighty God, Who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; Keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hart the soul: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy aid we seek,
Thou seest how helpless and how weak
We of ourselves are found;
Poor, and unclad: blind, deaf, yea, dead,
In sins whose dye is crimson red,
By guilt encompassed round.

The feeble sheep on mountain high,
Will rest secure till foes are nigh,
Then flee in abject fear;
But we more helpless yet are found
The chains of sin our limbs surround,
We heed not danger near.

Thy loving pity we await:
Compassionate our wretched state,
Oh, bid us live and rise!
Our iron bonds, O God, unbind!
Open the avenues of mind!
Enlighten Thou our eyes!

Our feeble bodies still defend,
Into our souls Thy Spirit send,
To purify from sin.

Preserve us from the fiery darts,
The tempter's influence oft imparts
By evil thoughts within.

O, grant us grace to watch and wait,
Upon Thy love to meditate,
So, evil thoughts control,
Until an entrance Thou afford
To Thy redeemed, through CHRIST our LORD,
And heaven's wide gates unroll.

E. H.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

"Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, who for our evil deeds
unworthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of Thy grace may mer-
cifully be relieved; through our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Amen."

As mountains beyond mountains rise,
So our iniquities prevail!
As towering hills shut out the skies,
And make the sun at noonday pale;
Almighty God!
Thy righteous rod,
On us how worthily should fall,
Our evil deeds do merit all!

We in life's dark and steep defile,
When sin's deep shadows closer press,
Toil, watch, and wait, 'neath clouds awhile,
Thy beams, O Sun of Righteousness!
Thou Light Divine!
Upon us shine,
Strengthen our eyes to see aright,
To walk as "children of the light."

Almighty God, we humbly own,
Only Thy wrath our sins deserve,
We kneel in faith before Thy throne,
Grant that Thy love may us preserve,
Thou Holy One,
Through Thy dear Son!
For saving grace we humbly call,
By Thy free mercy pardon all.

E. H.

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER XI.

On Friday evening the boys being assembled again round their Pastor, he said, "We now join (after having together acknowledged our sins, and received the message of God's pardon, delivered by His Minister) in our first prayer. Our hearts unburdened by having confessed their guilt, and sorrow, and cheered by the sure and gracious promises of our Heavenly FATHER, we now proceed to ask of Him the things we need: knowing that to His forgiven and reconciled children He will give more than they can ask or desire, of all He sees good for them. It is not in any words of man that we offer up our first supplications, but in the perfect form taught by Him, Who knew the riches of the glory and grace of God, and our need, to the uttermost. You have learned to use these holy words from your earliest childhood, when you could scarcely lisp them, or know more than that it was a prayer to your FATHER above the sky, asking Him to bless you. There is a depth and meaning in those words beyond our understanding; the wisest know not how fully to reach it, the holiest long to feel it more. But ever that prayer, if we truly pray it, will raise our hearts, teach us better to seek true good, and better to trust in, and serve our God. You have often heard its petitions explained, in the Catechism and in sermons, or the Instruction I have before given you; but still we cannot too often dwell on it. And I trust by doing so this evening you may see its manifold excellence, and be enabled to join in it with the spirit and understanding, whenever you are using it in the Services of the Church, or in your own secret devotions. You observe that it is placed in all the Services, and that the whole congregation are ordered to join in repeating it aloud."

Malcolm. I know it is said very often, for we are to repeat it each time we kneel down; but I have wondered sometimes why.

Mr. Weston. Tell me how often we use this Prayer in the Morning Service.

Robert. At the beginning after the Absolution, then after the Psalms and Lessons when we begin the Prayers again, and at the Communion Service.

William. And in the Litany on the days that is read: it is not at the beginning, but before the Collects, at the end.

Mr. Weston. Every time we offer our petitions to Almighty God we present to Him this our LORD'S Prayer, containing all we wish and require, summing up all we would ask, and completing in its fulness and perfection what our ignorance and weakness can but imperfectly express. In it we commit all our desires and wants, our dangers and temptations to His infinite wisdom and love. We are sure that He Who knows all our necessities in the future and the present, and sees what each must have to fit both soul and body for His service here, and His glory hereafter, will accept and answer our petitions. Not after our narrow understanding, but according to the riches of His grace, and of that goodness which taught us thus to pray. As it is well known by all, every one is enjoined to unite in repeating it; thus making all the applications his own which are summed up in it; and joining in that form which it is peculiarly the privilege of the baptized children of God in CHRIST to use as their's. The words with which it begins are indeed most precious to us all, "OUR FATHER, Which art in Heaven." We may well pause and think on the infinite love these few words set before us. "OUR FATHER," not only by His creation of us, and by our having our present life given and continued to us by Him, as all men and all creatures have, but because He has taken us Christians by His own will, through CHRIST our Elder Brother, to be His beloved children; for whom He has ordered all things, whose very hairs are numbered, whom He watches over and guides without ceasing, for whom He has prepared His eternal mansions of glory. The greatest man on earth to whom riches, power, and honour have been given, can only truly rejoice in one thing, that he, by the mercy of God, is allowed (if so it be) to call Him FATHER. A

person suffering in poverty, sickness, or any of the sorrows of this life, may feel among them all true and continual joy, in remembering that the love of our FATHER in Heaven surrounds him, that he is watched and led as a child, and a joyous welcome is waiting for him in the home above. As you kneel to pray in these words, forget not, boys, that in order that you might have this All-merciful and Almighty One for your FATHER, His only SON left His bosom, and became a Man of sorrows. Remember how exceeding must be the goodness you have to trust in, how willing He, Who gave His SON for you, is to give you all things, and ask as knowing you shall certainly receive. Think of His Holiness, of His all-seeing Eye, and ask, desiring those things first, that will be for His glory, by enabling you to live as His obedient children, and to show His praise. Lift up your hearts from the thoughts of care or amusement, which occupy them, to Heaven. No common worldly employments are in Heaven, no desires for money, estates, amusements, or any of the fine things admired here; neither are there distress, care, or vexation, nor any of the sorrows we feel so much here. Try to forget the things which are passing, which soon you can have no more to do with, and think of what will not pass away: the eternal love of God, His greatness, His kingdom begun in lowliness here, but to be over all, and for ever: and the purity and holiness which must be in all who hope to inherit it.

Richard. As God is everywhere, I suppose we say here that He is in Heaven, to remind us of His greatness and majesty?

Mr. Weston. Yes, that while we feel perfect trust in His love as our FATHER, we may also remember how infinite He is in glory, and how vast is His condescension in listening to us, and accepting us the lowly creatures of His hand, dwelling in the earth, "which is His footstool." Whenever you pray you ought to put away other thoughts, and lift up your hearts (as these first words of this holy prayer teach you), and when offering it, in the Service of the Church, you will have been prepared so to do especially by the former part of the service. Thus kneeling before our FATHER in Heaven, we pray, and He is,

according to His promise, **present** with us in His House, making us, by His **SPRIT**, temples of Him, Who filleth all things in heaven and earth.

Now what is the first petition ?

Robert. "Hallowed be Thy Name."

Mr. Weston. What is it we ask in it ?

Charley. That we and all men may honour, reverence, love, and love God's holy Name, and worship Him as we ought to do.

Mr. Weston. Right ; but tell me what it is you mean when you say 'the Name' of God.

Robert. It means His titles, His attributes, and everything which is made holy by belonging to Him, or being used in His service.

Mr. Weston asked Edward if he knew what the titles and attributes of God were.

Edward hesitated, and replied, "The titles of God are the names by which He is called, are they not ?"

Mr. Weston. Yes, as the **ALMIGHTY**, the **LORD**, the **CREATOR**, and the great Name of **JEHOVAH**, or **I AM**, by which He is spoken of in Scripture. His attributes are His power, truth, righteousness, holiness, justice, greatness, mercy, and those things He is said to be. How can we hallow His Name in respect of these ?

Malcolm. By speaking of them with reverence and awe, never using any word belonging to God carelessly, or when we are vexed and angry.

Charley. And by not thinking of other things when we are saying our prayers.

Alex. By often thinking of all we are told about God, and believing all He has said, so that we may feel to Him as our **LORD**, and honour and worship Him always in our hearts.

Mr. Weston. You have said rightly that believing in His Word is one part of hallowing His Name, for to doubt and distrust Him is doing Him great dishonour. By perfect trust in all He has revealed, we give praise to Him as the **GOD** of truth and power.

But we must hallow all that is His, or is devoted to His service, all things connected with His Name, and used in His worship. You know some of these.

William. The Holy Scriptures, the LORD's Day, and all Holy Days, Churches, and the Ministers of God.

Richard. And the Sacraments.

Mr. Weston. How ought we to hallow the Name of God in His Word?

Arthur. By hearing and reading it carefully, and believing it.

Mr. Weston. Also you must use the Bible with outward reverence, not throwing the Book about, or putting anything into it that is common or not fit for a sacred thing; and the same treatment should be used to your Prayer-books.

I need scarcely ask you how you ought to behave in the house of God, yet I have grieved to see some of you enter with noisy steps, and without thinking of its holiness, smile or whisper together as you took your seats. A church is holy, every part of it, because it is consecrated to God, and those who allow light and vain thoughts or words there, cannot be hallowing His Name. You know, William, that your wish of joining the bell-ringers was not permitted, because a short time ago they were not careful to behave with reverence or proper steadiness.

William. Father would not let me go then, but I hope, sir, I may when I am older, and I do not think they are so bad now. I should like it so much!

Mr. Weston. I hope to allow you to be one when you are older, and by that time there will, I trust, be less fear that you will meet with companions, who forget that though no service may be going on, the house of God is sacred at all times. How ought you to show honour to Him in His ministers?

Edward. We must respect them, and attend to what they say.

Charley. "We beseech you to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the LORD, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."—1 Thess. v. 12, 13.

Mr. Weston. In honouring them you honour God Whose messengers they are, and who marks the treatment they meet with, as our LORD says; "He that re-

teiveth you receiveth Me.”—S. Matt. x. 40. All respect should therefore be rendered to those who have this high office, but the truest honour to them and their Great Master, is to listen meekly to their instructions and to follow them. Especially are you bound to show reverence to and obey the pastor, who has been intrusted with the care of the flock to which you belong; and by your prayers for him, and your endeavours to mind his teaching, enable him to give his account at last with
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I think you all feel with what solemn awe we must approach the Holy Sacraments. No one of you, I trust, would think of coming to the Table of the LORD, except in the spirit so earnestly required by the exhortation of A Paul, and of our Church. But remember, however you may feel the greatness of that holy Mystery, you can only truly honour GOD by coming to it with faith and repentance; and that to keep away, or to return to an unholy life afterwards, equally dishonours Him. In like manner besides behaving devoutly, and joining in every service, whenever there is a christening at which you are present you should often thank GOD for your own baptism, and think of the great benefits you then received, as well as of the promises you then made. You see now how we ought to hallow the Name of GOD, and most earnestly should you pray that He may enable you to do so with all your understandings, souls, and lives. Whose example have we to do this?

Alex. Our SAVIOUR's, He did it always.

Mr. Weston. In this as in everything He has left us His own perfect example, but do we hear nothing of the angels hallowing GOD's Name?

Malcolm. And one cried unto another, and said, “Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD of Hosts.”—Isa. vi. 3.

Robert. The angels gave praise to Him at our SAVIOUR's birth, and we are told in the Revelation, that they join with all the saints in giving glory, and honour, and worship to GOD.—Rev. v. 13.

Mr. Weston. They praise Him continually for all His works. Let us join their holy company, and in our lives and by our lips, with the true worship of the spirit, and

reverence of the body, let us hallow the glorious and fearful Name of the LORD our God. All the holy men who have ever lived have earnestly sought to glorify It, and have grieved bitterly over the conduct of those who despised It.

Charley. Elijah said, "I have been very jealous for the LORD God of hosts, because the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant."—1 Kings xix. 14.

Malcolm. And David too, for it is written in the Psalms, "I beheld the transgressors and was grieved, because they kept not Thy word."—cxix. 158. "And the zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up."—lxix. 9.

Mr. Weston. May our merciful LORD, Who hath taught us to ask this petition, send His Spirit to teach, and enable us to pray it from the heart; and in all places and at all times to give honour to God, hallowing His Name ourselves, and leading others to do so likewise. May He grant that from the uttermost parts of the earth, and from the deep waters of the ocean, one solemn confession of His praise may rise from all hearts and lips, joining with the hymn of the angelic host, and the Church triumphant; Holy, holy, holy, LORD God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. And after we have given thanks in the congregation, let us declare His praise in our converse with each other, in our daily holiness, by serving Him in our calling with thanksgiving.

The boys then separated as it was growing late, and as they walked home by moonlight, Charley and Robert sang the two last verses of a hymn they had learned as a Christmas carol;

"Glory to God in highest worlds
In highest strains be paid,
His Glory by our lips proclaimed,
And in our lives displayed.

"When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where CHRIST exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?"

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive."

MR. SALISBURY was as good as his word, to use a common saying in our country; at the end of five minutes the first class came tearing helter-skelter out of the pews, nearly upsetting the group of staid twelve-year-old maidens who were still occupied in discussing the bishop's visit.

"What a shame!" exclaimed Alice Grant in rather a high key, as one of them rushed by, knocking the basket she held out of her hand; "You boys *are* plagues, I wish you had been all kept in an hour, that I do!"

But Alice could not have been in earnest, for one of her own brothers was in the first class, and Robert often said there was no such sister in the village as Alice. Just now, however, the rest all seemed inclined to agree with her. "Ah, they *are* tiresome! see this tear in my shawl, mother *will* be cross with me, and it wasn't my fault, it all along happened of John and Charley Gay tearing up the hill after us this morning, with the hook in their hands, and it caught the corner of my shawl," and Lizzy Raymond held up the garment for public sympathy.

"It's a great shame," again said Alice, "but you could ha' mended it this afternoon in school: Miss Seaton *does* spoil the boys."

"No, she don't," interposed a little sturdy fellow, who stood with his dinner basket waiting for his sister.

The girls laughed, and Alice taking his hand, proposed going home.

"Grace! Grace Arnold!" she called, as the little girl was passing up the hill with a can in her hand, "Where are you going? come and walk home with us."

"I can't," said Grace, in a somewhat faltering tone, "I've to go to Mr. Dunn's for a sup of milk for our

bairn, she's badly," and Grace passed on towards the school, looking behind her now and then, till the group of girls had dispersed, and the road was empty.

And what made little Grace stop at the school gate, when Mr. Dunn's farm was much farther on? and why had she spoken in such a faltering voice? The cause was soon evident, the door opened and Sara Jones peeped out, "Are the lasses all gone?" she said; "Come in, Grace, it's very good-natured of you, I must say, and now we shall do the room in no time." She shut the door as she spoke, and handed the broom to Grace, who began to sweep with pink cheeks and a throbbing heart. Sara went on talking, "So cross of Miss Seaton not to let you help me, only last week she was telling us to be good-tempered to each other, and said we should always be willing to help a friend in trouble; a pretty way to do that, I think, forbidding us to lend a hand at the sweeping." Grace was still silent, she knew quite well that obedience was their first duty, the Vicar had been talking of it that very morning.

"Here, take off your clean slip, you'll dust it finely," said Sara in a moment, "you can turn up your frock and keep that neat, but a dirty slip may tell tales;" and so saying she untied and folded the pinafore and laid it on a shelf, and for some minutes the sweeping went on silently: Grace was very uncomfortable; "Suppose," she thought to herself, "Mr. Salisbury were to come back before they had finished, or suppose Miss Seaton should happen to have left something and come back for it, or if any visitor should call and wish to see the school!" Grace went on supposing so many chances that might happen to betray her naughty disobedience, that she grew hotter and hotter each moment, and at last with tears in her eyes begged Sara to let her go. But Sara was taller and stronger than poor little Grace, and she only replied angrily, "So you're tired already of helping me, are you? no indeed, the door's locked, and I shan't open it till all the room's clean, and yon forms righted."

"But oh, Sara, suppose Mr. Salisbury should come back!"

Sara laughed, "There are two doors, you little goose, and while he comes in at one you can slip out at the other, besides he won't care about you, he knows nothing of Miss Seaton's rules," and Sara sat down on a form and yawned.

"Oh, Sara, do make haste and help me, see what a great piece there is still to sweep! I wish—I wish I hadn't listened to you,—” and Grace began to cry. Sara was up in a moment: "Hush, stop that!" she said roughly, for she was as afraid of being found out as Grace was, "I am going to help you, ain't I? I only sat down to rest a minute," and she set to work with such good will, that the room was soon swept, and the forms put back in their places.

"Here's Mr. Salisbury and his class coming up the hill," she said, as she softly opened the door and peeped out, "Now Grace, you goose, take your can and slip out, and mind, no tell-taling, do you hear?"

She pushed the child out, and watched her stealing like a guilty thing along the hedge, then threw open the other door, and when the master entered she unblushingly handed him the key, and taking her bag of work, went home, her heart full of triumph at having deceived Miss Seaton; she did not say so to herself, however, because *deceive* is an ugly word, but she thought how well she had managed to get her own way, and outwit her kind mistress, and she reached her mother's cottage, and set to work to prepare tea and boil the kettle, without once feeling any reproach of her conscience; because after a time conscience, which is given to us by God to be a good friend and to warn us when we do wrong, grows weary of speaking, and ceases to reprove us, just as a person might grow tired of telling a child the same thing over and over again, when he found his words were never heeded, and so leave the child to follow his own ways, and perhaps to get a punishment to speak more loudly, more plainly than the kind unheeded words had done.

Very different was Grace's feeling. Her conscience would not let her rest a single moment; she tried to think of something else, and began to sing, but the words brought Miss Seaton to her mind at once, for she

had taught her the song; so she suddenly stopped, and saying to herself it was late, she ran a little way so fast that no wonder her cheeks were so hot, and her breath came so short; when she stopped again, she gathered a handful of bright blue blossoms in the hedge, and wondered what their names were, perhaps Miss Seaton could tell her, and then some strange thought made her throw the pretty flowers away.

" Christian children, high, and lowly,
Try like little flowers to be."

That was what came into her mind, and she walked on quicker, for she saw a gentleman coming on horseback, and suddenly remembered she had left her clean white slip in the schoolroom, and had an old ragged, faded frock.

The clean slip, alas! lay on the shelf, where Sara had put it, and here came the stranger nearer and nearer, and of course he would think, "What a dirty, untidy girl!" perhaps he might even say so—dreadful as it was to imagine such a thing—to Miss Seaton! for, of course, he was going to the Vicarage. Grace wished there were a gate into which she might turn; but no, there was no escape; he was close to her, and amid all her confusion she did not forget to drop a curtsy, for there was nothing Miss Seaton spoke of oftener than this. She used to tell the children that when strangers passed through a village where the boys and girls stood rudely staring and shouting, they would be sure to think, Ah! these poor children have no good parson to teach them how to behave, and so they would bring discredit on the Vicar, as well as on themselves and the village. So generally the children recollected this, and Milton bows and curtseys were as nice as any in the county.

But poor Grace was not prepared for the gentleman's pulling up his horse and speaking to her. She felt hotter and dirtier than before and hardly dared to answer, "Yes, sir," when he pointed to the distant church-tower, and asked if that was Milton. "And is that the Vicarage, my little maid?" he said, as the white house between the trees attracted his attention.

"Yes, sir," Grace answered again, this time lifting her eyes to his face very timidly.

"Well, I am going there, and I shall tell Mr. Seaton that his little girls don't forget their curtsies," he said kindly, for Grace had by this time made him three. The colour deepened on her face; she thought if he asked her name it would be all over with her, but he did not, and she breathed more freely when he said, "good evening," and rode on.

Grace turned to look after him—he was certainly a person—what if he stopped at the Vicarage and came to school next day, and said something about her ragged frock! He looked a grand gentleman too! Suppose he were a relation of the Bishop!—Bishops had relations she supposed—perhaps even his son! And then she thought of the promised visit and the blessing. Would it be a blessing to her? Could she kneel down this evening if he came with such a troubled conscience? If Miss Seaton had met her just then, poor Grace would have thankfully confessed all, and borne any punishment gladly; but feelings are poor things to depend on, and unless we make up our minds to do right because it is our duty, and because we have promised at our Baptism to obey God's Holy Will and Commandments, we shall be always going wrong, and forgetting more and more the little daily steps we ought to be taking forward along the narrow way of life. But Grace has reached the mill, close by which stands the farm, and at the door is Mrs. Dunn herself feeding the chickens. She looked up as the little girl came into the gate, saying cheerily, "Thou'rt late this evening, my lass, here's thy milk been waiting this half hour."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Grace, as the white stream was poured into her ready can; but she did not lift her eyes, and Mrs. Dunn looked suspiciously at her ragged frock and flushed face, for though very poor, Mrs. Arnold was one of the neatest women in the village.

"Why, thou'st been crying, I do believe," she exclaimed, "what's happened? been a bad maid in school?" and then, without waiting for a reply, she added, "Such a ragged frock! I'd be ashamed to come along the lane, suppose thou met any one!"

Grace's tears overflowed, and out came some of her sorrows. "Oh, I did meet a gentleman, and,—and he stopped and spoke to me."

"So then thou began to cry, eh?" said the farmer's wife more kindly. "Well, I am glad thou were ashamed, wait a minute, my girl, thy mother has bairns enow to provide slips for, I'll be bound;" and going into the house she fetched a blue-checked pinafore, that, among many others, was airing before the fire, and tied it on the child, then patted her on the shoulders, and held the gate open for her to pass out, thinking she had certainly put an end to all the troubles. Grace curtsied, and said, "Thank you, ma'am," again and again; but her manner was shy enough to make Mrs. Dunn stand watching her for some minutes, to wonder what had come over her and to mutter, "Well, bairns are but bairns. I doubt the poor lass is bad off for clothes."

If Grace had known the words of one of our poets,—

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive,"

they would certainly have occurred to her now, for the idea was full in her mind as she went slowly down the hill. She must tell her mother of the present she had had, and she perhaps would ask what made Mrs. Dunn give her a slip when she had on a clean one. It might seem an easy thing to say she had left the other in school; but somehow Grace felt afraid to say anything about school this evening. Then, too, it was like pretending to Mrs. Dunn that she was worse off than she really was! and she had all the proud feeling of her country about accepting anything without a return. A little gleam of brightness came over her for a moment, as she thought she would carry up to the farm to-morrow evening a posy of her own flowers tied with a pretty ribbon Miss Seaton had given her for her doll. The name brought back her troubles. Oh how could she look at Miss Seaton again! She would be sure to find the pinafore on the shelf, would be sure to ask how it came there. And she dared not tell, Sara Jones would be so cross with her. Poor Grace grew confused. She took up the cor-

ter of the new slip to wipe away the tears that were now running fast over her face, and blinding her. A heap of stones lay directly in her path. Another moment and she has measured her length on the grass, and the white stream pours over the treacherous stones, and sinks away among the gravel, leaving about a spoonful in the can! The greatness of the misfortune checked the child's tears. What was she to do? Baby, as well as the sick sister, depended on this milk for their tea and supper. She knew her mother had no money to spare to buy more. She picked up the can, and sat down on the heap of stones to rub her ankle which had got bruised in her fall, and to think—but it was all confusion. How was it her own fault—how to explain it to mother—how to get baby and Lizzie some more tea—and how to account for the new pinafore! Surely there never was a little girl so miserable as our poor Grace, when at last she rose wearily from the stones, and began her slow walk towards home. She felt almost careless and stupid. She knew she should be well scolded; that mother would be very angry; it was all that nasty heap of stones. And when it came to her mind, that she had never tumbled over it before, though she went the same way so often.

It was fortunate for Grace, that she was not to reach home in the same temper in which she now walked on, swinging the can, kicking the pebbles before her, with an angry frown on her face. Before reaching the village she had to pass the school, as we know. Now the vicarage-garden joined the playground; indeed, there was only a little gate to divide them, which generally stood open. So it did now. But it was not this that made the colour come rushing into Grace's cheeks, and quickened her steps so much. No, at the gate stood Miss Seaton, talking to the very same gentleman Grace had met. How much she hoped they would not see her; but Miss Seaton had very sharp eyes for her little bairns, and as soon as she heard a step on the gravel, she turned round and called her; and then Grace saw what would have made her blush deeper if she could. The clean folded slip was in the lady's hand. "Come here, Grace," she said, holding it out; "do you know you

left your pinafore in school? But what is the matter?" she asked, as she saw the red eyes and scarlet cheeks before her. The tears burst forth again, and Grace holding up the empty can began to sob out some words, which were quite inaudible. An arm was round her directly, the tears were wiped away, and a kiss felt very cool on her hot forehead. "Don't cry, my little girl; let us bear the sorrow. Did you spill the milk in running? No! what, fell down? Oh, poor lassie! never mind. We will see if the Vicarage can't provide a cup of milk for Lizzie's tea. It was for Lizzie, I suppose? But, Grace, you must stop crying, or I shall not help you. Or is anything else the matter?"

Grace checked her sobs by a violent effort, and looked up. There stood the stranger. Oh, if he had only gone away, she thought, she could have told all; but to speak before the gentleman was impossible. He said some kind words to her while Miss Seaton was gone to fetch the milk, but she was too frightened to answer; and when the can was put into her hand with more soft words and kisses, she felt so miserable that she longed to refuse the present, to throw the milk away, to run home and be scolded—anything but to see that kind smile on Miss Seaton's face, and to know how little she deserved it. And while she went home to tell part of the truth, and to keep a great deal back, Miss Seaton was thinking over the occurrences, and wondering what made Grace cry so very much, for her mother was quiet and gentle, very unlikely to say more than a word or two of blame about an accident; and the child's manner was too confused and agitated to escape the notice of one so accustomed to observe closely. The circumstance of finding the pinafore had not much troubled her; she thought it was taken off to be kept clean for next day, and laid on the shelf and forgotten: it was the crimson face and downcast eyes that excited her wonder; and had Grace known how much Miss Seaton thought about her that night, she would have been even more frightened than she was at the prospect of going to school to-morrow, and lain even longer tossing about on her little bed, and disturbing her baby brother by her unusual restlessness.

OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.—THE INFRA-MERCURIAL PLANET.

THE sketch of "Our Solar System," contained in Vols. **XXIV.** and **XXV.** of the *Churchman's Companion*, is incomplete for the Year of Grace 1860. An additional chapter is required to record the certainty of facts which, hitherto, have been matter only of surmise. We have been accustomed until now to call Mercury the planet nearest to the Sun. We now know that it is not so, and that there exists at least one "Infra-Mercurial Planet." (It will be remembered that the planets nearer to the sun than the earth is, are called inferior planets, and those further from the sun than the earth is, are called superior planets.)

This truth has been guessed at for years, and attention has lately been called to a passage in Dick's "Celestial Scenery," p. 198, (1837), where the conjecture is hazarded. The first person, however, to give a well-grounded reason for this suspicion is the French astronomer Leverrier, whose name is already immortalised by his calculation of the existence and elements of the planet Neptune, before ever it was seen. The high distinction of this investigation he shares, indeed, with our own illustrious countryman Adams, who came to the same conclusions by independent researches. But in the present instance he has the honour exclusively for his own, of pronouncing the existence of an unseen planet, and afterwards finding his assertion verified.

The calculations by which the conclusion was reached that there exists a planet revolving round the sun within the orbit of Mercury appear to have been of the same nature as those by which the existence was declared necessary of a planet revolving round the sun beyond the orbit of Uranus. There was a certain error in the secular motion of the perihelion of Mercury, to the consideration of which Leverrier paid great attention, and which he deemed could not otherwise be explained than by supposing another planet to revolve between Mercury

and the sun. It was only so lately as the 12th of September last, (1859), that M. Leverrier communicated to the Academy of Sciences in Paris the startling conclusion at which he had arrived. Very soon after this communication had been published, Leverrier received a letter informing him that the planet whose existence he had announced to be necessary had actually been seen by the writer. The writer of that letter was a Dr. Lescarbault, dating from Orgères, near Chateaudun, (Eure et Loire.)

Leverrier at once, on the 10th of December, hastened to pay his correspondent a visit. He found him a physician in country practice, and of very narrow circumstances. His instruments, of the simplest kind, were mostly of his own construction. He had not even a chronometer, that important possession of an observer, but had made for himself a pendulum, striking seconds, with a piece of string and an ivory ball. He had not even paper whereon to work his calculations, and he used instead a deal board, the surface of which he planed off from time to time, that it might receive fresh figures. A more touching instance of the highest genius contending with and surmounting the opposition of narrow means, has seldom been placed on record.

What a subject for a painter is that meeting! The observatory of the simple medical practitioner in an obscure town. His self-constructed instruments. His cupboard doors and wainscoting scored with his abstruse computations in chalk or charcoal. The good doctor himself face to face with one of the greatest men of science of the day; the modest recital of the one, the generous appreciation of the other.

Dr. Lescarbault stated to his guest that he had discovered an Infra-Mercurial Planet on the 26th of March in that year, 1859, (should it not be named *l'étoile de Marie*, *Stella Maria*?) It was then crossing the sun's disc, on which it appeared as a small black spot. This was the only position in which ordinarily it could be visible, being at most times lost to our sight in the bright rays of the sun. Lescarbault at once decided on the character of this unexpected appearance, and though his observations were interrupted, he was enabled to assign very accurate

elements to this newly-found member of the planetary world. He calculated that the chord described by the planet subtended an arc of $9^{\circ} 13'$, and so accurate were his self-made instruments, that Leverrier afterwards altered his statement only to $9^{\circ} 17'$. He estimated its diameter at 310 leagues, and the inclination of its orbit to the elliptic roughly at 12 degrees, ($12^{\circ} 58' 52''$). He stated its revolution round the sun to be completed in 19 days 17 hours, and its greatest elongation as not more than 7 degrees from the sun.

Leverrier having gone through the calculations, and compared them with his own computations, at once pronounced that Dr. Lescarbault had indeed discovered in the month of March of that same year the very planet upon the necessary existence of which he was himself insisting in the month of September. On the 2nd of January in the present year, Leverrier had the high gratification of announcing in the Academy of Sciences the unexampled discovery of Lescarbault, and the surprisingly accurate calculations which in spite of so many disadvantages, he had made from his observations, and at the same time of stating the confirmation of his own second discovery of a planet by calculation alone. Leverrier on the same occasion presented to the Academy the deal board on which the calculations of Dr. Lescarbault concerning this planet had been worked, and which he had brought away as a relic from Orgères, long to be cherished in the generations of scientific men. The names of these two great discoverers are sure of lasting renown.

M. Leverrier states the distance of the new planet from the sun as about half that of Mercury, and its revolution as about one quarter that of Mercury. Mr. Hind has since informed us that other transits of this planet may possibly be observed this year between March 25th, and April 10th, and between September 28th, and October 13th. If any of our readers are amateur observers they will probably keep a keen look out at the times thus indicated.

As is usual in such cases Dr. Lescarbault is not to be allowed the glory of an original discovery. Mr. Scott, Chamberlain of the City of London, (all hail to civic

dignitaries who can any how aspire to the honours of astronomical research,) claims to have himself observed this planet *about Midsummer*, 1847, (good Mr. Scott, you should be more precise than this!) and asserts that the same had been before seen by a Mr. Lloft on the 6th of January, 1818. Like claims are also set up for M. Cuppis, and another. But inexorable Mr. Hind, whose dictum none but Leverriers and Adamsees would venture to gainsay, denies that either of the above-named observations could refer to the Planet of Lescarbault, and tells us that the only recorded observation which could have been made of it was one communicated to the Academy of Sciences in December, 1839, but which for want of particulars cannot be received as a scientific fact.

It may be observed that the distance of the new planet from the sun agrees as nearly as do the other planetary distances with what is termed "Bode's Law," namely, that the intervals between the sun and the planetary orbits go on doubling as we recede from the sun, or nearly so.

Dr. Lescarbault has already received from the Emperor Napoleon III. the decorations of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and has been entertained at a grand banquet by the scientific men of Paris.

THE YOUNG ANGLERS OF VICHY; OR, THE RISE OF THE ALLIER.

VICHY is a small town situated on the right bank of the broad and turbulent Allier, about thirty-nine miles south of Moulins. It has of late years become one of the most fashionable watering places in France, from the celebrity of its nine warm mineral springs; and during the season, which begins in May and ends in September, the place is crowded with invalids who come from all parts,—some to profit by the use of the warm baths, others to drink the medicinal waters, which, being said to resemble hot soda water, must be more healing than pleasant.

To accommodate the numerous visitors, an entirely new

quarter has been built, consisting of streets of handsome houses. There is an extensive and imposing building which contains the baths, and a large military hospital stands to the north of the town; there are also hotels of every class; an assembly room, a theatre, and the new quarter is connected with the old town of Vichy by beautiful promenades. The springs which form the only attractions of the place, are generally surrounded by gardens, with seats and arbours, to enable the invalids to rest; and the new quarter is laid out as a park, which is planted with lime trees and flowering shrubs, affording a pleasant shade and filling the air with sweet odours, so that everything is arranged for the comfort and pleasure of the sickly visitors.

The River Allier is crossed by a suspension bridge, which replaced the one destroyed in 1835 by the inundations. There is an anecdote told of this event which shows the power of military discipline. An old soldier had been intrusted with the office of toll-collector, and passed his time in a small house erected upon an island on which the centre of the bridge rested. His orders forbade him to leave his post without permission. The river rose, but he did not stir: in vain was he entreated to fly from the rising waters, which threatened every moment to engulf him, he turned a deaf ear to all persuasions, preferring to die rather than disobey. At last the Mayor ordered him to be removed by force, and scarcely was the old man conveyed to a place of safety, than the toll-house, the causeway, and the bridge disappeared beneath the flood.

Of all the springs in Vichy there is not one so lovely in its situation, as that which rises by the bank of the river at the foot of the ancient Convent of the Celestins, from which it takes its name. The Convent was built upon a mass of curious rocks formed by the sediment of the mineral spring, and was founded by Louis II., Duke of Bourbon, who chose Vichy as his residence on account of the purity of its air. After many vicissitudes the Convent was dissolved and destroyed by Louis XV., in punishment for its having afforded shelter to a murderer, and now its ruins form a melancholy but picturesque object.

This spot is in the old town of Vichy, which, with its narrow ill-paved streets, and quaint houses, offers a great contrast to the new and showy quarter. The gardens of the Celestins are very lovely, they are shaded from the north by the ruined convent, and bounded by the Allier, which runs through a poplar-planted valley ; to the left hand are seen the distant mountains of Auvergne ; to the right stands the picturesque old town of Vichy with its traces of ancient buildings, its primitive church, and old clock-tower.

During the season, women attend the various springs to supply the invalids with the mineral waters. Such as are not particular drink from a general glass, which the owner of the spring provides ; but others purchase tumblers for themselves from the attendants, who then take charge of them ; and as the invalids usually leave their glasses behind them, the women are enabled to gain a tolerable sum during the summer months, and they vie with each other as to who can be the most clean, watchful, and obliging. Amongst the many attendants at the different springs none was more popular, or more successful than Marie Dubois, who, from early morning till sunset, was engaged in supplying customers from the spring of the Celestins. Strictly honest, civil, and obliging, she had a cheerful word for everybody, so that invalids fancied that the waters were not so disagreeable, when handed to them by this blithe, pleasant-looking woman. Many were the presents she received, and thankfully did she accept them, for her husband was but a woodcutter, whose earnings were very small, and she had two little boys who were too young to work, so that the sum which she laid up during the season enabled them all to live through the long winter months.

The sun had just risen one Thursday morning, the last week in May, 1856, and the dewdrops on the grass, and the spider-webs which had gathered and kept the rain, were glistening in his bright rays like so many diamonds. It had been stormy for more than a week, and so much rain had fallen that when the sun was once more seen, the little birds seemed to rejoice, and carolled gaily from the trees in the gardens of the Celestins, their happy

matin song, as Marie Dubois came hurrying up to the spring, with her large basket of glasses, which her eldest boy, André, was assisting her to carry. But early as it was, Marie was rather late, for one invalid already stood by the spring, and she apologised for having kept him waiting, but he laughed, and in broken French, for he was an Englishman, said that the dose was not so nice that he minded waiting a few minutes. When they had put down the basket, and arranged the glasses, André bid his mother good-bye, and having left the garden he ran gaily along till he came to a queer old house in the Rue de Verrier. Upon the doorstep sat his younger brother, Baptiste, a rosy boy with curly hair, who was intent upon winding up a fishing-line, but when he heard André's footsteps he started up and said,

"Have you seen father yet, André?"

"No, I am only just come back from the Celestins, but I expect my father in almost directly to breakfast."

"And suppose he should not give us leave to go, André?" said Baptiste, pulling a very long face, and gazing up at his brother's.

"Why, then," answered the lad, "we mustn't go, of course."

"And mother will have no nice supper, and I have got plenty of bait ready here tied up in my pocket-handkerchief, and all our rods and lines will be of no use, it will be very provoking."

"Yes, I shall be very sorry if we are not able to surprise dear mother," said André; "but we must not go if my father forbids it."

"Well, then," said Baptiste, clapping his hands, "I will tell you what we had better do; suppose we don't ask father at all, he has not said that we are not to go, so we should not be disobeying him."

"That won't do, Maître Baptiste," said André indignantly; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself for thinking of such a thing; did not mother tell us that we were not to go far from home without telling my father where we were going? so it would not be right to go without his leave."

Baptiste looked rather cross, and taking up his hand-

kerchief, which contained the bait, he went grumbling into the house, whilst André collected the rods and lines, and soon followed. Putting them carefully upon a chair, he began laying the table for breakfast. The room was large, but low, with dark oak rafters, and deep mulioned window, with its nice old-fashioned window-seat. The boy fetched a large brown loaf and a cheese from a cupboard, and then he went to the fire, and proceeded to make some coffee, blowing up the wood logs with a pair of bellows, till the old black kettle first sang noisily, and then puffed out a quantity of steam from its spout. When the coffee was made, the boy put on a small pipkin with some milk to boil, and just as everything was ready, and the plates and basins were ranged neatly on the table, a quiet step was heard and their father came into breakfast. He was a kind, pleasant looking man, in a dark blue blouse, and he smiled as he embraced the two boys.

"My good André," said he, as he sat down to the table, "you put out the breakfast, and make the coffee as well as if your dear mother's hands had done it; but what are those things?" asked he, pointing to the rods and lines.

"O please, father," interposed Baptiste, who had been fidgeting about in a great state of excitement, "we have such a great favour to ask of you."

"Well, ask away," answered he, laughing, as he cut up the large loaf, "what is it?" but Baptiste hung down his head, and was so afraid of a refusal, that he dared not after all make his request.

"You know, dear father," said André, "that it is my mother's birthday to-day, so we want to go across to that little island, which has the lime tree upon it, to fish, for there are always fish to be caught there, and then if we are successful we want to make a little feast for mother when she comes home at night."

Jean Dubois smiled and said, "That's right, my boys, yes, you may go certainly; and I hope you will catch some nice fish; I am very much pleased with you for thinking of getting a surprise for your mother, and I will buy some chocolate and new milk. But how are you to get across to the island?"

"O," replied André, "old Laurent has promised to take us in his boat, for he is going down the river to fish, and then when he returns he will fetch us, so that we shall be home at seven; mother told me she could not be home till eight; so we shall have plenty of time to cook the fish, and lay out our feast."

"You must take something to eat with you, my lads," said Dubois, "for you will be all day upon the island."

"Yes," answered André, "I thought we might have the rest of this loaf and a bit of cheese, that will last us till supper; and, father, you will find the remains of yesterday's dinner in that cupboard."

"Thank you, my thoughtful boy, I shall do very well; but I must be off now, so good-bye, and take great care of yourselves, and let me find a splendid supper," and turning the two boys, the active man walked off whistling cheerily.

Baptiste clapped his hands for joy, and said, "How kind father is, how glad I am that we asked his leave; it is certainly nicer to go with his consent."

"Yes," replied André, "depend upon it, dear Baptiste, people are never less happy for doing what is right."

They then put away the breakfast things, packed up their bread and cheese in a small basket, and taking their rods, they set off towards the river in high spirits. They went down a green alley which leads to the promenade upon the banks of the Allier, and passing the bridges which are below the town, they reached a small pier near which were anchored several fishing boats, in one of these an old man was busy arranging his nets; he looked up as the boys approached, and smiled as he said,

"So your father has allowed you to come, my children?"

"Yes, Maître Laurent," said André, "and we intend to do wonderful things."

"Well, if you catch a whale," said the old man, laughing, "I shall expect a little oil to burn in my lamp during the winter. I only expect to catch common fish."

"Ah, you may laugh, Maître Laurent," said Baptiste, "but I've got such beautiful bait, which I have scoured for a fortnight, that no doubt I should catch a whale if there were one in the river; and you must be sure not to

fill your boat too full, or there will not be room enough for all our fish."

"Quick then, my lads," cried the old man, "we must not spend our time in talking."

The boys clambered into the boat, and undoing the rope which fastened it, Laurent pushed it away from the pier, and taking one oar, gave the other to André, and they were soon in the middle of the river; it was easy rowing, for the current was swift and carried them along with it. In about twenty minutes they came to a small island, it was merely a mound of earth rising out of the water, covered with short grass; stunted shrubs grew here and there, and in the centre was a large lime tree which spread its graceful boughs half over the little island. As soon as the boat glided up to the land, the boys jumped on shore, and thanked old Laurent.

"You will be sure and come for us then by seven, if you please?" asked André.

"Ay, trust Laurent to keep his word," said the old man kindly; "I am only going about a mile down the river to try a new net, and I will be sure to be with you before sunset," and so saying the fisherman took both oars, and a bend in the river soon hid him from their sight.

The boys set themselves to work at once, and having put their rods together and baited their hooks, Baptiste cast in his line on the right side of the island where the shore was flat, but André went to the other side where the bank was steep, and where there was a small creek in which the waters were dark and still. At first they had not much success, the sun shone brightly, and a few nibbles were their only diversion for nearly two hours. But then the sky became overcast, and a few drops of rain fell, and Baptiste caught a perch weighing about a pound, and in a few minutes pulled out another of a similar size.

"You had better come on my side," cried he to his brother, "I have caught two fish, and you have got none."

"No thank you," replied André, "I am satisfied at present, if there are any valuable fish they will be in this creek, so I will try my luck here a little longer."

The sun had again shone forth, for though the rain had fallen heavily for some weeks previously, this morning had been particularly brilliant and fine. The birds were singing in the tree, and the little town of Vichy with its old tower and quaint looking houses stood in quiet beauty on the right bank of the river. At about one o'clock the sky again became clouded, and the rain began to fall in real earnest.

"O, André," cried Baptiste, "it's raining cats and dogs."

"Well, never mind," said his brother good humouredly, "it will make the fish bite better."

But Baptiste did mind very much, he disliked getting wet of all things, so he fixed his rod firmly in the ground, and ran for shelter under the great lime tree, whose fresh young leaves were already glistening with the rain. Here he amused himself by tying up his perch to a branch, occasionally standing on tip-toe to see over a bush whether his float was under water. A loud shout from André drew him to the other side of the island.

"O, Baptiste, such a monster! it will make a feast of itself, if I can but land it."

There was André struggling with a large salmon-trout, for the fish did not wish to figure at the feast, and did its best to get away from its captor; twice it pulled the boy down on his back, but with a light spring he recovered himself, and putting his foot against a stone, he was able to battle better with his prey. It took him, however, twenty minutes to land it; sometimes he got it within sight, and saw its white sides with their glittering silvery scales, then it would dart off again with renewed vigour and hide itself under the overhanging bank, but at last its strength was exhausted, and André drew it safely on shore.

"O, what a beauty," cried Baptiste, capering about, "it will fill our biggest kettle, and we have not a dish large enough to hold it."

"Yee," said André, regarding his prize with no little pride, "we never expected to carry back such a fish as that, why it's fit for the Emperor's table. I thought if I caught a carp, or a large perch, that we should have a

famous feast, and now we have got this beautiful salmon—why it must weigh six pounds, I do believe," said he taking up the fish. "If we could but get across now, we might leave off fishing, but as we have to wait till seven, I will throw my line in again. Where is the bait, Baptiste?"

"I left it by my rod on the other side," answered he.

André took up the salmon, and having tied it to the bough where his brother's perch were hanging, the two boys then went across the island to the spot where Baptiste had left his rod.

"Why, Baptiste," exclaimed André, "where is the bait? I do not see it."

"I don't know," replied his brother, "I am sure I left it close to my rod."

"And were you, who cried out about a shower of rain, so fond of water that you stuck your rod a yard from the bank?" asked André, laughing, and pointing to Baptiste's rod, which was waving to and fro in the swift current of the river.

"O, André," exclaimed the terror-stricken boy, "my rod was at least a yard from the water, and the bait stood on the ground by it; the river must be rising."

André started forward to examine the bank. It was too true, even whilst they had been speaking, the water had advanced more than a foot. In another minute their little basket of provisions would have been washed away, but André saw its danger, and seizing it, he dragged his brother, who was too frightened to move, to the lime tree. The water rose rapidly, and seemed to pursue them.

"Come," cried André, "climb up the tree; courage, Baptiste, and all will be well; how thankful I am that we came to this island instead of the other which has no tree"

The two boys clambered up the thick trunk, and did not rest till they were safely lodged upon some strong branches about fourteen feet from the ground. What was their horror when they looked down, to see that the swift muddy river was rushing over the whole island on which they had so lately stood.

E. M. P.

(To be continued.)

The Children's Corner.

AGATHA'S SAMPLER.

Look back eighty years to the days when George III. was king; not blind, bent and lunatic, as we mostly picture him, but little more than forty, strong and well, many of his children still boys and girls: on a summer's afternoon eighty years ago, Agatha Moultrie sat at work on a high-backed chair in the schoolroom of her home.

She does lessons then? Yes, indeed, and this very piece of work is considered a very important part of them. It is a sampler, such as you have perhaps seen framed in some farm-house or old-fashioned schoolroom near you. A border of red cherries and green leaves already surrounds the alphabet below which Agatha is now working, "How doth the little busy bee," &c. Generally she likes this last hour of her day's stiff lessons. True, she must be as upright and still as ever, but the colours please her, the hymn interests her, and she can think of oh! so many pleasant things whilst her fingers are outwardly busy, with no fear of Mrs. Cooper, her governess, saying—as she does when her pupil's attention wanders over sums or dates—"Agatha, if you look off your book again," or "Agatha, if you make another such careless mistake, you shall go to bed directly after tea."

Agatha thinks Mrs. Cooper very strict and cross, as I daresay you would, but though sadly inclined to be idle, generally takes pains to be more attentive; either because she has no wish to lose her walk with nurse, or talk with sister Lucy, or from a far better motive, the love and fear of that God whom sister Lucy has so often told her she has, whilst so young, few better means of serving than by being as good a child as she can with Mrs. Cooper, however tiresome and wearisome her lessons may seem. This thought happily often makes her strive to be industrious and careful, when the other by itself would quite have failed.

But to-day she is disregarding both; had twice been

caught gazing at old Robin high up in the cherry tree, filling the basket on his arm as fast as he can, and though not daring to look out again, she has been wondering how many cherries there are on the tree: she thinks there are at least a hundred on a bough, and there must be sixty—eighty—no, a great many more, two hundred boughs. A hundred times two hundred is—five minutes' deep thought, for Agatha has not been taught arithmetic as simply and clearly as any little village school-girl is taught it now, and just when she thinks she has reached the sum total at last, becomes hopelessly perplexed amongst the oughts.

"Agatha, for what are you waiting?"

Agatha started, she was so far away among thousands and tens of thousands.

"I have finished the line, ma'am," she answered then and truly, for to her surprise she found that she had finished the *e* of improve although she did not remember working one stitch of it.

"Then bring the sampler here."

Alas! what did Mrs. Cooper see? the *impro* all nice and even, but not only were the *ve* a thread higher up, and so the beautiful regular line broken, but the stitches themselves crossed the wrong way. So inattentive Agatha, instead of having half an hour's spare time before tea, was sharply scolded, set to unpick the two last letters, and told she should have no tea at all until they had been put in again as carefully as possible.

Agatha looked sullen and vexed enough, but she answered nothing. Perhaps, open and warm-hearted as she really was, had she lived now she would have flung her arms round her governess' neck, would have said that she was very sorry, but told her that brother Harry had promised to take her to see his new dogs if she knocked at his door punctually at five,—and begged to be allowed to do the unpicking and to work the new stitches in the evening, when she would do both as well as ever she could. But eighty years ago no child brought up so strictly as Agatha and most others were, would have thought of doing anything but obeying in silence; thus she went back to her seat angry and cross, and thinking how spiteful Mrs. Cooper was when she knew Harry was going out for

three days directly after dinner; forgetting Mrs. Cooper did not know that he had promised to show her Phyllis and Pluto first.

So she began picking out the stitches angrily and carelessly, caught a thread of the nice round o, fluffed up the silk where all was bright and smooth before, and when Mrs. Cooper said, "Agatha, if you are not more careful you will break a thread of the canvass itself," twisted her body with vexation, and after a minute or two was unpicking as quickly as ever again.

All at once she did break a thread, she looked up at Mrs. Cooper in despair; Mrs. Cooper rose, looked at the rent, told Agatha she was a very naughty girl; whereupon Agatha, who had been sad and silent at the sight of the blot on the pretty sampler, which had already cost her so many weeks of trouble, twisted her shoulders again, and was told as she had shown so much temper she should mend the thread herself. This was a very difficult task for a little girl, and one that with all Agatha's pains left so disfiguring a thickness behind it, that tears of mortification gathered in the girl's eyes, and would have fallen down her face but that she loved Mrs. Cooper too little to let her see her cry.

Then the "ve" had to be put in afresh and now it was six, and not only her eyes but her heart ached, for she felt she had been idle and angry, and disobedient at heart if not outwardly; moreover, when she looked upon her sampler, and saw the mended thread, she felt that she should never care to do a stitch more; and yet knew she should have to work at it till it were finished, although now it never could look half so nice as the pattern sampler of sister Lucy's, which *she* had worked so beautifully when a year younger than herself.

So the little girl was sad and silent all through tea, and when sister Lucy went up to see her little sister after she was in bed—for the friends with whom Harry was returning had made dinner a longer meal than usual,—she found Agatha, who generally hailed her with such gladness and affection, smothering her sobs under the bed-clothes.

I am sure if you had but known her, you would have loved sister Lucy as much as Agatha loved her. Her

voice was so sweet, her blue eyes were so kind that you must have felt at once she was a friend; although you would scarcely have believed she was only eight years older than Agatha, if you had seen her in her evening dress just then. Her pretty yellow hair was strained high up straight off her forehead, a cap of lace and blue ribbons, set on the top of this erection, making her appear nearly six inches taller than she really was; her beautifully worked muslin apron would also appear strange attire in these days for a dinner-party; but both this and her stiff, rich silk seemed to suit Lucy's grave, sweet looks, and were as delightfully pleasant and familiar to Agatha, as they would appear singular to you.

"Dear child, what is the matter?" and before she could say more Agatha uncovered her face, flung her arms around her neck, and overwhelmed quiet sister Lucy with kisses, till after a few minutes' caressing, Lucy said once more,

"Dear Agatha, what is it?"

Then Agatha poured out all her troubles, how she had been scolded for watching Robin, how she had gone on looking at him, had worked her letters wrongly, and in unpicking them, "spoilt, spoilt"—a heavy sob, for this was the real grief—"her beautiful sampler for ever."

Lucy's fair cheek was quite wet with tears when Agatha's tale was over; but she let the child cry on until her heart began to be eased, and after a few minutes' quiet she looked up and said with a flicker of a smile,

"Happy Lucy, to have no sampler to work!"

Lucy smiled too. Then, as was her habit when in thought, folded her hands upon her knees; and then, looking out into the pretty summer-garden, or rather upon the quiet evening sky above and around it, said softly,

"But, dear child, if I have?"

"You?" cried Agatha, eagerly. "When do you work at it?"

"Not so often as I ought to do so," with a sigh.

"You? Lucy, let me see it! Have you a pretty pattern?"

"One so beautiful, dear, that I can never hope that mine will be ever really like it!"

"Can't you match the colours?" for the dulness of one of her own greens, compared with that of Lucy's, had hitherto been the greatest trouble that Agatha's sampler had cost her.

"That is just it, Agatha; I cannot. The most beautiful and bright of mine seem dull and faded beside those of my pattern; my smoothest stitches coarse and crooked, and, when I look upon my pattern, I feel sometimes as if there were no good to make so ill a copy as mine must be."

"That is what I feel with your's, Lucy."

"But the difference between your sampler and mine is nothing to that between mine and the perfect pattern of which I am speaking."

"Then, Lucy, I should give it up."

"But if I have promised to copy it as well as I can all my life? To make as perfect a copy of it as I can before I die?"

"Oh, Lucy, shall you have to work at it all your life?"

"All my life."

"But then you have no one to scold you."

"My own conscience."

"It must almost always praise you," said Agatha, resting her head on her sister's shoulder again. "No one need say to you, 'Lucy, you are forgetting what you are about!' 'Lucy, mind your copy!'"

Lucy smiled gravely.

"Yes, dear child, there is often the need. Sometimes pleasure or care so take up my thoughts, I forget for a time all about it; or worse, it seems too troublesome to work at so continually as I know I ought to do. Sometimes when I have made a mistake, or rent, I feel as you do now, as if I could never again have heart to work at it any more. And all this lost time I never can recover."

"But if you do make a great mistake, a really spoiling one, can't you begin another? You have no cross Mrs. Cooper to say, 'No, you shall finish this one first.'"

"Hush! dear Agatha. No, I have only one piece of canvas given me. I can never start afresh. Oh! how I long every day to do so."

"Dear Lucy,"—awed and quietly, a little thinking of what sort her answer would be—"what is your sampler?"

this power? It could catch and retain within its open ear, all the mingled never-ceasing sounds that were for ever echoing and re-echoing around. For from land and sea, from the lowest valley and the highest mountain-top, there was ever uprising a joyous hymn of praise, mingling itself with that of angels and archangels, and all the glorious host of heaven; for every plant, and beast, and insect, and creeping thing, yea, every floating cloud, and rainbow-tinted flower and shell, observed the command, "Oh, *all ye works of the Lord*, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever!" And for ever and for ever, did that praise-song last.

The whispered warning of some guardian angel, passing unceasingly through the length and breadth of the earth; the joyous chorus of the birds, mingled with the ever-ascending incense of the flowers; the purified thoughts, and prayers, and aspirations, of those who are "of Him," were all caught within the hollow of the shell, and to whosoever took it up, and placed it to his ear, it whispered of these things. The solemn angel-warning; the song of praise; the prayer of penitence; the promised blessing; the joy of angels over the one more than over the ninety and nine; all these by turn were caught within that cavity.

The day was drawing to a close, the sun would soon sink behind the furthest stormy billows that were seen in the outer sea; the joyful hope-inspiring morn had given place to noon; and noon, with its heat and fervency had passed away; and it was now late in the day, and growing shadows gathering fast and thickly, when an old man wandered along the shore, stooping long and carefully at each heap of shells. For which among them could he be looking? He held an old well-worn basket on his arm, and in it were already collected a few shells, very unlike the one of which we have just been speaking. They had no rosy lip, from which might be heard sounds such as many who wandered up and down that beach had little dreamt of. No, they were very unlike, and yet could have doubtless told a tale had they been asked, for they were descended from a family honoured in days of old; which had served as the badge of holy men bound for the land

where *He*, the Holy One, had lived and died; the land that was consecrated by His presence, and became hallowed ground from the pressure of His footsteps: a spot rendered holy and sacred for ever. But it is not likely the old man had ever heard of this, and but dimly and imperfectly did he know aught of that blessed land. He pressed his worn and nearly brimless hat more closely over his eyes, folded his tattered cloak across his breast, and guiding his tottering steps with his strong staff, slowly wended his way along the strand. Smooth-lipped shells, or rare and delicately-formed ones, had apparently no attraction for him. Could he but well fill his basket with the more marketable ones he sought, that was all he desired. But in stooping to gather up one of these, his eye was attracted, apparently in spite of himself, by the shell of which we write. He took it in his hand, and examined it with curiosity, for probably, although he had daily seen such in his wanderings up and down the strand, he had never before thought it worth his while to notice one. A faint childish recollection, or it may be an old long-ago habit, made him mechanically put it to his ear. But oh, the flood of remembrances that then rose, like a strong spring long kept down, in his heart!

A fisher's cot within the shelter of the living rock, came once more before his dimmed sight. He could hear the plashing of the waters and see the coming tide, but it was not of the depths before him, no, it was the hollow that washed the foot of that high cliff at whose foot a little boat was wont to be moored. But the skiff was not there to-day. The motherly woman who sits tending a net outside that cottage door, lets it drop often from her hand, to raise it to her brow, and from beneath its shadow scan the ocean, and see if a tiny peck can yet be seen. The boy at her feet is waiting impatiently for the moment when he shall hasten down the narrow ledge-like steps scooped in the side of the cliff, and seize the rope that shall be thrown to him from the boat. "When will he come, mother? when will he come?" Alas, alas, child and mother! ye may wait long, hope long, but the waited and the hoped for

will gladden your eyes no more! Did the mother die? did she *hasten* to join her husband? No! she *waited* until God called her to him, and when, at last, in a ripe old age, she felt that now she *might* go to him, for her Master had said so. She told her son at the last, never to mistrust his Father in heaven; never, whatever might betide, to grumble and moan, and say that life was hard to bear—had he remembered and heeded her warning? Perhaps he had not, we almost fear as much, for the shell dropped from his feeble hands and he wept, and words that sounded like the solemn ejaculation, "Lord, have mercy," came from his lips.

He did not stay to gather any more "Queens" that night, but if he did not take home what would bring money to his cottage, he took there something far better. He took back a cheerful heart to bear what God might please to send day by day, he took back a fresh memory of past joys and blessings, and a future hope of yet better ones to come.

A. H.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

"O! MOTHER, what is Heaven, and where?
I often wish to know;
Is it a land of verdure bright,
That smiles amid undying light,
Beyond the sunset glow?"

"Far, far away from earth, my boy,
Is that land of endless bliss;
The only road to journey there,
Is 'mid a world of strife and care;
With wearied limbs, and panting breath,
We enter through the gates of death,
No nearer way than this.

"Dream of a glorious city,
Whose walls are shining gold,
And every gate a pearl of price,
With treasures all untold;—
Where reigns a Mighty King,
A FATHER in His love,
Where harsher notes are never heard,
Than the music of the Dove;

Where all the glorious habitants
Are ever in their prime,
And sun, nor moon, nor day, nor night,
Will mark the lapse of time :
Where all is joy and peace,
And still'd each-passion wild :
Beyond our dream,
Though this may seem,
This is not Heaven, my Child !

" Picture a bright, bright land,
Where crystal rivers flow
O'er beds of golden sand,
And pure white lilies grow ;—
Where blooms each glorious tree,
That poets ever sung ;
And peaceful rest,
In every breast,
Calls praises from each tongue :
Where day ne'er pales at night
But one soft melting light,
Undimm'd by time or space,
Will glory shed
O'er every head,
And brighten every face :

" Where care, and want, and grief,
Claim nothing for their own ;—
The weakened frame, the failing breath,
The fight with sin, the sting of death,
Are things unseen, unknown ;
Where all is love and peace,
And never-ending joy :
Bright though this seem,
Beyond our dream,
It is not Heaven, my boy.

" O ! better, brighter far,
Than ever tongue can tell,
The land that shines beyond the gloom,
Which nature casts around the tomb
Of all on earth that dwell.
Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard,
Nor heart a thought can frame
Of things preparèd by the LORD,
For those who love to keep His word,
And fear His glorious Name."

B. S. T. S.

Church News.

TO OUR READERS.

AT this Holy Season of Lent, we would rather turn our eyes and those of others from the outward to the inward work of the Christian. We would urge on all our readers that this is specially the *time to pray*, albeit we need not to lay down the weapons of our Christian fight (we must still contend earnestly for the Faith,) yet there is the duty of contending in prayer, and who shall say how valuable this contention is? Let us for this Lent lay aside, as far as possible, our arguments and discussions, and make the best use of the Holy Season of repentance and contrition. Let us in our extra prayers at Church and at home, remember specially those trials and troubles through which our Church is now passing. Laxity, infidelity, and blasphemy have been abounding both in and around her; and these must be met by a Strength greater and mightier than our own. Each one of us has his share in this matter; each one can and must by a more strict and holy life, a more charitable and devout temper of mind, let men see that at least we are contending for no mere externals, but for the very life and soul of our holy Faith. If we do this we can with the greater security leave the end in His Hands, Who "doeth all things well," even those which seem to us most trying and damaging.

The Christmas tree shed its fruits on the happy juveniles of the Chard National School at the Town Hall, on the Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul. A procession, headed by the little school band, now just forming, (but who played the "Grenadiers' March" with clearness and precision), reached the scene of action by seven precisely. The hall was crowded: indeed it scarcely sufficed to contain more than the children and their teachers. After the carol "Once in royal David's city," the Vicar asked the children what day it was? and on their replying, "the Conversion of S. Paul," took occasion to explain to them the benefits which the whole world had derived from that event, and that, but for this gracious dispensation, we might not have been assembling on this Christian occasion of love and joy, but partaking the dark and cruel ceremonies of heathendom. He then told them to be grateful to the subscribers, benefactors, and

teachers. The last had devoted a proportion of the profits of the tea to increasing the rewards of such Sunday scholars as had attended thirty Sundays and upwards in the year. Those who had attended forty would receive a larger proportion—those who reached fifty, a larger still. The Sunday School rewards in consequence would this year be superior to those of the day school. Attendance was not counted, unless conduct was good. The Vicar spoke of popular objections to education. Doubtless, a bad education was a bad thing—but what objection there could be to an education which based everything on the Gospel, he could not understand. Such an education rendered a man better at every station in life. He would rather have three of his own boys to do any work of which their strength was capable, than any three uneducated men. Some of his boys had engaged every year in the Chard ploughing match, and every one had gained a prize or a commendation: which did not say much against National School education. He would ask his children to inform him musically what they were taught. The boys immediately sang the following stanzas:

“To spiritual pastors, to teachers and masters,
Our girls drop a curtesy, our boys make a bow;
In playing or walking, whatever we’re talking,
No rude or bad language we ever allow:
We’re taught to be holy, pure, courteous, and lowly,
In worship and faith to be all of one mind;
And, for sound Christian knowledge, by school, hall, or college,
The Church-school of Chard shall be ne’er left behind.”

The Vicar hoped they would through life adhere to the lessons they had learned; and he would now call on them to set forth musically the objects of the Christmas Tree. A very pretty song, called “Our Christmas Tree” followed. It was sung by the boys, the school joining in the chorus. Immediately after, the noble tree was lighted, and the fruit fell fast. More than half the rewards, however, could not be sustained by the tree, but were placed on a side table. The proceedings terminated with “God save the Queen.” The Tatworth tree was set up on Tuesday the 31st, in a barn kindly lent for the purpose by Mr. Wm. House, who, with Mrs. House and the family, (three of whom are voluntary teachers) showed the greatest kindness and hospitality to the clergy and neighbours. The decorations of the barn were beautiful, exhibiting appropriate mottoes, surrounded by evergreens; while the whole was lighted by tasteful coronæ, and root lamps, exhibiting Latin crosses, and other ornamental devices. The proceedings were somewhat similar to those at Chard, Tatworth being a hamlet of that parish.

ONWARD! appears the watchword in the parish of S. Mary Whitchurch, Oxon. On the evening of the 30th of January, a Choral entertainment was given by members of the Volunteer Choir of the parish church, under the able Precentor, Mr. E. F. Blyth, whose unremitting efforts have been rewarded with great success.

The spacious rooms were tastefully decorated with a Gothic trellis covered with wreaths, composed of the arbor vitæ and ivy, the capitals of the arcade being formed of brilliant flowers; the upper portion of the walls were left clear for the introduction of legends.

At 6 o'clock the younger members of the choir were regaled with tea and cake, at the conclusion of which they sang "Non nobis, Domine." At 7 the rooms were completely filled and an attentive and delighted audience appeared fully to appreciate the efforts of the choir for their amusement. In the course of the evening a magic lantern was shown. The evening terminated by a substantial supper, in which all participated. Camellias and ferns were most liberally bestowed from the hot-houses of S. Gardiner, Esq., of Coombe. Among the company were the Rev. E. Moore, (Rector), and Mrs. Moore, the Rev. R. Hooper, late of S. Stephen's, Westminster, Captain and Mrs. Fowler, Major Brown, &c.

Reviews and Notices.

Play and Earnest. By Florence Wilford. (Masters.)

The author of this Tale is already most favourably known to us from her former works, "The Master of Churchill Abbots," and "Joy in Duty." The present tale shows an advance in every way that bids fair to attain for this young author a solid and permanent repute.

The story opens with the arrival of a rough good-tempered Irish boy at the house of his staid, quiet, and rather particular aunt and uncle, as an inmate at Vale Moir. He is an only child, his father, an Irish gentleman of the happy, careless school, having lost his estate, has emigrated to a farm in Orania, leaving this son to be educated in England. The character of Brian O'Neill as a bold, careless, yet warm-hearted and affectionate boy, is admirably drawn; his endless tricks and scrapes, his genuine fun and wit. What might have become of such a character in some situations, or even alone with his worthy uncle and aunt, one

rembles to think. But at Vale Moir was a Vicar, whose influence and example, and that of his family, were blessed to the wild and careless Brian, without destroying his fun and merriment; his *play* was gradually transformed into real, *earnest* goodness. The chief hand in this good work was Sibylla, the Vicar's second daughter, a little younger than Brian; she was his playmate and companion, and as she had been well grounded and settled in sound principles, her influence on Brian was a good one. The first half of the book is almost all *play*, except that Brian goes to a public school with Harold, a grand and would-be civilized cousin. When at home he helps the vicarage children, Hal, Philip, and Austin, to play at missionaries and natives with their dolls. But the time for *earnest* soon comes. Austin, the youngest but one and pet of the family, dies soon after the eldest sister Mildred had established an orphanage in the parish. Brian has to give up his long-cherished hope of being a soldier and winning his way to honour and renown, and sees that it is his dear duty to join his father in his farming in Orania. His parting is a sad trial to all. We next see him there riding thirty or forty miles to the Holy Communion on Christmas Day, and returning to help in a rough but hearty Christmas feast given to all their farm-people, trying to infuse some spirit of true Christian feeling into the rough life of the colony, and teaching Bridget, a poor little neglected child, her Catechism.

The Vicar of Vale Moir is soon after appointed the new Bishop of Orania, to Brian's unbounded delight, and with his wife and two children goes to settle in his new diocese.

A description of the Christmas dinner at the Farm Home at Orania will give our readers an idea of the change that came over the wild Irish boy :

"The dinner proved highly successful, Patrick's plum-puddings were acknowledged as a perfect triumph of culinary skill, and due credit was given to Brian, who had foraged for the materials through all the shops, or rather stores of Albert's Town. The 'spectre of the salt' proved quite sufficient to prevent the respectful friendliness of the guests from degenerating into anything like free-and-easy behaviour, but at the same time they were not troubled with any *mauvaise hôte*, and ate, drank, and enjoyed themselves with right good will. Mr. O'Neill warmed into liveliness and became the agreeable, pleasant-mannered host of Brian's early remembrance; Brian himself was in his glory, full of anecdote, wit, and mirth; and Bridget, slightly extinguished at first by his reproof, revived under the influence of the plum-pudding and the general merriment, and was very happy without being too demonstrative.

"Young Macdonald, a tall, powerful-looking man with a very bright sensible face, rose, and in a remarkably well-expressed speech

proposed their master's health, which was responded to warmly by the other men. Brian's health was next drunk, with a cheer as deep and hearty as the 'Skal! skal!' of the Northmen, and his speech in acknowledgment of it was eloquent and loudly applauded. His fervently expressed wish that such of his countrymen as were present might all be worthy of Ireland and make the name of Irishmen honoured in their new country was greeted with a chorus of assent, and a very audible 'It's yourself that'll make it so, I'm thinking,' from Patrick; while when he added, that to effect this their conduct must be sober, manly, and Christian, a few shamefaced looks testified to contrition for the disgraceful revels of the preceding Christmas. Yet he did not preach, for he remembered that he was a boy speaking to men, and had far too much generous and gentlemanly feeling to affect to treat them *de haut en bas*, because he was their superior in rank and cultivation.

"Very boyish he looked as he stood up with a glow in his face, his curly hair tossed aside from his forehead, and the old mingled gleam of fun and earnestness shining out from his frank eyes. But the noble heart, the brave will (purged from self-will,) the spirit undaunted by difficulty were as strong in him as in any man among them all, and there was more than love, there was respect in the feelings of all towards him. The speeches were followed by some songs; one or two of the men had fine voices, and sang with much feeling some patriotic ditties, almost too touching in the ears of the exiles, so far removed from the country of their love, but Macdonald volunteered a Christmas carol, and brought back brighter looks to the assembly by the stirring joyful strain.

"At length some of the elder men began to murmur something to the effect that 'it was getting late, and their wives would be expecting them;' (the wives had been regaled with a tea-feast at their homes,) and Brian glanced anxiously and entreatingly towards his father as if to remind him of some agreement which had been made between them.

"Mr. O'Neill responded to the mute appeal by turning to his guests and saying that he did not think they would wish to break up this Christmas night, without uniting in some testimony of their remembrance of Him Whose coming into the world was the great cause and subject of Christmas joy; and that he should be glad if all those who were willing would remain while he read the Collect for Christmas Day and some of the usual evening prayers. There was a little surprise, not unmingled with satisfaction, and all remained, for though one of the Irishmen was a Romanist, and the Caffres but half-Christianized, some feeling of thankfulness to the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem had touched their hearts, and they could not refuse to join in this attempt to keep holy the day of His birth.

"It was the first united service in which Bridget had ever participated: she had been accustomed, ever since she could remember, to say a prayer by herself occasionally, and for the last few weeks had prayed regularly morning and evening, guided by a little book which Brian had given to her, but never before had she been among the

'two or three met together;' never before heard the 'OUR FATHER,' rise in concert from other lips besides her own. She was more moved than Brian could have thought it possible for such a wild unsensitive little creature to be. She dashed past him when the prayers were ended with great tear-drops rolling down her ruddy cheeks, and with a muttered something about 'putting on her bonnet,' ran away and hid herself till all the men were gone. Then when she heard Brian's voice calling to her, asking if she were ready, and saying he would take her home, she crept forth, looking very shy and bewildered, and striving ineffectually to conceal the traces of her tears.

"But Mr. O'Neill saw how it was with her, and taking her upon his knee, said kindly, 'God bless you, my little girl, you'll not be one of the last to rejoice that Brian has come among us. What have you been about all these years never to have thought of these things before?'"

"Did Brian ask you to say those prayers?" said Bridget, "and may I hear them some other time? I never said my prayers with any one before, there is only me at home to say them ever."

"Poor little thing, you have a lonely lot; but we will do what we can for you," said Mr. O'Neill with tender pity; "now run home, and make haste to sleep, that you may be up in time for our breakfast to-morrow." He kissed her, and set her down, and, taking hold of Brian's hand, she set forth for her walk up the hill. Her home looked dark and cheerless, and the old Hottentot woman, who came to the door to admit her, greeted her with a snappish remark on the lateness of the hour, but Bridget's heart was too full to care for this, and Brian, with a smile at her, remarked, 'Miss Stanway stayed at our request, we wanted her very particularly,' and proceeded to propitiate the old dame by wishing her a happy Christmas.

"Good-night," whispered Bridget, clinging to him, "I did not try so much to be like the CHRIST-Child as I ought, but I will try now, you see if I don't."

"I know you will; good-night, Mavourneen," responded Brian, warmly; and as he turned down the hill he said to himself, 'Poor, simple little soul, it would be a shame not to do what one can for her. How little I ever thought of being of use to any one in this way! I mustn't make a fool of myself now, if it's only because that mite looks to me for an example. Think of myself being an example! It would be laughable if it wasn't sad; but I hope there'll be better teaching for her and all of them ere long, and then I will be slipped back into my right place, which I imagine is not a very exalted locality. Think of my father looking to me as he does; it's very kind and good of him, and yet I wish he wouldn't. I will be getting stuck-up, and then making a regular mess of everything;—at least, if I trust to myself, but I needn't, I oughtn't to do that. CHRIST came into the world to win grace and strength for us, why can't I look to Him? Like the old knights, with their motto,—'Je me fie en Dieu.'

"Brian had need to guard against being 'stuck up,' for his father was inclined to defer to him more than could be quite safe for one so young. Only a few months had passed since he was at Vale Moir

treated as a boy, and full of a boy's tricks, boxing poor Annette, tormenting his aunt, giving occasion to Harold's lofty disdain, and often bringing down on himself a shower of reproofs from such of the 'authorities' as thought themselves entitled to lecture him. Now here he was, trusted and looked up to by everybody; appealed to by his father as one whose high standard of principle was sure to be an un-failing guide in all matters of duty, worshipped by little Bridget as the embodiment of all piety and goodness.

" 'Times are changed since 'Pythagoras's time, when I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember,' thought Brian to himself, with surprise and amusement, 'I wonder if I am changed too; I don't think I would care for mystifying Annette and plaguing Aunt Isabella so much now, but that's because I've got something better to do. I don't think I am much wiser really than I was, I daresay Mr. Merivale would see plenty to find fault with in me just the same as ever, only that dear father of mine has no eyes for anything but my virtues, and looks at them through a magnifying glass of unimaginable power. It's no use telling him what a silly barum-scarum wretch I am, he doesn't believe it a bit; and as for that ridiculous Patrick, I don't think he would be in the smallest degree surprised if I were to be canonised forthwith. Well, if everybody *will* spoil me that's all the more reason why I shouldn't spoil myself; and Brian O'Neill, sir, don't you humbug yourself with any notion that you're the wonderful fine fellow you're called just now; keep a sharp look out on yourself, and pitch into all the faults you can discover. Perhaps I'd better not even think over the praise I get; it's a kind of self-indulgence, and from laughing at it I might come to liking it. I'll think of something else this minute.' "

We recommend the Tale as a thoroughly good high-principled story, in every way calculated to improve and elevate the heart and mind.

Friarswood Post Office (Mozley) is in every way worthy of the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," though it is as widely different from that in material and plot as it is possible to conceive.

A simple widow who kept a little country shop and Post Office, her two sons and daughter, and the account of her work of mercy towards a poor outcast orphan, with a young curate, are the chief materials; and yet this story is of a very high order, displaying the practical side of "true religion" in a plain and simple light that cannot fail to be of great benefit to all who read it.

The Word and the Work (Mozley) is a most capital explanation, in the form of dialogue, between a pastor and one of his flock, of the difficulties suggested by some between the discoveries in the science of geology and the account in Holy Scripture of the Creation.

The Poor Man's Daily Companion, by the Rev. W. H. Tibbs, M.A., is a very good collection of simple Prayers for every possible need and occasion. We do not know a work of the kind in so small a compass.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's *Many Happy Returns of the Day*, is a very pretty present for the young, and is prefaced by a very nice account of the various customs of Birthday keeping in all countries. We could wish the religious element a little more clearly recognised.

The Church Cause and the Church Party (Mozley) is an able article reprinted from "The Christian Remembrancer," and shrewdly and clearly goes through the various advances and drawbacks that have befallen us during the last few years.

The Church in Babylon and other Poems. By A. M. M. (Masters.)

It is not too much to say that the first and chief poem in this book will in many passages remind our older readers of Dr. Milman's "Fall of Jerusalem." The sentiment of poetry is evidently the gift of this writer.

More United Action. An address by the Hon. Colin Lindsay, at Manchester. (Masters.)

Such a stirring call to union among Churchmen is much needed at the present time, and will we trust be well responded to.

Of Tracts we can recommend most highly the new series under the title of *Bible and Prayer Book Expositor*. (Masters.) If these Tracts are circulated and read, we can conceive nothing more likely to clear up both the ignorance and prejudice which exist on the true and sacramental doctrines and principles of the English Church. These two, and especially the first named, are our chief difficulties; high and low, rich and poor, are almost all alike in this respect, they *will not* take the trouble to learn the truth.

Our readers will have heard of the sad trials and troubles of the Church in Scotland. The Bishop of Brechin has been charged with unsound teaching on the Holy Communion. His Defence has just been published, and forms an additional body of evidence on this great and mysterious subject: a subject not to be approached in any but the most solemn manner. With the clear and decided declaration of his Faith in the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction of the atonement on the Cross before them, we cannot conceive that the Synod can do other than dismiss the presentment.

SONGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETRONILLA."

I.

"When the days draw in again."

WHEN the days draw in again,
 And the trees are once more bare,
 Who will watch the feathered pane?
 Who will find a vacant chair?
 Old hopes faded in their prime;
 Fair flowers withered in their spring;
 Heavy-hanging, wearing time
 If no summer songsters sing.
 Lengthening days and autumn fled,
 Rosy eves and golden corn;
 Many numbered with the dead;
 Many poor and noble born.
 Is the future dark or bright?
 Brings it fairer joy or pain?
 Will our evening-time be light
 When the days draw in again?

II.

"O never fear life's tortuous path."

O never fear life's tortuous path,
 If Spring be free and fair;
 If roses bloom in early youth,
 And sunshine falleth there;
 O never fear the future's cloud
 Upon the land or main,
 For if the storms of winter rise,
 The spring returns again.
 The spring returns and winter's storms
 So fierce no longer are;
 The darkest night is seldom known
 Without some radiant star;
 The broadest ocean owns a path
 Towards its sun-gilded strand,
 So may the weakest reach at last
 A bright and better land.

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

*Lunenburg, near Maidstone.*ERRATUM: Page 113, line 21, *for can read could.*

THE
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[APRIL, 1860.]

THE WYNNEs; OR, MANY MEN, MANY MINDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HOUSEHOLD RECORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"AND what does Paul say?" Mrs. Wynne asked her husband, as they all met at the late dinner the next day.

"Oh, he will come home with me to-morrow night, if you will send in the pony-carriage for Isabella and her baggage in the course of the afternoon. I said I thought you, Barbara, would drive in for her."

"Oh yes, papa, willingly."

"We shall feel a little homelike then," pursued Mr. Wynne, looking round the still, to him, empty table, "I wish Paul had not settled so far away from us; indeed, I never could see why they did not take some of our empty rooms here."

Barbara started immediately after Laura and Will's dinner, and reached the Bow Road, just as the Union clock struck three: in five minutes more she was knocking at the door of Paul's little suburban house, and was ushered by the neat Fordham maid into the dining-room.

"You? Surely I am not so unpunctual as all that?" cried Isabella, starting up from a table strewn with old chocolate merino, cut into all manner of shapes, "oh, no, it isn't three yet," looking relieved, "I am so glad you are come," and she kissed her heartily.

"How busy you look!"

"Yes, I was so wanting to get these three little frocks cut out before you came, they are for some poor children in our district, Esther will make them whilst I am away,

you can't think what a capital workwoman she is. Come up with me whilst I dress."

"Yes, if I can't stay and finish what you are about, what is wanting?"

"Only three little pairs of sleeves; the worst is, there's only this old spotted bit of breadth to get it from; do you remember Will spilling the soup down it last winter, and how fierce Paul turned round on him? that was very nearly deciding me not to like Paul at all. But if you will be so good; there are scissors, pins and pattern, and I will be as quick as I can," and away she ran.

Barbara set to work in good earnest, and soon had not only finished the work set her, but neatly tied up each little skirt and its *et ceteras* together, and collected the stray pieces into one tidy roll. Then she looked round on the little room fondly, as she did now on everything belonging to Paul. It looked so happy, bright, and home-like, in spite of the raw London fog beginning to master the late autumn sunshine outside, that there was nothing to shake the conclusion to which she had happily come long ago,—that Paul had not only been wise to marry whom he had, but to marry so young.

"Yes, they are so completely one. I can just fancy how she watches for him of an evening; how he comes in bright and kind as he always did at Ford House, however tired; and how they like the same music, books, and everything. Yes," and she sighed, "Paul was quite right in laying most of the Liverpool faults on Mr. Cradock's marrying too late; he was too old to conform, Hetty too gay to care. Still, they are beginning to be happy in their own way, I believe."

Here Isabella came down, in her autumn cloak and bonnet, looking fresh and happy, and so bright and almost gay, that Barbara glanced down her own rather shabby attire with some discomfort.

"Yes, you may well think that dress very plain and quite done for," for it is," said Isabella gaily, "You know if Paul had been at home you would never have dared to buy such a thing."

"No, I should not," said Barbara honestly, "but I bought it when I was very melancholy," and she smiled,

and I thought no one now cared what I wore. But I don't mean to inflict such a dingy, ugly thing on myself as others again; Elizabeth and I want complete setting this winter, so we shall take advantage of your being here to help us in our choice."

"No, no, I cannot help Elizabeth, she is so happy in her blues and browns; colours I could never let *you* wear on account; besides I always like to see you in what I know you've chosen yourself, all you do is so alike."

"Oh, by the by, Isabella," interrupted Barbara with a light amused smile, "I have never thought again of the hand characters over which we so nearly quarrelled. I must bring them and let us enjoy them now, Hetty will be so much amused."

"Oh no, no," answered Isabella colouring.

"Do! you shall read them first, if you like, and leave any very hard hits. Now, Isabella, you must."

Barbara had seldom been so eager and determined. Isabella yielded, ran up, brought down the sealed envelope, and off they started. They drove home quickly, to get out of reach of London fog and Stratford-on-Avon, and then to reach Ford House. "I am so long to see Hetty," Isabella kept repeating.

"Where is Mrs. Cradock?" was Barbara's first question when they alighted a little before five at the well-known iron gates.

"Upstairs, in the nursery, I think, miss," answered Hannah, as proud of the little Cradock as she had in the past been of every Wynne.

"Are you quite well, Hannah? and how are cook and Maria?" asked Isabella, as she alighted, "I hope cook is quite lost her sore throat," and she followed Barbara who was half-way to the old nursery already.

As she knocked and entered, Hetty was sitting before the fire, little George just fallen to sleep in his cradle, and another still singing over her work.

She held up her finger as Barbara entered with a most motherlike "hush!" Then, seeing Isabella, rose, held out her hand, with her sweetest, brightest smile, and looked her cheek frankly, saying warmly,

"I am so glad we shall know each other at last."

"Yes, so am I," answered Isabella, a little shyly, afraid of waking baby, and a little awed at the tall, graceful, gracious, gentle-toned Englishwoman, whose unaffected beauty of body and manner put all acquired elegance to shame.

Isabella knew, too, all she had suffered, and beside a wife who had known and endured such sorrow felt again a girl.

"I will ring for Giles, and come down to you, as soon as she comes," continued Hetty, turning to Barbara, "unless," turning back to Isabella, "you will like to have one view of your little nephew first."

She bent down, uncovered the rosy cheek, and looked at the little unconscious sleeper, as only a mother can,—fondly, happily, yet anxiously, trying, for the hundredth time in vain, to trace the future of her son in the few undeveloped idiosyncrasies of babyhood. Barbara gazed with something of the same feeling, thinking, with a sigh, "heir to all that wealth."

Hetty thought within herself, "heir to the kingdom of heaven, how can I ever train him?"

And Isabella gazed, hoping such a treasure might one day be her own.

"Well?" asked Barbara, as she and her sister-in-law stood in silence over the warm fire Isabella had found awaiting her in the room known now as Paul and Isabella's, "but, of course, after hearing so much, you must be disappointed?"

"Disappointed? Oh, no, she is only so different, so far above anything I had imagined,—one feels so little, so,—so near earth beside her."

"Dear Hetty," said Barbara, her heart full as it always was now at the very name of the elder sister she had once thought so over-rated, "yes, papa frets after her lost beauty, her gaiety and brightness, and round, happy, buoyant face and figure; but to me she is so far lovelier as she is now, sweet, unselfish, and subdued; yet she was growing her old bright happy self again before little Frank's death, it is that which as I can't help feeling has at last quenched that overflowing happiness of her's for ever; but I believe she cheats herself into thinking she

hides this from every one,—and she certainly does from her husband,—and I hope no one will ever undeceive her.”

“I suppose,” said Isabella gently, “time will at last cure even such a pain as losing a child, and that dear little fellow—”

“Georgie? yes, he is strong enough now, but to have lost three—.”

“I wonder she is alive at all,” interrupted Isabella with a sudden twitching of lips and hands, “if—”

“Now when we meant to be so merry I have been making you sad, and Hetty is perfectly happy in her own way—far above our’s, as you say;—but mamma will be wondering what we can be about, let me help you dress for dinner now, and then you and she can enjoy yourselves whilst we are all upstairs; she will not dress to-day, it is not one of her good days.”

“She is not in pain, I hope?”

“No, it is only the dampness there always must be at this time of the year. She has been wonderfully well on the whole this summer, I do think it must be Gordon’s having been away.”

“Is he happier at school?”

“Yes, and is really quite a nice spruce little fellow, only just at the age to be above caring much for either mother or sister; still it is a pleasure in itself to see him on the high way to be a thorough boy at last. I don’t know but that after Christmas we shall have him home again; quiet as David was we all miss him terribly, and papa cannot bear having only Will about,—the school-room seems so stupid and dull.”

“I shall never forget your taking me to it that first evening, how bright and pleasant it looked, and how delightful it was to hear such a hubbub again,—yes, one does not like to think those days are over for ever.”

“I want to have a revival of them to-morrow; indeed if Mrs. Paul Wynne consent, there is no obstacle in the way. Papa and mamma dine out, and Will and Laura want the elders to dine early, and have a general school-room tea as soon as Paul comes in. He won’t mind dining in town for once.”

“Oh, no! I am so glad you thought of it, he will

enjoy it as much as myself, I am sure. How grandly Laura will do the honours!"

"Yes, it will be her and Will's entertainment,—you can't think how fond those two are growing of each other, and they do one another a world of good."

Barbara sighed a little.

"Now what for you sigh?" asked Isabella, turning round and taking Barbara's hands to ensure an answer.

"Only I hate there being only one brother at home," answered Barbara, warmly, and then smiling at her own vehemence, "papa laughs and says he will have Gordon back at Christmas if mamma will promise that she will not spoil him; but if she undertakes not to do so, I doubt if I could,—unless Laura would take to him, and give me up a little bit of Will."

"You poor brotherless thing!"

"Not quite, because I think next to mamma I have David, and do you know we are half hoping he may be here by Christmas Day; just think how delightful."

And Barbara did not look very unhappy, nor had her unusual flow of information and observation given any proof of her being so in the worst of ways—useless repining—at all.

How familiar Paul's step seemed in the hall that evening. Barbara was springing up to meet and greet him, but Isabella forestalled her. Perhaps great happiness will make even the unselfish selfish, just then Barbara felt so; as if for once the young wife might have let Paul's sister cheat herself into feeling once more the first. Isabella, however, had more sense than Barbara thought. She kissed Mr. Wynne, warmly, whispered to her husband, "Paul, save me a few minutes before dinner," and then ran up stairs herself, whilst Paul turned with his father into the drawing-room.

Upstairs she poked the fire, drew the curtains closer, tried to put Paul's things more conveniently still, and then lighting the candles, took a letter out of her dressing-case, and read it carefully, Paul coming in as she was reading the ill-formed signature of "St. John Kelso."

"From Woolwich?" asked Paul.

"Yes."

"How does he take my letter?"

"Why, better than I expected," answered Isabella, "together, I think he's coming round; at any rate, he is not half so violent, and does not call poor M. St. Croix a single name."

"I daresay his explosion to you last time did him good—all it would never have done to let such terms be used between you. Ah, yes; it will all settle down now—let Colonel St. John be umpire, well that is but fair, saying that M. St. Croix is not quite like a relation to you, and that the Colonel is the boy's guardian." "Paul!"

"What?"

"You know, preach as you do to St. John, you like St. Croix no better—"

"He has behaved so injudiciously," put in Paul, perceiving he was conscious of his guilt, and so avoiding a direct answer at all, "why interfere with a boy of St. John's? he can have no influence, no authority. If the boy is extravagant, let Colonel St. John take him to task, and put him in such an invidious position as poor M. St. Croix; at the same time, I rather admire him for insisting that St. John *shall* write him an apology for his violent letter,—there the boy put himself entirely in the wrong."

"He'll never *get* the apology," said Isabella as if in return she could not help being a little glad that St. Croix was held out.

"Now, Isabella, I see I think better of your own brother than you do. It is the threat of all the Bordeaux pocket allowance being withdrawn that St. John is so indignantly defying; if he had not been threatened, I believe he would have apologised after the first burst of rage was over. As it is, I really think he will before long, in spite of it. Apologise, and perhaps decline further remittances, though that would be a terrible penalty to pay for indulging pride."

"To treat a boy of sixteen like a school-boy," said Isabella, her eyes flashing.

"To make everybody so uncomfortable, and put us all on such touchy ground," said Paul, "I complain more of

that ; ten to one but that some day we shall be accused of encouraging, if not inciting him ; could not you ask your mother to advise M. St.-Croix henceforth to leave her son alone ? if he will undertake to do that, I will undertake to extort an apology for this one piece of impertinent indignation. St. John is at the bottom a right feeling boy, and would not persist in a refusal which must pain your mother so much. I tell you what, we'll go over to Woolwich and see him."

"Oh, thank you, Paul, but how will you make time?"

"Oh, we must make it somehow ; of course it would be much easier and pleasanter to us and him, to have him at Mile End on Sunday ; but I do think M. St. Croix might take umbrage at that with good reason. But mind, if there's another piece of this work, I can't and won't move a finger in it. M. St. Croix, Colonel St. John, and St. John himself must fight it out between them. I won't run the chance of your getting involved in the boy's quarrels.—Why it only wants five minutes to six!"

Paul entered with full zest into the proposed school-room tea, so the plan was quite settled, and Mrs. Wynne privately gave Will and Laura *carte blanche* as regarded provisions for the entertainment of their morrow's guests.

A most marvellous medley of good things was the result,—sausages, muffins, cake, apricot jam, &c., for use, and two very tastefully arranged vases of autumn flowers for beauty. Everyone at entering uttered heartfelt exclamations of admiration, and then did full justice to the good cheer before them.

At last even goodnatured Isabella, and scarcely less so Barbara, would and could no longer respond to Will's pressing invitations to take something more ; and Laura at length had rest from her duties as tea-maker, duties which heavy as they had been, she had executed with great grace and graciousness.

"She is a little like Hetty," Paul whispered to Barbara, as the tea-party broke up.

But to this Barbara could not assent.

"Now let's put out the candles, and be jolly," said Will, placing deserted chair after chair with light-hearted

apidity before the fire; "Isabella, tell us something amusing, some good horrible story."

"Yes, a ghost story," added Laura.

"No, no, Isabella, read us our own characters, this is the very time, firelight to hide our blushes, and all in goodhumour enough to bear the hardest hits," said Barbara.

"What characters?" asked Will.

Barbara explained.

"What did you?" Paul whispered to his little wife, who without any fuss or publicity had managed to get next him.

"Yes, it was my mania just then, I had had nothing else to do at Hampton, and to come into such a splendidly large field was irresistible; but indeed I wrote, I feel sure, so much nonsense and made such bad guesses, I shall be ashamed to read it."

"Oh, but you must," interrupted Will, "I do wonder what you said of Paul."

"Oh, I think Isabella must be allowed to leave that out," put in Barbara, eagerly.

"Why?" asked Paul himself, "no, if you are all prepared to stand fire I will.—But I warn you, mild as she seems, this little woman can be very severe when she chooses."

"If she is very hard on us, we'll fight it out over a game at bagatelle afterwards," put in Will, impatiently; now, then, Isabella, be quick."

Up Isabella started, "You know I am quite ashamed—but as I am going to read it, it is no good making a fuss first," and away she went.

In a little more than a minute she was back again.

"Now, Paul, you must read it," and she put the sealed envelope into her husband's hands.

"I? I shan't be able to make anything of this little cramped frenchified hand; no, you wrote, and you must interpret. And now, pray sit down and be still, but remember a forfeit of a halfpenny for every mistake, to go towards the formation of a second feast like the present."

Isabella perched herself on a footstool which she had placed at Paul's feet,—she was still a little too girlish, in

some things, staid Barbara thought,—and with very genuine blushes and misgivings, opened the envelope.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wynne I pass over without asking leave," she began, "so—why, Paul comes first—" and she looked down a little anxiously.

"You mustn't miss a word," put in Will at once.

"All or none, I say too," said Paul; "I am quite prepared for something very severe and impertinent, knowing you as I do now."

"I am only afraid it's too flattering to be good for you to hear," retorted Isabella, "except just the end,—'firm, good-tempered,'—oh dear, what nonsense it all is; I can't let you know how silly I was when I first came here."

"I am very sorry, my love, that greater knowledge of the world and the Wynnes makes you find me weak and cross instead. There, give it me, I know the idea of deducing characters in this way is mere nonsense, so I fear however complimentary you were, I shall not be able to get up a blush. Now, ladies and gentlemen, attention.

"'Paul Boughton Wynne, aged one and twenty, firm, good-tempered, no doubt about his own opinion,' (what a gentle way of naming conceit,) 'honest and truthful.'

"Now, Isabella, I put it to you," he broke off, "can you pretend to say you were only thinking of my hands when you wrote that?"

"Very nearly,—not quite, because I remember so liking the way you behaved to Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, that though I was nearly putting down something a little disagreeable I could not."

Paul laughed, "That is no answer,—but women can't reason, so I'll go on.

"'Barbara —— Wynne,' (look how careful she is, leaving blanks for second names that never existed,) 'downright, quite as truthful as Paul, but not ——' Barbara, are you prepared?"

"Quite."

"Let me see," cried Isabella, putting up her hand for the paper.

"No, no; 'but much blunter, and not so——' what's all

scratching out? 'not so pleasant, nor nearly so even-tempered, more rigidity about her altogether.' Why, what a long word for such a little woman to use? Now please define what you mean by 'rigidity?'"

"Paul, don't tease, but go on; I am sure that is all."

"Why?"

"Because I knew dear Barbara a great deal better than I after the very first minute."

"There, that's just what I say," interrupted Paul emphantly; "these are just so many deductions from a few traits of our characters that you had then seen, nothing more. But now then, Hargrave—why here's a blank for his age as well as his second name; what, didn't you know then it was Kelso? Howsomedever, Hargrave blank Wynne, aged blank, clever, conceited, concise and charitable," added Paul.

"And true," added Laura, tossing her curls.

Hargrave, who now admired nothing but gentle, refined, yet young ladies, had during the last vacation tried to tame down his youngest sister's ready spirits and, a process to which she would by no means submit, thus many pert speeches on her side, and angry and contemptuous ones on his had been the consequence.

"Now Elizabeth—all scratched out and *pourquoi?*" Paul guessing, went on, "'William——Wynne, as down-as Barbara, but much pleasanter in general society.' Isabella, your next copy shall be, 'Comparisons are odious.' 'Quite a boy,' of course he was, not being thirteen, you should have said, still an infant in the eyes of the law."

"Paul, you know I didn't mean that."

"Here comes a grand *finale*.—'Has the elements of a noble character within him,' *elements*—see how careful she is not to commit herself. Now David.—Why, Isabella, you were blind—'no character at all.'"

"Why, he's the deepest character of us all," cried Barbara, indignantly.

"But never having spoken before her,—I dare say you cannot hear him speak till you had been here nearly a

week,—you see she had nothing to help her out, poor little thing.”

“I don’t want any pity, of course I make mistakes sometimes as well as other people. Now Laura and Gordon?”

“Why there’s nothing about them—for the same reason, I suppose.”

“Because I scarcely knew whether they had hands or not, I suppose; well, there it’s all very stupid, and may be burned,” and before Paul well knew what his little wife was about, the sheet of paper was being consumed in the flames.

“Don’t say ‘all very stupid,’ or we shall think you want to deprive us of the few scanty compliments that you did dole out to us. To think, Hetty, she never discovered that which any one with the slightest penetration would have discovered in a moment—what a talented, delightful family we were.”

“I knew there was a chance of Barbara seeing it some day—that cramped me both ways—I was so afraid of *her* talents then. She made me burn what I had written for myself, and then made me write this.”

“Ill-treated you dreadfully from the very beginning then,—just like her.”

“I wonder what you would have said of Frank’s and Hetty’s?” said Laura.

“This,” said Hetty, smiling and holding up her long slender hand, “that it had never done a useful thing in its life.”

“That it is a great deal too bad of it to keep so white and thin,” answered Barbara, instinctively taking it in hers caressingly; “but now for the bagatelle, why it is actually nearly eight.”

CHAPTER XXII. CONCLUSION.

THE Christmas of the following year had come round; another year full to all of shade and sunshine, ups and downs, pleasures and pains gone by. Christmas Eve found a large party at Ford House, actually Hetty and

husband and babies from Liverpool, even Frank from
 erriton, because this would be Will's last Christmas in
 land; for this once the old home party was fully
 nplete, for David himself, whom last Christmas had
 and at Hong Kong, was this in England. When
 ould the two brothers ever spend another Christmas
 ither, would they ever do so again on earth? How
 en this thought crossed the mother's heart that even-
 , how often Barbara's, how often the two brothers'
 mselves! yet never was it spoken, all hoped that no
 else had thought of it. Why mar present pleasures
 h mere forebodings and useless anticipations?

And so this "skeleton in the house" was hushed by
 d laid to rest, and all did their best to seize the present
 d make the last Christmas a happy one. Indeed, but
 the coming Spring-parting, no one had need to be
 . There was Hetty quietly bright and perfectly
 py with her little bonnie George, and almost more
 oming baby daughter; Mr. Cradock as proud of his
 and heir as could be, the desire that his increased
 duty and intelligence should be fully known and ap-
 iated at Ford House having gone far to reconcile him
 so long a journey in the depth of winter. Frank,
 py because he was doing his duty; Paul and Isabella,
 py from the same reason, and another too,—that a
 le Miss Isabella Barbara Wynne was sleeping peace-
 y above all the music and merriment below; Mr.
 ynne himself almost too happy in the little grand-
 dren sent to bless increasing years, to feel that there
 s any skeleton in the house at all, to remember another
 ting must follow this large gathering.

The changes of a year and a quarter are not very per-
 tible, and yet Hetty's face has gained in happiness
 d depth, though perhaps Barbara is not wrong in feeling
 at her ever-springing buoyancy has lost its first bloom
 ever; Mr. Cradock is more unbending, even a little
 s reserved, and far happier, for slowly but surely the
 sponsibilities and the duties of a father are opening be-
 e him, and never through life when he has seen a path
 arly has he shrunk from it, though as yet the truth
 at if he would have his son dutiful, unselfish, and good,

he himself must be so to a Heavenly FATHER,—is but dawning upon him.

Paul looks older; Isabella more matronly; Hargrave is really a very fine young man, somewhat idle and inclined to be extravagant; Elizabeth quiet and happy, thinking more of others than she did; Will, much the same at sixteen as fourteen, it is true just now a little graver, and always a little more polished, but honest-minded, good-hearted, right-principled as ever in all he says and does. And David? Even beating about the world for a year and a half has scarcely succeeded in expanding him. He walks as upright and staid as ever, to his mother and Barbara alone his steady footstep seems the lighter for his absence: he talks a little more, but tells stirring adventures and amusing stories in so matter-of-fact a way that they appear the most every-day occurrences and jokes in the world.

On Christmas morning, when Mrs. Wynne was putting on her bonnet for the service, he knocked at her door and came in.

"Mother, I know I am not confirmed, but as I wish to be, I was wanting, if you do not mind, to stay to the Communion to-day."

"I am so glad!" said his mother, simply pressing his hand.

"Will,—you all—," David stopped short, for there was a rising in his throat that nearly choked him, and made him long to fling his arms round his mother's neck and sob like a child.

No more passed about it; that David was as prepared to receive the Sacrament of his Lord's Body and Blood as any mortal can be, his mother had no doubt.

And so Mr. Cradock, Hargrave, St. John, and Gordon, left the church together, and the others all remained.

"David?" whispered Mr. Wynne interrogatively to his wife; David at the further end of the seat was kneeling intent on his book, as though there was no incessant passing by to distract him.

"He wishes to stay, he has had no opportunity of being confirmed," answered Mrs. Wynne softly, her heart full, pointing to the words permitting the reception of the Holy Sacrament in such cases.

It was a trying service ; poor Will could only bear up till he and David on either side of their mother, had received the sacred elements, and once more by her side in the seat, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed those noiseless bitter sobs all know ; whilst David's trembling hand and flushed cheek showed the effort to control the same outburst was one almost greater than even he could make.

After afternoon Service, as dusk came on, the large downstairs party broke up, nominally to prepare for dinner, in reality to sit by their own firesides and be merry or sad at pleasure. Mrs. Wynne and her two boys, as Will and David just now seemed specially, to her own room ; even Hargrave alluring Gordon into the school-room as he was preparing to follow them up stairs.

Then came the tears repressed throughout the day ; David clinging to his mother and brother, and sobbing as if his heart would break, poor Will little better, till suddenly a bright thought struck him.

"David, I know : when you settle down it mustn't be in Australia but America, and then we shan't be so very far apart after all, and will make our first holiday home together."

Meanwhile, Mr. Cradock, Hetty, and their little children were very happy next door, little Mary sleeping on her mother's lap ; Georgie shouting and screaming with delight at walking time after time, (carefully guarded, but of this most happily unconscious,) up his father's knees, Hetty looking on with a face full of happiness and a heart almost perfectly light again. That little "almost,"—yet who in this world is without it ? and if Hetty had for the moment felt lonely as her husband left her side that morning before the greater Service was complete, does she not feel in a thousand ways that their little unconscious son is leading his father into a path his feet have never trod before, and so from which he has at least never fallen.

Isabella and Paul had asked Barbara to join them, and long they sat before the fire in silence, nominally not to wake baby—Barbara's and Mrs. Wynne's joint god-child,—but in reality as much to think. Suddenly Barbara said softly, "Paul, I wonder if you feel as I do, that this

is a great fresh starting-point in all our lives,—one phase over, another beginning."

"How?"

"That we have all been growing old without knowing it,—but this makes it clear, there are no more children left—not even the youngest of the ten. Laura is almost a woman, Gordon scarcely a boy, not like you or Will were,—that we must settle down henceforth into staid respectable people—in fact 'the good old times' are over for ever."

"To be revived ten years hence then in a mingled racket of Cradocks and Wynnes," said Paul brightly, "you know what a slave you will be then to the rising generation, spoiling them as their papas and mammas will never venture to do."

"I do think little Georgie is not half so much spoilt," put in Barbara quickly, "really, when I was at Liverpool last spring I thought nothing would save him. Hetty tried as hard as she could, but when Mr. Cradock was by he was never to be thwarted. I could not think how Hetty could bear it, till one evening, after he had roared ten minutes for her watch in vain, and brought his papa with 'pray Hetty, give it him at once, the child will have a fit,' from the library—when we went up to see him asleep, she said, as if forgetting I was there, 'Ah, baby, I must manage to teach you that though you must obey me, I and you must obey papa alike.' I could never have thought so, but—Hetty is perfect if ever woman was!"

It struck the quarter. "So late!" she cried, springing up, "mamma will wonder what has become of me," and Barbara, as was now her frequent custom, went to her mother's room for a quiet ten minutes before the bell rang. To-night she knocked before entering.

But Mrs. Wynne had just sent away the boys, and said, "come in" at once.

"I thought the boys might be still with you," said Barbara, sitting down by her mother's side in silence, then, with something of her old abruptness, "Mamma, did David tell you that he meant to stay?"

"Yes, this morning, just before we started."

"Mother," burst from Barbara at last, as if she could not help it, "do you remember that expression in Dr.

Arnold's life? the joy of a whole family meeting together in heaven,—it made me so miserable at the time, it seemed so impossible,—oneself—Hetty—Hargrave, but now, mamma, I do think that blessing may be ours, and—we shall owe it all to you."

"My dear child!"

"Yes, I mean it: once when I was full of doubts, miseries, and troubles, I did so long that you would help me by talking as mothers do in books, but now I am so glad you only *did*. It must be that which makes all the men grow up such good men, they do not know what hypocrisy mean; you have preached to us by example instead."

"I have tried; but Barbara, you don't know how I feel now I have failed in gentleness, with you especially, dear child,—but God has indeed blessed me in my children. His keeping I can trust Will and David to the ends of the earth, standing on the very threshold of life's latest snares and trials as they are,—for He has made one aim of both their hearts neither pleasure nor profit, but simply to do their duty in that state to which He has pleased Him to call them."

A. C. D.

OUR CORNISH EXCURSION.

CHAPTER IV.

"Will you walk into my parlour?
Said the spider to the fly;
And the poor unconscious victims
Went in to take a spy.
He got them o'er the threshold,
Into his dismal den;
They took a peep—just looked about,
And then—walked out again!
No, thank you, Mr. Spider,
Your parlour doesn't do,
The look of it we do not like,
Nor yet the look of you."

And now behold us on the quest for a shelter.
An old woman, to whom we had spoken at the church
Door, and who had preceded us up the village, had evi-

dently announced our advent to her neighbours, for we were at once accosted by a man who stood with an "I'm-monarch-of-all-I-survey" air, on the doorstep of the most respectable house there, next to the vicarage; a low-browed, sheltered, cosy little spot, with a trim, pretty garden, rich in beds of brilliant scarlet geraniums, looking quite meek, modest, and retiring, compared with its opposite neighbour; a presuming, barefaced, give-you-the-shivers looking stone house, in that most hideous of all styles (P) of architecture, three narrow windows up, and two narrow windows down, and a narrow door in the middle, neither one thing nor the other, a long way from a neat, well-to-do little cottage, and still further off from a comfortable, snug farmhouse, though it was to the latter class that it belonged.

With a pompous tone and voice we were asked if we required lodgings, to which we humbly replied that we had some idea of the kind. He thought he could receive us, "Would we look at the accommodation offered?" We had not much idea that we should care to stay there, at least not if there was anywhere else to go. The Lizard town was *somewhere* in the neighbourhood, we knew, and could not be very far off, we imagined; and we thought we should rather like to see what might be procurable there: still, there could be no harm in seeing what these lodgings were like. So in we walked, not that we favoured the look of either mine host or his house, they were both far too grand. Scarcely had we got inside the threshold, when we were subjected to a little polite cross-examination. Then out came a penny ink-bottle, a dirty scrap of paper, and a stumpy pen. "Of course we could furnish a reference!" Fancy, "figuez-vous," asking us for such a thing, down in that out-of-the-way part of the world, where not a creature knew us or our names! in that "Wales in a corner," as Whittaker calls it! Had there been the civilisations of railroad and telegraph, we might have satisfied our scrupulous, would-be host, but while he sent up into N——shire to know if we be "honest folk," pray where were we to take up our abode? in the "Lion's Den," for instance? or roost for the night with the cormorants?

The stumpy pen was flourished, and dipped, and redipped into the depths of the penny ink-bottle, and their owner looked hard at a gentleman of our party who had gone in with us, and who happening to be a clergyman, and "looking one" unmistakeably, was, I presume, considered likely to "speak the truth," and be able to vouch for our respectability, though from the way in which we were eyed, it seemed to be considered doubtful.

We all tried to behave ourselves "decently," as the Scotch say, but it was "no easy." But one thing we had settled immediately we had entered the room, and that was that nothing, no, not even the prospect of an abode with the gulls and cormorants, or a residence in the Lion's Den, should induce us to take up our quarters there, so we said we thought they would not quite suit us, we should prefer being nearer the Lizard Head, &c., &c., and tried to beat a retreat, then fearing to lose us, he became more "suave," assured us no other lodgings could be procured, enlarged on the superior accommodation within our reach, &c. And when, to conclude matters, I slyly suggested that we could not furnish a reference, he, fearing we were slipping from his grasp, at once waived that important point. Minnie was dreadfully intimidated at the reiterated assurance that if we did not stay there we should have nowhere to lay our heads, and wanted to close with him, muttering aside to that effect in French, (which seemed further to increase our host's suspicion that a reference was requisite,) but I was dogged, and wouldn't. What! come all that way from N——shire, to "put up" in a double sense, like that! A small square room, smelling as plainly as smells could smell, "window only open once a month," with the usual-sized, country-looking grate, (I don't suppose a particular kind is manufactured for such places, but there is a peculiar style about such articles, a dull, stupid, comfortless air, that the most unpretending three iron bars and six bricks in the cottage never has.)

Well, to continue the description; this cheerless, shivery room had on its floor a nasty, gaudy Kidderminster carpet. Along one side stretched solemnly a slippery, uneasy looking black hair sofa, looking like

some grim instrument of torture, that for aught we knew, would, when we came home weary and worn, and had entrusted ourselves to its embrace, enfold us in its head, and foot, and side, and two stiff rolls of pillows, and crush us to death—gradually narrowing in, like that diabolically-contrived iron room, where the poor victim counted, day after day, one window less! How I used, when a child, to picture that, and try to imagine what I should have felt and thought and done! Cheap crimson moreen window curtains, a square table, and a few hard-looking chairs, completed the *meublage*. Of course the window did not command a glimpse of the sea, how could it, seeing the house turned its back completely on the ocean?

At a safe distance out in the road, we consulted, and agreed that as it possibly might be, as the gentleman to whom we had just bidden adieu maliciously intimated, "going further, and faring worse," that we had better try to get the civil cottager's wife, where we had left our belongings, to let us have a pic-nic tea, either in their cottage, or outside it; we had dined in a fashion, on board, but the hot mid-day sun, to which we had been so long exposed, had given one of our friends an intense headache, so we wanted to see if that truly English infallible receipt, "tea," would relieve it; it was therefore decided that some of the party should go back to Penvoose, and try to arrange this, whilst Mrs. B—— and I walked on to the Lizard town lodging-hunting. The rest of our party, meanwhile, making the most of their time to visit the lighthouse, "Lion's den," and "Bumble," and to hunt for an old woman, who sold polished specimens of serpentine, and whose abode, like our night's shelter, seemed to be an apocryphal "somewhere!"

CHAPTER V.

"Lodging-hunting they went,
And then came back to tea."

ON, in the still, soft evening air, across two or three fields, through which the footpath we had been told

to follow, wound. Over one or more stiles, past an ugly, square, white-washed, glass-windowed, barn-like building, presumed to be "The Meeting;" (it is much more usual to hear the term "meeting" than chapel in that part of Cornwall; "Ar'ee going to mitting?" *Anglicè*, "Are you going to the chapel?" is the salutation of one Methodist, with stiff black bonnet, to another;) and then we suddenly found ourselves in the Lizard-town.

A remarkable vehicle stood before the door, with which species of locomotive we made acquaintance at a future day, to be recorded in due course and place, merely explaining meanwhile that it was a "Cornish van," a marvellous construction peculiar to the county. A thing we personally made acquaintance with, never to be forgotten! To this hour do I retain minute recollections of that day, when I first laboured under the delusion that it would be a comfortable rest to finish the last few miles of our long excursion, when we had walked nearly eighteen miles on that hot summer's day, in the Cornish van, that came lumbering by, as we benightedly imagined, at the very nick of time.

Comfortable! rest! even now as I write, a queer, inexpressible feeling seizes me. A stiff, painful feeling; a feeling of, oh dear me! why of like nothing in the world to that recollection of our "comfortable rest" in the Cornish van. As if we had been taken and shaken, and jolted, and jolted, till our very teeth seemed loosened!

"Well, come! here is a little inn for you, if the worst comes to the worst!" said Mrs. B——; uninviting as it looks, it will be better than the Lion's Den! We inquired right and left for lodgings, but after vainly knocking and asking at several doors, to which we had been "passed on," we were getting rather to fear that the owner of the scarlet moreen curtains was right.

"They did," "They had," "They used to—but they couldn't," "They didn't now," "They'd none to let at present," was the refrain. Everybody very civil, everybody thinking their neighbour might, could, or would do, what they couldn't, wouldn't, didn't do themselves. We were at last almost beginning to think that if they did receive us, "that were in great miserie," that we should have to

present the Lizardonians with a token of our gratitude ; to be handed down through generations yet to come, like the Lady Jane Killigrew's Penryn token.

At last one good woman, (we had almost exclaimed, "Bless her!") felt sure that Mrs. Treworthy would be glad to receive us. We eagerly inquired where this good Baucis lived, and were directed to a little white cottage, at the end of a short lane, standing alone back a pace from the road, in a figment of a garden, surrounded by fields, and low stone hedges. A tiny, one-storied tenement we found it to be, almost a romantic cottage ; *quite* so compared with its neighbours, having a deep projecting stone porch, wreathed with a luxuriant woodbine.

We found Mrs. Treworthy was gone to Helston Market, and that the good-tempered, obliging little dress-maker, who was left in charge and did double duty, by taking care of the house and making Mrs. Treworthy's new best gown, was almost sure that we should be welcome received, only of course could not take it upon herself to do business. I drew my conclusions as to what Mrs. Treworthy was like at once without hesitation ; my data, her house and her new best gown. The former, the very essence of cleanliness, a perfect little picture of neatness and order, but so small that we secretly wondered where the spare rooms could be situate, for the little dress-maker could not even show them to us, as they were locked, and Mrs. Treworthy, good unconscious soul, little dreaming who had made a descent among her Lares and Penates, had the key in her pocket away in among the business and bustle of Helston Market ; so we could but content ourselves with surreptitious peeps in over the snowy mite of a window blind that veiled the lower portion of the tiny window. The gown, a good, useful looking material, evidently bought after the fashion of Mrs. Primrose's wedding one, one that would wear well, and then bear being turned and made up again, and look as well as ever.

However, though knowing nothing of how far Mrs. Treworthy would be inclined to harbour us and our carpet bag, without "a reference," or what exorbitant

stands she might not make for such superior accommodation as we felt sure they were, (though we could see nothing of them,) more particularly if she should hear the news" coming down the village, and find we were solely at her mercy, we made up our minds to take our abode there as determinedly, as we had decided we wouldn't do so at the "give-you-the-shivers house." So telling the girl we would go back to Penvoose and send our carpet bag on as a sort of taking possession, and return ourselves in a short time, when we hoped Mrs.worthy would be returned from marketing, we started to the cove to assure our friends that they need not sail with anxious hearts on our account, or fear to leave us like Ariadne asleep on the shore.

Tea was prepared, and politely kept waiting for us, even Charlie being allowed to commence proceedings when we came. Cruel, famished as he declared he was, was barbarous to keep a fellow who had been up in the Lighthouse and down in the Frying-pan, for to our astonishment we found our enterprising friends had achieved both feats during our absence, without his tea. To which we retorted that he had much to be extremely grateful to us for, but that perhaps he would have preferred not staying for tea, and to have slept that night "by the sad sea waves," without any roof over his head but the black blue vault of heaven, and minus those little arrangements, and necessary accommodations civilization had taught us to consider essential to a good night's rest; at the ill-mannered boy only twisted a horrible grimace, and, as he said, "did justice to the eatables." Minnie, meanwhile, as he elegantly termed it, "chaffing" him by laughing,

"And hard was his lot,
For they tell me that he
Was ever in want,
When he wanted his tea."

THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

"Almighty and everlasting God, Who, of Thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent Thy SON, our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the Cross, that all mankind should follow the example of His great humility; Mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of His patience, and also be made partakers of His resurrection; through the same JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen."

ALMIGHTY God, of endless might,
Abiding in eternal light,
Thou, ever gracious, ever kind,
In tender love to all mankind;

How great, how vast Thy wondrous love,
In sending from Thy throne above,
Thy well-beloved, only SON
Our human nature to put on;

And in our flesh to live and die,
Example of humility,
Upon the woeful cross to bleed,
Divinest work of love; indeed!

Enable us to lift our eyes,
Where Jesus suffering for us dies!
By Him our drowy souls awake,
Through life to death our course to take.

O give us grace, His path to trace;
Where passed His Feet, our own to place;
Thus lowly, patient, followers be,
Of our dear LORD's humility.

Though rough the road, though thorns be rife,
Along this toilsome path of life;
Though faint and weary in the way,
While mists of sin obscure our day.

Still patiently may we pursue,
Though joys within our grasp be few,
This joyful hope, our comfort make
His resurrection to partake;

To reign with our arisen LORD,
In Whom eternal life is stored,
Himself our King, our shield in strife,
Our rest in death, our Life of life.

E. H.

EASTER EVEN.

"Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of Thy blessed Son
 SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, so by continually mortifying our corrupt affec-
 tions we may be buried with Him; and that through the grave and gate of
 death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for His merits, Who died, and
 was buried, and rose again for us, Thy Son JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen."

GRANT to us, LORD, who in baptismal wave,
 Have sought to wash away sin's inbred stain,
 Asking the SPIRIT, through Thy SON, to save
 Baptized into His death, new life to gain:

New life, new power, ourselves to mortify,
 Corrupt affections daily to subdue;
 Till sinful self within us buried lie,
 And we by holy influence live anew.

Thou to the grave hast passed through death's dark gate,
 O LORD of Life! for us that woe hast borne,
 Within the grave let Thy voice bid us wait
 In joyful hope, our resurrection-morn.

O God, for us Thy ever-blessed Son
 Tasted the cup of death; all glorious rose
 From the dark grave. Oh! by the spoils He won
 In Resurrection-trust, bid us repose.

E. H.

THE YOUNG ANGLERS OF VICHY; OR THE RISE OF THE ALLIER.

(Continued from p. 220.)

TERROR for a time kept them silent, they looked into
 each other's white faces, and André put his arm round
 his brother's neck, and the poor little fellow laid his head
 on André's shoulder and burst into tears.

"Nay, don't cry," said André, soothingly, "the tree
 is very large and strong, and far above the water yet,
 and I am sure that my father will come and save us if
 possible."

But the rushing waters roared beneath them, and the
 old tree quivered in the current; so that Baptiste more
 and more frightened clung to his brother and cried

heartily. André held him fast, and began repeating some hymns and prayers, which the good curé had taught him, and the sweet, gentle words of trust in God's ever-loving watchfulness and care comforted the poor boy, who dried his eyes, and said.

"Do you think we shall be drowned, André?"

"God only knows," answered his brother, "but I have great hope that we shall be saved; the waters have not risen higher the last quarter of an hour, and if they do not mount to the branches, I think the tree will stand, but let us say our prayers, and then we shall be ready."

"But André, you know that I was naughty this morning, and did not want to ask father's leave, and yesterday I beat little Pierre Carnet, because he would not play with me, and the curé told us last Sunday that God did not love naughty boys."

"But remember, dear Baptiste, that at the same time he said that if we were sorry for having done wrong and confessed it, then we should be forgiven."

"I am sure that I am sorry," whispered Baptiste, "and if ever we are saved from this flood, I will try and be a better boy."

André kissed his brother, and then they said their simple prayers together to that loving FATHER, Who never faileth them who put their trust in Him. When they had finished, they looked about them, and finding that the river had not risen any higher for some time, they were less frightened. The prospect however was a very desolate one, for as far as they could see the Allier had overflowed its banks, heavy rain was falling, and the air was so thick that they could scarcely distinguish Vichy. The great muddy river, which was rushing noisily beneath them, carried along with it trees torn up by their roots, bits of timber, broken boats, railings and posts, all evidence of its powerful and sudden rise.

But now that Baptiste's fears were for the present allayed, he began to listen to the calls of hunger, which told him that it was a long time since he had breakfasted.

"Do let us have some bread and cheese, André," said he, "how fortunate it was that you saved the basket."

His brother opened the lid and took out the loaf, "I do not think," said he, pausing, "that we must eat it all at once, for fear that we should not get home to-night, and then we should have no supper. I wonder," added he, "whether our fish are washed away."

The boys peeped down; no, there they were hanging to the bough, and moving with the water as if they were swimming up the river.

"Well, if father comes, we shall be able to take our fish home after all," said André, as he proceeded to cut up the bread and cheese, he put half of both into the basket and divided the other half between his brother and himself.

"Not much of a dinner," said the hungry Baptiste, as he received his share, "I wonder what has become of old Laurent, I hope he is safe. Do you really think, André, that we shall have to pass the night here?"

"I fear so," answered his brother, "the river is so boisterous and strong, that I am afraid no boat would reach us in safety, and I only hope father will not try to come."

"Rather a queer bed-room," said Baptiste, looking round on the smooth branches, with their light green foliage; "Suppose we should go to sleep, would there not be danger of our falling from our perches, as we are not used to roosting?"

"I think I can prevent that," said his brother, "for I brought some strong string in my pocket, and we will twist it together to make a sort of rope of it, to tie ourselves to the branches, so that if we feel drowsy we shall not fall, but for my part I do not think I could close my eyes with that noisy river boiling beneath."

"I wish you would climb up higher, André, and see if there is any boat coming for us, I do not think it rains so hard now."

His brother clambered up the tree until he came to an opening in the foliage, which enabled him to see Vichy. The sky was a little clearer, and the town was quite visible, but when he saw the wide-spread and angry river which roared past, filled with broken things which it was bearing off as tokens of its resistless power, the

poor boy felt that there was no hope of their being rescued that night, as no boat could float on that current. He descended to the branch where he had left his brother, and said to him, "There is no chance of our sleeping in our beds to-night."

"O dear!" cried Baptiste, "what shall we do? suppose the river should rise higher and carry our tree off, how dreadful it would be, and in the dark too."

"Yes, it is dreadful to think of," said André gravely, "but we must try and remember that to our good Lord the night is as clear as the day."

Time passed, the night came stealing on, and soon the two boys could only dimly see each other's faces, whilst the noisy river roared fearfully beneath them. Poor Baptiste cried sadly, and André felt that their situation was indeed awful, but he was quite quiet, and tried to comfort his little brother. He plaited his string together, fastened it carefully to the strong bough upon which they were sitting, and then tied it round their waists that if they became drowsy they might not fall from their friendly branch into the angry river. Baptiste soon cried himself to sleep, André kept watch, and found that his fastenings answered perfectly. It was a very fearful night for the poor wakeful boy, he could just see between the leaves the twinkling lights of Vichy, and he wondered what his father and mother were doing, and felt that their thoughts would be with their poor children, and he knew that they would be in great trouble and anxiety, and prayed God to spare them to their poor parents. After many weary hours André also fell into a troubled sleep, which however made him for a time forget his peril and his fears.

When they awoke with the dawn next morning, they were at first bewildered to find themselves in such a novel situation, instead of in their warm beds at home; they immediately examined whether the river had risen since the preceding evening, and were relieved to find that, if anything, it was rather lower, as they could see their fish hanging to the bough more distinctly. The clouds had passed away, the sun rose in great beauty, and his bright beams cheered the boys' hearts, whilst the

birds sang merrily as if there was no such thing as danger in the world.

"I wish," said Baptiste looking up, "that you would lend us your wings, little birds, we would soon fly home to breakfast, and dry our clothes, and have some warm coffee, but as there is no chance of that, do let us finish the bread and cheese, André.

André so firmly expected that they would soon be delivered from their danger that he consented, and in a very short time they emptied the little basket of its contents.

"Do go up the tree again, André, and tell me what there is to be seen," said Baptiste, as soon as the scanty meal was finished.

His brother climbed up to the branch from which he had the best view of Vichy, and the surrounding country.

"Oh, Baptiste!" cried he, "I see a crowd of people standing below the bridges, and there are some men trying to launch a boat; one is father, I know him by his felt hat and red jacket. O dear! the boat is upset, my father, my father! Ah, they have thrown a rope to him! thank God, he is safe on shore again. I will wave a handkerchief to show that we are here; there," continued he, after a pause, "they are answering my signal and waving their handkerchiefs; oh, do come up, Baptiste, and wave yours too, that they may know that we are both safe.

The little fellow climbed up to his brother, and was cheered by the sight of the crowd, which was collected on the banks of the Allier. But the river was more boisterous than it had been on the preceding day, and an eddy which existed between the island and Vichy, and which was generally considered rather dangerous, was now roaring like thunder as the waters were whirled round, and André knew that no boat could reach them until the violence of the flood was a little abated. Still the sight of people in the distance, and the knowledge that their dangerous situation was observed, comforted them for a time; then the day was lovely, and the bright sun made the prospect look less awful than it had done in the twilight, so they climbed about the tree, and

amused themselves with watching the various things which were floating down the river. Sometimes a tree, nearly as large as that on which they had taken refuge passed them, or was whirled round for a time in the eddy. Then amidst posts, timbers, and smaller trees, some poor cattle would come down battling with the relentless waters. About noon, Baptiste shouted to his brother who was on the other side of the tree to join him.

"Look," cried he, "there is actually a whole house coming down the river." There it was—a small cottage made of wooden framing, filled in with bricks, and tiled. It came slowly on, and when it neared the island, the boys saw a poor little dog running backwards and forwards on the roof, whining piteously.

"Oh, André, could we save it?" cried Baptiste.

They watched the progress of the cottage with breathless attention. It came very near to the tree, so near, that, for a few minutes, they were terrified lest it should dash against them, but the strong current carried it onwards. And just as it passed them, André whistled to the dog and held out his arms; the poor little creature gave a desperate spring, and alighted with its fore-paws on a branch near them, André seized hold of it, and the poor animal showed every token of gratitude and pleasure by wagging its tail and licking the hands of its preserver.

This incident served to occupy them for some time, but the hours wore wearily on, they began to be sick with hunger, and yet no boat came to their relief. The sun set, the evening advanced, and the shore was no longer visible. Hungry, cold, aching from the constrained position they were in, the poor boys dreaded the night. The little lights of Vichy, which glimmered in the distance, spoke of happy homes, and comfortable beds, which they could not enjoy, and the Angelus floated mournfully over the waste of waters. Baptiste cried bitterly, he was sure that they should never be saved, that they should die of hunger before the flood went down, he could not sleep, and he was rather cross, and though André did all in his power to cheer him, he could not succeed; but towards daybreak, from sheer exhaustion, the boys had a little sleep.

Saturday morning came, and they awoke to a sense of their peril, and also of their continued safety.

"Hurrah!" cried André as he looked down to the water, "the river has fallen several feet, the bough is above the surface now on which we tied our fish, but they are all gone, Baptiste, washed away, I suppose, and it does not much matter, for they would not have been fresh all this time."

Baptiste cheered up a little as the sun rose, and their four-footed companion seemed in still better spirits than his new masters, for he wagged his tail, and barked as if he knew some help was at hand. The boys climbed up the tree to their branch of observation, and what words can tell their delight when they saw a boat dancing over the rough waves, and making straight for the island? They cried, they embraced each other, they shouted for joy, but their pleasure was mingled with fear, for they saw the boat approaching the eddy, and their hearts beat fast, lest harm should come to their brave father and his companions. They watched with breathless anxiety the approaching succour. A large crowd stood on the shore, and every now and then a thick rope, which was tied to the boat and fastened on shore, flashed up in the sunlight. Nearer and nearer came the gallant men; they took a sweep round to avoid the eddy, but it required all their strength to keep the boat from being drawn into it. A few desperate strokes of the oars saved them from this peril, and the vessel, like a frightened creature, darted under the lime-tree, and Jean Dubois, seizing a branch, steadied it, as he cried, "Come down, my lads, my own dear children, God be blessed you are safe." We may be sure André and Baptiste clambered down the tree with great joy, nor did they forget their poor little companion, but dropped him before them into the boat. "Now, my brave friends," said Jean with the tears in his eyes, as he looked at the two pale weary children, "now we have to get back again, and that will be no easy matter."

Difficult indeed was their task: they had to row against the current which, though much abated, was still rapid and strong, and wise was the forethought of Dubois, who had suggested the rope being tied to the boat,

for directly the people on shore perceived that the boat was returning they began hauling her in, which aided the labours of the sailors, who otherwise would have been unable, with all their efforts, to prevent themselves from being carried down the river. Baptiste and André were more frightened whilst in the boat, than they had been during their imprisonment in the tree, nor was their fear groundless, for their father and his brave companions, three sailors just returned from the Crimea, had come to rescue them at the peril of their lives. The boat was dashed up and down by the fierce waters, as if they were eager to break it to pieces, then it required great care and watchfulness to prevent the pieces of timber and trees with which the river was laden, from striking against the small boat, but they happily escaped these perils, and rapidly neared the land.

A few vigorous strokes of the oars, a desperate hauling in of the rope, and the boat sprang on the sloping shore, whilst a loud shout burst from the hitherto breathless crowd, and Marie Dubois rushed forward, with sobs of joy, to embrace her rescued children. It was a touching sight, and even strong men dashed the tears from their eyes, as bewildered and faint the poor boys were carried away in their parents' arms. The neighbours poured their congratulations upon them, as they passed, and accompanied them to the Rue de Verrier in a sort of triumphal procession, and as they were entering the house an English visitor to the town came forward, and putting his purse into André's hand, said, "I heard of your desire to surprise your mother with a feast, my lad, instead of which the river surprised you, so take my purse, and when you have recovered from your fright and exposure, make a feast for her out of that." After saying this, scarcely waiting for André's thanks, he disappeared in the crowd.

We can only faintly describe the scene which ensued when the neighbours dispersed, and the Dubois entered their house. The parents seemed as if they could not kiss the children enough, and even the little dog came in for a share of their caresses as they all laughed, and cried, and talked together. But at last Baptiste suggested

that he was very hungry and thirsty, and could not wait any longer for the coffee which was boiling on the fire, giving forth a strong and refreshing odour, whereupon his mother immediately busied herself in taking off their wet clothes, and putting the poor starvelings to bed; and when they were snugly ensconced beneath the warm coverlid, she fed them with bread and butter and hot coffee, which, to the hungry boys, seemed more delicious than anything they had ever tasted before. When they were strengthened and refreshed, they told their parents the story of their adventures, of all that they had seen and suffered since Thursday morning, and how they had rescued the little dog, which was now sleeping on the hearth; and when they had finished their account, André asked, with an anxious face, whether old Laurent was safe.

Jean Dubois looked very grave, and shook his head, as he answered, "Alas! my boy, your dear old friend is dead. The flood surprised him as he was fishing down the river, his boat was upset, and he got entangled in the nets and was drowned. His neighbours went to look after him, and they found his body on the bank some miles from Vichy, and they brought it home last night. I never saw a sadder sight than his old woman, weeping over him as if she could not be comforted."

The boys cried when they heard of the fate of their favourite, for they thought of all his kindness to them, his merry speech and pleasant ways; and they grieved that they should see him no more in his little cottage or fishing-boat; and when their father knelt down and blessed God for having spared his children from the dangers of the flood, they joined in his prayer with reverent and thankful hearts. But fatigue soon overpowered every other sensation, and they sank into a sweet deep sleep, whilst their father went to take his wife's place at the Celestins, and the happy mother glided quietly about the room, drying the clothes of the sleepers, and keeping watch over her precious children. So thoroughly exhausted were they, that with the exception of a few minutes in the evening, when they awoke and took some more food, they slept the rest of that day and the whole of the

following night, rising early the next morning, refreshed and bright, to accompany their parents to church. Thanks were offered up for their rescue, and heartily did they join in the prayers for those who had been less fortunate than themselves, and were sufferers from the flood. After the service was over, and they returned home from breakfast, André remembered the purse which had been given him the day before, which, however, he had put on a shelf and forgotten in his hunger and fatigue—he poured the contents on the table, and great was the surprise and pleasure to the family, when they found that there were seven gold napoleons, several five franc pieces, and some smaller coins.

“May we each have one of them?” asked André, taking up one of the napoleons.

“It’s all your’s, my dear boy,” said his father smiling, “yes, you shall each have one for your own use; mind you don’t waste it, and we will put the rest to our winter store, we shall be well off now. André took the gold pieces and put them carefully by in a drawer, saying nothing of what he intended to do with them; but in the evening he called his brother, who was playing with some neighbours’ children, to accompany him, and each taking a coin in his hand, the two boys set off towards a part of the town which was built on the bank of the river.

After many turns, they stopped at the door of a very small cottage in front of which were hanging some fishing-nets, neglected and torn. Having tapped lightly at the door, André lifted the latch, and, followed by his brother, entered the low dark room. For a moment he hesitated to advance when he found that the object of their visit was not alone, as the good curé of the parish was standing on the hearth attempting to comfort a poor old woman who was sitting in a corner of the room, and weeping as if her heart would break, whilst she rocked herself to and fro, and said, “Oh, my dear old master, my good old Laurent.” When she heard the door closed, she raised her head and looked at the boys, who, bowing respectfully to the priest, went up to the mourner and threw their arms round her neck and mingled their tears with her’s.

"Ah! my children," said she, "I know you loved my man, and we shall never see him again."

"No," said André, "we are so sorry, we would give all we possess to have saved his life; but, as that cannot be, we have brought you some money which has been given us, to buy you food and mourning; and so saying they both slipped their gold coins into her hand. She burst into a passionate fit of crying, and embraced them, and thanked them for their kindness and thoughtfulness; and as they turned to leave the cottage, the curé, who had been a silent witness of the scene, followed them, and, putting his hands upon them, he said, "God bless and keep you, my children, because in the time of your wealth and safety, you have not forgotten the poor widow in her affliction."

ECHOES FROM THE TEUTON FORESTS.

RENDERED BY THE REV. ARCHER GURNEY.

NO. VII.—GOETHE.

AND now we turn to Goethe's self, who surely ought not to be omitted from such a list as ours: that would be the summer's flowers without the rose, for Goethe is a singer and a rare one, though perhaps not quite so mighty nor wonderful a poet as the enthusiasm of his country and the raptures of a Carlyle have proclaimed him. Yet Goethe has the greatness of reality, the brightness of the daily sunshine, genuine ease and power. His imagination is not perhaps extraordinarily vivid, not lightning-like as Byron's, nor his fancy exceedingly wild; he has not the gorgeous arabesque of Southey's *Thalaba* or *Kehama*, or of Keats and Shelley; he is sometimes even tame and tame, bald and prosaic, bordering even (*horribile dictu!*) on the silly; at others he is morally objectionable. Yet his art is finished; his grace is unquestionable, his pathos both sweet and delicate, as in "*Herrmann and Dorothea*," and his lyrics are charmingly musical and happy

though somewhat lacking in earnestness and passion, like summer waves at play, or song-birds glancing to and fro. He seems to warble without any effort, but rarely elevates or inspires. The affections are fairly represented; but the moral element predominant in Schiller's poetry, is almost wholly lacking. He has in fine a Pagan soul, or at least he has made himself one. His poetry has more natural impulse than that of his great friend and contemporary, who makes up for any shortcoming in imaginative fervour by moral purpose and mental elevation.

At times indeed, though chiefly in his dramas or his tales, Goethe emits a really impassioned and heartstirring utterance. His lyrics, at least the best of them, are genial of the genial, light vessels floating on a summer's sea towards the golden harbour of the sunset, bearing a freight of happy mirth and melody. What more graceful than "The Minstrel," or "The Violet," bolder than "The Erl-king," more passionate and buoyant than certain scenes of "Faust?" Yet, as a whole, his poetry leaves on your mind a sense of want. You cannot but suspect that the writer lacked a conscience. Yet Goethe was very kind, very benevolent, very gentle usually, everything but enthusiastic or self-denying. He had not much faith in or care for any possible progress of humanity. He had little regret for the pains of those whom he had sacrificed to his own intellectual development or sensuous wellbeing. He had no heart for the liberty of his countrymen; no sympathy with Germany's noblest inspirations. He spoke of Christianity not as a false, but as an *uncomfortable* system, the necessity for repentance being to him the one fatal and ungetoverable stumbling-block.

With all this, Goethe was in many respects great, in some even good; his personality was singularly pleasing and imposing; his heart was naturally kind; his egotism, though colossal, and the more grievous because based on reason and on calm deliberate choice, was passively or even actively benevolent. Almost all loved him who knew him intimately. He had the faculty of attaching others marvellously to himself. He was the mildest and most amiable of despots.

Mr. Lewes, in that very clever biography of his, which touches so pleasantly on almost all the topics connected with the poet's memory, and but betrays the one unfortunate drawback of unacquaintance with the German tongue—(it is a melancholy fact that almost every one of the passages Mr. Lewes has attempted to translate has been misunderstood by him, the grammatical construction and meaning of the words missed alike)—but Mr. Lewes in this clever headlong stirring dashing book, or raid of his, which has earned praises for the very qualities it possesses—accuracy, correctness and a knowledge of German literature—fights a hard fight for the great poet of Weimar on every point, defends his indifferentism and impassibility, and in fact sets him up upon a pedestal as a kind of earthly god, to be worshipped by all meaner mortals.

Such hero-worship seems nearly as reprehensible as the "nil admirari" Emersonian slang which encourages all men, women and children, to regard themselves as Goethes "*in posse*" at the least. However, we are dealing here with Goethe as a minstrel rather than a man, and again as a singer rather than a dramatist. So the consideration of his career and more pretentious works need not long detain us. Take him for all in all, he is unquestionably a very powerful exponent of the Teuton mind, many-sided, as he proclaimed our Shakspeare, nay, almost all-sided. With a genuine conviction in morals, politics, or religion, Goethe might doubtless have achieved a nobler life, and greater because healthier works. And this genuine conviction would scarcely have been lacking to him, we must add, had he not been so consistent, so unwavering a votary of self. His very goodness, which was real of its kind, seems to have been an act of pleasurable self-indulgence. But despite all sins and all shortcomings, he has given us a "*Herrmann and Dorothea*," the noblest and most perfect of Idylls, he has given us a "*Faust*," a grand if unequal production, high-sounding and empty enough perhaps, in much of its philosophy, but exquisite in its delineation of human love and human sorrow, the chaste and classical *Iphigenia at Tauris*, that icicle of loveliness, the no less admirable *Tasso*, the perfect fragment of *Elpenor*, *Götz*, *Werter*, and

many another bold creation. But so frequently and in many cases so successfully has he been translated, that it is difficult to supply anything of his that shall be novel to the reader. We have one epilogue, a noble production on an English theme, of which we will supply a rendering presently. Meanwhile, let us cite for a pensive forest-echo Longfellow's exquisite rendering of this lyric.

"Under the tree-tops is quiet now,
In all the woodlands hearest thou
Not a sound.
The little birds are asleep in the trees,
Wait, wait, and soon like these
Sleepest thou."

The translation of Goethe's lyrics which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine some years ago, and which I believe to have been the joint product of Mr. Martin and Professor Aytoun, appeared to me singularly happy, and in many cases beautiful. I remember being particularly struck by a very fine version of the weird and Antichristian "Bride of Corinth," almost if not quite equal to its grand original. So charming, so successful were many of these renderings, that I feel unwilling to enter the lists with such competitors; yet as some sample of these Goethian strains should scarcely be lacking from "Echoes from the German forests," I will add my version of the graceful "Violet."

A violet on the meadow lay,
And dreamt its youthful hours away;
It was a heartsome blossom:
Athwart the lea a shepherd maid
In lightsome mirth so blithely strayed;
Across, across
The lea she tripped and sang.
Ah, thought the violet, would I were
The fairest flower of nature fair,
To deck her maiden bosom!
That she might pluck me from my rest,
And I might lie upon her breast:
O there, yes, there,
I'd fade without a pang.

The maiden came; but, tale of woe!
She marked not there that violet low,

But crushed its gentle blossom ;
It sank and breathed without a sigh,
And if I die, at least I die
Through her, by her,
Beneath her feet I die.

Innocent enough, but not very sensible, you will say, or elevated in tone. The problem is to find such samples of the poet's stores as may improve and please alike; and, as has already been suggested, Goethe rarely possesses moral elevation. We will cite from Faust however, two characteristic specimens of a more earnest vein, and then pass to our last and longest quotation. The first shall be an impassioned utterance of Faust himself on a golden sunset hour. He speaks to his friend and fellow-professor Wagner.

But waste we not this glorious twilight hour
In purposeless wailings ! Mark yon low cot's smile
Where day's departing beams have lingered for awhile,
Soon evening's shades must lower ;
The day hath lived, but flies a longer life to claim
Beyond the mountains ; and a kindred flame
Within me wakes. Ah, could I following sear,
For ever and for evermore !
For ever see in blithesome evening's rays
The silent world beneath me lying,
The valleys green and dark, the mountain-tops a-blaze,
The rivers to the ocean hieing.
No boundary stems my course ; the world of billows
Bursts on my raptured ken, the dark grey main ;
Yonder the amorous sun his night-couch pillows,
But I pursue, his giddiest speed is vain,
Before me day, behind me night, eternal joy I gain.

A bold conception this, not unfamiliar haply to many of our fancies.

Now for a more practical sample. Faust again addresses Wagner,

The orator must be another Caesar,
By inspiration on to victory hurled !—
What you can't feel will scarce be gained by teaching ;
The genuine preacher learns to preach in preaching.
Bring all the wisdom of the schools together,
Cook your ragout, take half an age of time,

And what's the grand result? Just leather,
 Though fools enough will laud it for sublime.
 But never hearts of men your voice shall move
 Save your heart first be fired by love.

The following lines were composed as the epilogue to a forgotten tragedy called "Essex," and were written to be declaimed by a celebrated actress. Queen Elizabeth is supposed to be speaking to the Countess of Salisbury, and other accessories to the death of Essex. It will be felt, I should hope, to be an awful and in its general effect a salutary picture of the dotage of disappointed passion and ambition, left without its God. It is also remarkable as an historical study, doing justice to certain of the nobler qualities of our great virgin-queen.

EPILIQUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF ESSEX, SPOKEN BY QUEEN
 ELIZABETH.

And Essex died? Unhappy one, no more!
 Through thee the axe was poised, and streamed the gore.
 Deep cunning, guilt—too late their haunts I know;
 In ye I trusted, though ye struck the blow:
 Like one who warms a snake within his breast,
 And deems it will not sting, but fondly rest.
 No sound, no breath, offend this much-wronged heart!
 Essex is gone—and ye have played your part.
 Arm thee, my soul; dread thou nor fears nor pains!
 Leave me, all leave me. England's Queen remains.

(*All retire. She advances.*)

Let her remain, on this bleak day of woe
 One hasty glance o'er all her past to throw;
 For it befits her, graced by crowns so bright,
 Her fortune's arbitress, the world's delight,
 Ever herself clearly all things to see,
 When others cower beneath adversity.

He, who in royal breast high courage feels,
 Loiters not idly; guiding fortune's wheels,
 He scales the hollow steps before the throne,
 The danger knows, yet mounts to hail his own.
 The burden of the vast and golden crown—
 He weighs it not, but boldly sets it down.
 Upon the brow that bears it with calm pride
 As round it roses smiled, and zephyrs sighed.
 Thus too didst thou:—whatever far might be
 Thou taught'st by watchful care to cling to thee;

And when aught evil met thy path below:
 'Twas thine to see, to check, and overthrow:
 Thy father's rage, thy mother's luckless fate;
 Thine elder sister's all-malignant hate,
 These didst thou leave behind thee in thy course;
 Whilst thou still self-renewed by inborn force
 Within thy dungeon lay'st, and gainedst time
 To form thy spirit for its after-prime:
 A happy day appeared, it hailed thee Queen:
 And lo, all seemed as thus it aye had been—
 "Long live the Queen." Well, there thou stood'st alone;
 And standest still,—though foes thronged round thy throne,
 And now by armies, now the assassin's knife,
 Assailed thy country first, and then thy life.
 The Pope's most sacred hate, the Spaniard's rage;
 So many wooers' angry zeal, the age.
 Studious of change, the nobles' haughty mien,
 Full many traitors, at the last, a Queen.
 Then *this one* too!—my heart conceals that woe.
 What, what of me, should idle mortals know?
 Actress, they name me all. So let it be.
 To act on earth is all men's destiny.
 The nations talk—think much—much idly say,—
 What would they, O, what ask they, but a play?
 Must kings alone dissemble life's fresh hue?
 There plays a child, and that dissembles too.

But to thyself, in danger and in joy
 For ever true, though foes and storms annoy—
 Justly reserved,—for ah! what second heart
 In royal woes can bear an equal part?
 The false dissembling world our favour courts,
 To gain our power, our self; it laughs, it sports,
 And wouldst thou raise the loved one to thy place
 Thy realm, and not thy love, would he embrace.
 Such too was *he*! And now, all secrets waive;
 With him, they bore thy being to the grave.
 Each mortal meets on earth, whoe'er he be,
 One last glad day, one last fair destiny.
 This all will grant; yet none would e'er allow
This love the last, which nought can follow now;
 That nevermore an eye by gladness fired
 On ours shall beam, no blood by love inspired.
 Shall leave again the wildly beating heart,
 And fresher colour to the cheeks impart;
 That by the sun that set in eve so bright
 Nought more shall be illumined. Here is night;
 And night it aye will be, in this lone breast.
 Thou gazest round, and seest, devoid of rest,

Long as the Fates thy thread of being-twine,
The heaven-of stars, that darkly, coldly shine,
And seek't around thy brow in vain for eyes
The fairest star which thou hast cast away.
All else seems hapless, weak, and dull, and poor,—
Confess the truth—for Essex lives no more.

Oh, was not he the centre of thy world?
Youth's beauteous banner in the air unfurled?
Were not beside him, halls, woods, gardens fair,
But as the frame around some picture rare?
The beauteous picture was a floating dream:
The carved-work stands, but worthless all, I deem.

How boldly, freely did he step along!
Charming as youth, as manhood firm and strong:
How gladly then his counsels sage I heard,
Before the valorous deed, the prudent word;
His fire first gently smiled, then hotly flamed,
His very anger admiration claimed.

But ah! too long thou hiddest it from thyself!
What boots all this, when, aiming at base self,
Thy favourite, scornning heart-fidelity,
The gift thou would'st bestow would rob from thee,
And when our power, like to a two-edged sword
Must punish, where it fondly would reward!

Punished he is—and I!—The worst I know;
This is the end; and all things else below
Are vain and echoless. The land, the sea,
The church, the court, the realm, the age, for me
All these have passed, all things have ceased to be.

And o'er this all of nothingness, thou, Queen!
Here let at last thy spirit's strength be seen;
Rule on, for destiny demands thine aid;
Rule on, though gladly thou would'st seek the shade.
Decked with the Tyrian purple and the crown,
The world hath viewed thee in thy proud renown.
Thus, all unmoved, step forth 'mid sunshine bright,
Though in thy inmost heart be deepest night.

But when at last, at silence' gloomy hour,
Far from all eyes, all ears, 'tis thine to cower
Alone, within thy chamber's deep recess,
Then ope the flood-gates of thy wild distress!
Thou groan'st while night-winds moan above the sod—
And, if thou canst, weep, weep, and thank thy God!

And ever with thyself, and evermore,
Renew those woes that sap thy being's core!

Once more thou feel'st that world of night thine own :
 He lives no more,—thy life hath also flown—
 So die, Elizabeth, alone, alone !

We do not admit the justice of this portraiture : but its power is assuredly unquestionable. It may seem no sample of the poet's woodnotes wild ; but the voice of passion, ay, and in our judgment, of inspiration also, breathes from this rhymed soliloquy.

We bid farewell to Goethe's everliving memory here, with kindness and in reverence, though duty has commanded us to note the foibles of the man, and the errors of the minstrel. His wondrous universality commands tribute of homage. Had he been a Christian, Germany would have been other than she is, greater and nobler ! As it is, we may still well ask,

“ When shall we look upon his like again ? ”

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(Continued from Vol. XXVI. p. 444.)

27. PROPHECY, WHO IS IT THAT SMOTE THEE ?” S. Luke xiii. 64.

A maiden was wailing and lamenting over the corpse of one whom she had fondly loved. Blood was found on the body, and her grief flowed afresh, and with redoubled force to think his death had been violent ; and when she knew that he had fallen by his own hand, it seemed as if nothing would pacify her. What was it then, when the cause was found to be that he fancied she had slighted him ? Then the truth rose up before her, he was murdered, and herself the murderess.

Why does this invented story move one to pity, while the real history of the SAVIOUR'S sufferings and death we read almost unmoved ? Yet there was He dragged from one to another, beaten, buffeted, spit on, blasphemed, bound, mocked, crowned with thorns, arrayed in scorn, deserted, bleeding, fainting and falling under the cross, at length dying on it. And who smote Him ? It was I.

He was tauntingly bidden to *prophecy*—and why *prophecy* when the smiting was past? I was not then born.

And why did He not *prophecy*? It was in love to me. If He had prophesied, whose name would He have mentioned? One I know He would have named as one of the hardest, cruelest, most ungrateful, and wilful of all who smote Him,—oh yes, He would have named—*me*.

28. IF THE PROPHET HAD BID THEE DO SOME GREAT THING, Wouldest thou not have done it? 2 Kings v. 13.

Have I usually been obedient to God's prophets,—that is, preachers? How many sermons have I listened to only to criticise? how many not listened to from neglect, laziness, prejudice, (or —) ? What preachers have I altogether scorned? and why? because public opinion was against them? or very much in their favour? Have I not often overlooked the authority with which the Prophets of CHRIST'S Church are invested, and forgotten (wilfully) that whether rude in speech or eloquent, they are still CHRIST'S ambassadors to me?

Have I not longed to be told of some great thing that I should do; something that would turn the eyes of others upon me; and been disappointed when they bade me go and perform the "the daily round—the trivial task," and in them seek to serve God unknown and unnoticed except by Him?

Have I ever gone after unauthorised teachers who would flatter the vain desire of distinction? or have I, if not followed schismatical teachers, at least left the humbler instructions of my own parish priest to attend the more stirring, or, as I fancied, edifying instructions of another?

All this is wilfulness.

29. WHERE IS THE FLOCK THAT WAS GIVEN THEE, THY BEAUTIFUL FLOCK? Jer. xiii. 20.

We are not sheep only, but shepherds. I am a shepherd—where is my flock? "Every grown up person in any parish or place is to a certain degree answerable for the right instruction of every child, at least so far as

his, that every one has it in his power to set a good example."

But have I not made myself answerable for some more than others by employing them, standing for them at baptism, amusing myself with them, attracting them to me, getting them into my power, teaching them, relieving them, or in some other way. Where is my flock?

Or are there any whom I might so make my flock, and I have shrunk from the responsibility? That is, has Divine Providence offered me a flock, and I have refused to accept it? Still I am in some degree answerable for it.

There is a flock which is mine, or ought to be mine. Where is it? Whither is it going? On what road is it? On the road to heaven, or the road to hell? Have I not *all* in my power to keep it right?

How dreadful will it be when the chief Shepherd shall appear as Judge, to hear Him ask me, Where is that flock that I gave thee, that beautiful flock that I died to save?

30. WHO IS THIS THAT COMETH UP FROM THE WILDERNESS, LEANING UPON HER BELOVED? Cant. viii. 5.

"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." Do I believe? Do I consider what the Church is? Coming up from the wilderness, gathered out of all nations, and kindred, and tongues, and people. Coming still, perpetually coming, every day being gathered. Coming up, raised above the world, made to sit in heavenly places with CHRIST. And what is the wilderness? a barren and dry land where no water is. Therefore, first she passes through the waters of Baptism. A barren land—now she comes up into one flowing with milk and honey; abundant with the food of immortality, and Blood of JESUS.

She leans too, knowing and feeling her own weakness, that she has no strength in herself, though she has an immense work to perform, purifying and preparing earth for heaven,—still she leans, not indolent, but humble, on her Beloved, JESUS, her Husband, whom she so entirely loves, with Whom she is one.

And I am a child of this Virgin Mother, a part of Church. Do I often reflect on this creed, that I am one by myself, but merely a small atom of that blessed Church? Now what difference does this thought make in me, in my conduct, hopes, worship, almsgiving thoughts, prayers, praises, &c.?

81. WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS? 2 Cor. ii. 16.

Much have I to do. Let me think what it is. I have a great many things to do relating to this work, how I should think about it! Or if what I had to do was very difficult, yet very important, from morning till night I should be thinking about it, and I should try to get help for it from every quarter.

And indeed I have an immense work to do. Though it is mentioned in a few words, it is not to be completed in many years. It is to glorify God, and to fit myself and aid others in fitting themselves for heaven. It will cost much expense, and thought, and care to fit myself for an earthly monarch's court. But for heaven, what can I do? what have I done? How shall I undo anything? How can I undo what I have done wrong?

Impress me, O LORD, with some sense of the greatness of the work, and show me my own weakness and inability to do it of myself. For indeed who is sufficient for these things? Not I, O LORD, not I. Had I never neglected them, never weakened myself by falls from Thee, even then I should have been altogether insufficient. But now what can I do? must I despair? Who is sufficient for my deficiency? One is, and only One,—our sufficient is of CHRIST, He is more than sufficient. Is He mine and am I His?

82. WHO SHALL ASCEND INTO THE HILL OF THE LORD? Psalm xxiv. 8.

An important question for me to consider. Whether it may be that after all I may not be one of those who shall ascend. Let me earnestly and honestly judge myself by the marks here set down.

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,—who I

not set his mind on vanity, nor been deceitful. Purity of outward conduct, and purity of heart. The one will show itself by the other; and there must necessarily also be purity of speech. And this purity will be at all times, even in secret, and when quite alone. At night as well as by day, in my dreams too. An impure dream cannot spring from a pure heart.

Neither must there be any love of vanity, idleness, display; no self-conceit, no priding myself on my purity, or my desire of purity. No lying or deceit, no promising and not performing, no running into debt without a prospect of being able to pay, no putting off paying from day to day when thou hast it by thee; no hypocrisy, no pretence of modesty or any other virtue, no half frowning at sin.

All these are contrary to purity of heart, and that clearness of soul which alone can fit us to ascend the hill of the LORD. Am I then altogether unfit? Have I no hope? In Thee, O LORD, I will put my trust, let me never be put to confusion. Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

33. WHO CAN STAND BEFORE THE CHILDREN OF ANAK? Deut. ix. 2.

Many there are who have obtained a great and fearful name in the world, and they seem to have all things in their own way, all must yield to their pleasure. Some such giants do good, but more do evil; some seem to the multitude and to themselves to be doing good, but are in reality workers of mischief. I see these, and I am tempted to fear before them, and fancy I must follow in their train; they seem to be doing great works, yet I am not satisfied to work with them, because I cannot persuade myself that they are working for God. What must I then do? It is folly to resist them. Who can stand before such children of Anak? David could, though young and unused to warfare, because he stood not in his own might. The Israelites too took possession of their land when led by Joshua, and trusting to the Divine arm. Then was the question answered which had ne

been answered before, Who can stand &c.? But it has
 ever been answered since,—Who? Joshua and the
 whom he leads. Who? Jesus and those whom
 leads. Am I willingly led by Him? Do I wholly re-
 on Him for victory? Then I will in any place, and
 His time stand against the Anakims of the world, &
 they shall fall before, not me, but Him. Perhaps I
 shall fall, yet what then if I am His. His is the victo-
 —I too conquer.

SISTERS IN CHRIST.

"Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning . . . of putting
 of apparel. . . . But let it be the hidden man of the heart . . . even
 ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of
 price."—1 S. Peter iii. 3, 4.

DISCREANING Christians—there is seen
 In simple garb and humble mien,
 The tokens of an inner life,
 In rich or poor, in maid or wife.

Hypocrisy may taint the mind,
 We dare not judge, nor yet be blind;
 But this we know, the outward sign—
 Is beautiful, of life divine.

The pure attire of sober stain—
 The flowing veil and cov'ring plain—
 The willing step that yields a place
 To others with a modest grace;

These may seem trifles, sisters dear,—
 But nothing can be trifling here,
 Which to His glory may redound,
 In life's appointed daily round.

Then cast away each worthless gaud,
 Which foolish fashion doth applaud;
 In charity and faith abound,
 With Christian virtues be ye crown'd.

So if all earthly joys remove,
 In Jesus seek undying love:
 Who meekly bear His cross below,
 His kingdom shall hereafter know.

C. A. M. W.

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

Who shall roll the stone from the door of the sepulchre ?
 Thus spoke the women in their anxious quest ;
 Quickened by love, they came in love to minister ;
 Early is the hour, but love would not let them rest.
 Reason supplied not that sudden doubt's solution,
 Powerless to move the ponderous rock were they,
 Yet on they press'd with no faint irresolution
 Till they beheld, and lo ! the stone was rolled away.

Who shall roll the stone from the door of the sepulchre ?
 Who set free the heart that is burden'd in our breast ?
 Who to the need of the weary soul shall minister
 By some inexorable destiny oppressed ?
 Stay not to ask, but press forward, forward ever !
 Sleeps not a spark of fire within each mould of clay ?
 Weary thy labours, and fruitless thine endeavour,
 Till, when thy God commands, the stone is rolled away.

ARCHER GURNEY.

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER XII.

"Our last evening meeting," said Mr. Weston, "was noted to dwelling on the beginning of the LORD's prayer and its first petition, and I hope that the short time we spend here in considering these things is but the beginning of serious thought about them to each of us, and that when alone, or while engaged in your every-day employments, you do try to keep them in your minds."

"I think of what you say to us while I am minding the sheep," said Malcolm, "and I showed father the texts you marked for us, and told him what you had said, he always likes me to repeat what I have been learning to him."

"So does mother," said Charley and Robert, "and I

try to remember what you tell us, and she often helps me when I forget."

"I cannot think much while I am running on errands, or at work," said Richard, "and nobody cares at home about those things, I have not time like some of the boys."

"Yet," answered Mr. Weston, kindly; "you may be able to think by yourself in the few moments you have, and if as I may now hope you are willing to attend to and obey what you learn, you must not be discouraged, though but little is in your power, and you cannot have the help the others have. No one can profit by any teaching or care without the grace of God, and to the willing and obedient He gives that grace, in quite sufficient measure for them. So whether you have the great blessing of pious friends or not, seek from God the wisdom He gives to all who ask, and you will be made truly wise, and able, amid a world still so opposed to His kingdom in its will and conduct, to walk as His obedient subject. Now we will turn to the next petition, 'Thy kingdom come.' Can you tell me what is the meaning of this prayer?"

Malcolm. Is it not that we pray that all people may serve God and obey Him as their King?

Mr. Weston. You are right that this is the thing we ask for, but we will now think more of these words; and by doing so both understand them better, and learn to live as we pray. We know that as God made the world and all things in it, He must have power to rule it as He will, and none can really resist or do anything contrary to His decrees. But we also know that He is not obeyed and honoured as King by multitudes of His creatures, and that while some through ignorance deny Him, many do so through the evil that is in them, which leads them to put the thought of His government out of their minds. So you see that in one sense all are under His rule, and subject to His power, yet in another His kingdom is still *to come*. I dare say you can tell me how God is spoken of, as being the King of all things, in His word?

Alex. "Dominion and fear are with Him, He maketh peace in His high places. Is there any number of His

quies? and upon whom doth not His light arise?"—
Job ix. 2, 3.

Malcolm. "They continue this day, according to Thy
minance, for all things serve Thee."—Ps. cxix. 91.

Richard. "The LORD sitteth above the waterflood, and
the LORD remaineth a King for ever."—Ps. xxix. 9.

Joseph. "The LORD reigneth, He is clothed with ma-
jesty; the LORD is clothed with strength wherewith He
girded Himself."—Ps. xciii.

Mr. Weston. Look also at Dan. iv. 3, 17, 25, 34—37;
xiii. 28; xlvii. 7; xcvi. 10; xcvi. 10. Now all
these passages as well as many more tell us what?

Edward. That all power belongs to God and that He
does all things.

Mr. Weston. His power is shown, and His will per-
fectly obeyed by the whole creation; the sun and moon,
the seasons in their courses, the animals, fulfilling the
purposes for which He made them, all declare His glory,
and submit entirely to His authority. He also orders
the affairs of men, for only through Him, kings reign,
and nations are established. He makes even the wicked
obey to His will, and fulfil what He has appointed. Even
they, though only seeking their will, and in heart either
ignorant of Him, or hating Him, are as His instruments;
they can do nothing but by His permission. "The fierce-
ness of man shall turn to Thy praise, and the fierceness
of them shalt Thou refrain," says David.—Ps. lxxvi. 10.
Of His sovereign power, and control of the world He has
planned, none who consider the wonderful order of all
things in nature, or the providence evidently ruling the
works and plans of men, can doubt a moment. We un-
derstand it still more when we read His Word, and find
that long before there was any appearance of the events
happening, and when the persons who were to bear a
part in them were yet unborn, God had foreseen and
planned their course. Do you know what I allude to?

Richard. Is it the captivity of the Jews, and their
restoration to their own land, with the destruction of
Babylon, which the prophet Isaiah foretold? Isa. xiii.;
xli. 1—3; xxxix. 6, 7; xlv. 26—28; xlv. 1—3.

Mr. Weston. There are many other examples, but this

will show you what I mean. The captivity was foretold as the punishment for the sins of the Jews, long before those sins had reached their height; and in the reign of a religious king, who had as an ally, or at least was on friendly terms with, the country which was to be the instrument against his descendants. Again, the forces and fury of an Assyrian king were powerless against Judah, before the appointed time; and the very monarch whose pride and ambition were the means of the destruction of Jerusalem, was punished for them, and made to confess that the Most High ruleth in the kingdoms of the children of men.—Dan. iv. 32. You have heard also how the other part of the prophecy respecting the return from captivity, was brought to pass by the conquests of Cyrus.

Joseph. Oh, yes! Mr. Heldon read us the account of Babylon being taken, one day when we had been reading about it in Daniel.

Mr. Weston. We need say no more on the dominion and sovereign rule of God, but this is not the kingdom we pray may come. How is it spoken of in Scripture?

Robert. As the kingdom of God and CHRIST, which is not of this world.—S. John xviii. 36; Rev. xi. 15.

Mr. Weston. Who belong to this kingdom which is the Church?

Charley. All who are the children of God and members of CHRIST.—1 Cor. vi. 15.

Mr. Weston. Tell me more of what we are taught in Scripture respecting those who are of the Kingdom of God. They are not to be like the rest of the world which lieth in wickedness. How is this?

Alex. Because God has chosen them out of it, and they have been made His by adoption and grace, through the blood of CHRIST, and He gives them His Holy SPIRIT to make them like CHRIST.

Mr. Weston. I should like you to read me some passages which speak of this. Look at Gal. i. 4; Eph. i. 4, 7; ii. 13; 1 S. Pet. i. 2; 1 S. John v. 19.

The boys read the verses, and Mr. Weston said, "These words teach you clearly, and from God Himself, who are the subjects of His kingdom, which He has set up in the

midst of this evil rebellious world for His glory in His
 son. They are first by His mercy and grace chosen in
 CHRIST before the foundation of the world; for God has
 always known His own, and it is through His great and
 undeserved goodness that any hear the call to His king-
 dom, and are enabled to obey it. And what is the object
 of their call?"

Alex. That they may be holy and without blame before
 Him in love, to the praise of His glory.

William. And might be kept unto salvation, and have
 eternal inheritance that fadeth not away.

Mr. Weston. What mark is set on them as the servants
 of their heavenly King?

Edward. Baptism, when they are signed with the cross.

Mr. Weston. What is called the earnest of their in-
 heritance?

Malcolm. The HOLY SPIRIT, Which seals them.—Eph.
 13, 14.

Mr. Weston. True; the outward sign of the Cross
 marks them as CHRIST'S, and the seal of the SPIRIT is
 in their hearts. How ought they to be known in the
 world?

Richard. By keeping away from sin and leaving every-
 thing evil; being pure and loving God.

Malcolm. By their faith and good works; shining as
 lights in the world.

Robert. Desiring to please God and do His will, and
 seeking for all their joy and happiness in His service.

Mr. Weston. When you have time I advise you to
 read at home the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colos-
 sians, that you may see fully the character of those who
 are in the kingdom of God, and perceive the greatness
 of the mercy which has brought it among us, and us
 into it.

Richard. If all who are really in God's kingdom ought
 to be like what is said in the New Testament, how few
 people seem to belong to it.

Mr. Weston. Undoubtedly they should be such as the
 Lord Himself has shown us, and a rebellious subject is
 not a subject for all that, and the door of repentance is
 ever open to them. Unless in our hearts we have God

to reign over us, and truly submit our wills to His, and our lives to His laws, we cannot be His *faithful* subjects. But because so few comparatively are so what must we do?

Charley. We must pray, "Thy kingdom come."

Mr. Weston. Yes, Thy kingdom come, to the many who know Thee not, to the heathen who worship idols of monstrous shapes, and live in horrible wickedness; in warnings to the unbelievers and scoffers who mock at goodness and hate Thee; to those who are following deceit and worshipping a lie; and to the wandering people of Israel now cast out and far from Thee. We must think of all these when we pray Thy kingdom come, and beseech God that He will daily add to His Church more of those that shall be saved. Are we permitted to hope that this prayer will be answered more completely than we see it yet?

Robert. Yes, for "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea."—Isa. xi. 9. "And in the latter days the mountain of the LORD's house shall be established . . . and all nations shall flow unto it."—Isa. ii. 1.

Charley. "I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession."—Ps. ii. 8.

Alex. I remember too a verse, which a clergyman in India preached about one Sunday I went on shore, "For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My Name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My Name and a pure offering, for My Name shall great be among the heathen, saith the LORD of hosts."—Mal. i. 1.

Mr. Weston. And who were those seen by S. John in his vision, as standing near the throne of God?

Joseph. "A great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the LAMB, clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands."—Rev. vii. 9.

Mr. Weston. So that we may hope, and we ought earnestly to pray, that all nations and all people may

become the kingdoms of our God and of His CHRIST, and if by any other way we are allowed to help, (as by sending money to assist the missionaries,) we ought gladly to do it. But all who are thankful for God's grace, in making themselves part of His Church, must desire and pray often for all other people to become so; and the poorest can do this, as well as those who are able to assist actively.

Alex. Do we not pray also for those who are called Christians and are not so in their lives?

Mr. Weston. Certainly, our prayers may and ought to be very fervent for all who are not living worthily of God's kingdom, though they may bear its mark outwardly. We pray for the coming of a kingdom, which consists not of outward tokens of subjection only, but which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the HOLY GHOST. And for our own and all Christian lands, we beseech GOD to establish it in them more fully; and to grant that those who are partakers of His calling may be filled with His heavenly grace, and be faithful members of His Body the Church. You know as I do, how much need there is here of this prayer, and especially when we meet together in the house of God, while so many are absent and neglectful, let us beg Him to bring our own neighbours and friends into the courts of His kingdom.

"And make us His better servants," added Robert.

Mr. Weston. Indeed, we must not forget that we all want the grace of prayer and sacraments that we may remain in the number of God's faithful servants, and be subject to Him in every thought of our hearts, in our daily lives. We must ask of our heavenly FATHER to keep us safe in His kingdom, and to rule and govern us day by day, making us to rejoice in Him as our King, Who hath saved us, and to show His honour and praise by our cheerful and willing obedience; and while we pray that He may reign in all hearts, we must take care that we do not give cause to any to think His government hard, or to despise it as no better than the rule of other gods, or of this world.

Alex. I remember a man once said to our captain, "I

do not see why you make a fuss about being Christians, my master is a Christian, and he is a bad man to live with, he does just like any other bad man."

Mr. Weston. It has often been matter of complaint that the evil careless lives of Christians are a great hindrance to the advancement of God's kingdom, for if they do contrary to what they know to be His command, does it not seem as if His word was false or vain? and His authority despised by those who profess to know Him best? How then can others yet ignorant be induced to come to Him? So in this prayer, as in every one, our lives must agree with our wishes and requests. We pray that the kingdom of our God and SAVIOUR may be established in the earth, and we must show by our behaviour how blessed it is to be under His rule, how happy are His subjects in being free from evil passions, and the power of Satan, in the obedience of loving children. May He so rule and govern your hearts, that you may be His true servants, feeling that to obey Him is perfect freedom, and to be in His kingdom joy and safety.

But we look beyond this present world in our prayer, do we not?

Charley. Oh, yes, that the kingdom of heaven may come, where all will be good and happy too.

Malcolm. "We look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—2 S. Pet. iii. 13.

Mr. Weston. Find the Burial Service, and read the Prayer before the last Collect. (The boys did so, and he continued :) You see that we here beseech Almighty God to accomplish the number of His elect, and to hasten His kingdom, that we may have our perfect consummation and bliss of soul and body. Here in the Church below we have indeed great blessings in the gifts and love of God, in His gracious protection and favour, and in deliverance from Satan and the power of death; but we are in the midst of our enemies still, and have trials, sorrows, and difficulties around us, God leaves us in this valley of tears to fight and watch awhile, and to look and trust to Him amid pain and mourning; but He has prepared a place for us in His kingdom of glory, where He

will make us reign with Him for ever, and crown us with everlasting joy. The thought of that glory is to cheer and strengthen us here, it is to be our hope and desire that we may inherit that kingdom. While praying for the dominion of our FATHER to be felt and acknowledged in all the earth, in every heart, in every action, we look beyond this present time, and beseech Him to hasten His glorious coming, to take unto Him His great power and reign, that we may reign also in His perfect bliss. We may see by what is told us of that happiness, what we must be to inherit it. Tell me some of the things spoken of in the Bible as making part of the joy of heaven?

Malcolm. Being perfectly free from sin, and pain, and sorrow, for in Rev. xxi. 27 it says, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth;" and "There shall be no more pain, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more death."—xxi. 4.

Robert. "All who are in heaven have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."—Rev. vii. 14, 15.

Mr. Weston. All who are received into that kingdom must be like their King, holy and undefiled, and to them neither pain nor death can approach any more, for these follow sin; and where that cannot enter, neither can sorrow and suffering, so that holiness and peace are certainly belonging to that eternal kingdom. What more is spoken of the blessedness of those who are in it?

Alex. "They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."—Rev. vii. 15.

Robert. "We shall see Him as He is, and be like Him."—1 S. John iii. 2. And we shall join with the angels and the saints of God, in praising and serving Him, and then we shall know much more of His love than we do now, and have nothing to make us forget or displease Him.

Mr. Weston. You see that the pleasures of God's heavenly kingdom are—the entire freedom from sin, being made quite clean from all past evil, and having no more inclination to it, or natural weakness to lead us

wrong ; having perfect love to God, and delight in His worship and service ; finding all joy in His presence, and in the company of those who are holy, and rejoice to do His will.

And all this in a place where no suffering or sorrow can come, where no outward things can disturb our peace, or mar the joy which is to be everlasting.

We do not know exactly what our employments there may be, nor can we at all understand the glory that then shall be granted to the Church of the redeemed, but, as you have just been hearing, love to God and joy in His service are the substance of that happiness. Now if we hope to enjoy those great and eternal pleasures, which are above our understanding now, we must get ready here to share in them. Do not fancy, boys, that to any one who will love sin, and cares nothing for holiness, or for serving God in thankful love here, there could be happiness in heaven. Could one who cared only for himself, looked always to his own pleasure, and thought little of the commands, or felt not the goodness of God, ever find enjoyment among those who seek only the glory of their Lord, delight in praising Him, and find their whole joy in doing His will ? Would he not feel as a stranger among them ? and though we may suppose no trouble or pain to annoy him, yet would he feel entire happiness ?

Charley. No, I should not think he could, he would not be able to join with those who really loved God, he could not understand why they were so glad and joyful.

Mr. Weston. Then remember that in the kingdom or Church of God on earth you must love to join in the worship and service of angels, overcoming sin, and living holy lives, if you would share in the perfect happiness and everlasting joys of the people of God.

Richard. But if people have been wicked, or not so good as they ought to have been, will not they be forgiven if they repent at last ?

Mr. Weston saw from Richard's countenance what he was thinking of, and replied kindly, " My dear boy, we must pray for all who are not faithfully serving God, that He may have mercy on them, and give them grace to

repent; and for ourselves, we must not forget that only the pure in heart can see God, and that at the last great day the angels shall come forth, and cast out all who offend or do iniquity. May His HOLY SPIRIT teach and guide you, and prepare you to behold with joy the King, when He shall come in His glory.

"Now we must end our lesson, as I have no more time to stay."

EASTER.

FROM BISHOP NICHOLSON.

"Who was delivered for our offences, but raised again for our justification."

We left our blessed LORD three days since delivered to the Jews, to the Cross, to the grave; crucified, dead and buried; and this is the third day since that was done, which from that time to this the whole Christian world hath and doth keep holy in memory that the LORD of Life being loosed from those fetters of death, rose as He had foretold. Now I shall present you with this the very matter of your hope: for when in the hour of death, friends, physicians, wife, children, will be but poor comforters, this one word will revive our spirits; "CHRIST is risen."

"He was raised." Yet we must not mistake, as if any other had raised Him besides Himself. The Angel's sermon to the women is "He is risen;" Elisha restored a child; Peter Tabitha; but others, not themselves. The saints which rose after the resurrection were patients while the act was done upon them; whereas CHRIST rose not by other, but by His own might and power.

The Scripture speaks sometimes passively—He is raised: sometimes actively—He rose. S. Paul gives us the explanation. He was crucified through weakness, but He lives by the power of God. CHRIST being God and Man, partook of the properties of both natures

What so proper to man as weakness? What so peculiar to God as power? Weak as Man, powerful as God. As He was crucified, so He was weak; as He rose to life so He was powerful. His Deity was never parted from His humanity. The body is laid in the grave, the soul is resigned, the Godhead is eternally united to them both without any possibility of divorce. The power of His Godhead did then raise the weakness of His Manhood from the grave. He riseth as God, and is raised as Man as S. Leo: "The Deity which never departed from His Body or Soul; what it divided by power, conjoined again by the same power. . . . His grave was but His bed as Ps. iv., "I laid Me down and slept, and rose up again. He died as we go to sleep, and raised Himself as easily as we awake.

Two privileges belong to sleepers: one is incorruption the other the hope of resurrection. Thus our LORD laid Himself to rest in the grave indeed, but He was "free among the dead," He had a liberty which never any dead man had besides Himself. Other dead bodies go into dust, but GOD did not "suffer His Holy one to see corruption."

Men go to bed with a purpose to rise again. So did our SAVIOUR go to His grave; not to lie there beyond set time, but having sweetened that bed for us, to return to life.

He was raised. This we know by the predictions of the prophets, the witness of angels, His own appearance, the opening of the graves, the malicious tales of His enemies, the testimony of many men and women, the valour and constancy of those who died for the witness of it, the multitude of those who quietly embraced and believed it.

Is not this cloud of witnesses enough? Job was assured of it; David told it plainly; Isaiah foretelleth it; Jonah was a type of it; Hosea avouches it constantly; our LORD often told His disciples of it, and even warned His enemies of it. The Jews who came to Pilate remembered His own words on it: "This deceiver." He will indeed deceive you, O Jews, but out of power and love, not out of malice and cunning. Where is he who

could he would believe if He came down from the Cross? Whether is greater, for a living man to descend from the tree, or for a dead man to ascend from a grave?

Two angels came to witness His rising. Never till our LORD'S Body was there, do we hear of angels in such a place. Blessed angels are in blessed places; and such was this, since CHRIST lay there. And notice not only the place, but the colours in which they appeared. An angel at His Passion would be in mourning weed, dark as was the sun for three hours, but white is the fit Easter-day colour, the colour of those that rise to glory. As S. Gregory: "The angel's white stole reminds us of the white robes of the saints which shall rise."

Note their position: they *sat*, i.e. rested. The grave had now become to God's servants a place of *rest*, not from labours only, but a "rest in hope" (Ps. xvi. 9), the hope of rising again.

The angels sat in order, one at the head, the other at the feet; this teaches a lesson. So at the resurrection, difference of place, difference of glory, some on the right, and some on the left in His kingdom; all have glory, though not all an equal degree of glory.

But beyond all testimony of angels was the frequent manifestation of Himself to His followers. Twelve times He did this. The women saw Him, the men touched Him; one put his fingers into His wounds; He ate, He drank, He conversed with His disciples often and for many days; and the testimony of so many eye-witnesses, so cautious, so wary, so incredulous till confirmed, makes the matter past all doubt. God suffered *them* to doubt that we hereafter should never doubt more of it, their incredulity so dispelled should confirm our faith.

They averred this truth boldly before the world, they would die rather than be silent and not publish it; for even to the last gasp and the last drop of blood they expired with this article, *Jesus is risen*. By the testimony of these poor men bearing witness to the world, that CHRIST was risen, the adulterer left his adulteries, the murderer his cruelties; nay, which is beyond all reason, the feigned gods of those times forsook their temples and oracles.

This wondrous alteration in the world these silly men

could not have effected had their witness been in any way loose or controllable. They had no force. To preach with a sword by the side was for Mahomet and his followers. Further yet, they to whom they preached the resurrection were no babes, the cities no obscure places. Rome the queen of nations, Corinth one of the marts of Europe, Athens the great school of learning, Ephesus the city of Diana; here were the wisest, the wittiest, and the most accomplished. And yet so confident were these believers in a crucified God that Jesus was risen, that they published it in their schools, their synagogues and streets.

And on this occasion of the resurrection many bodies of the saints arose; after *His*, to show that He was the first fruits from the dead; He first, they after by His power: when Lazarus was raised, no other accompanied him; when the man was raised by the Prophet's bones no other graves were thereby opened. This is our argument, the witnesses were *holy* and *many*; saints, and a multitude of saints. If Dives thought the preaching of one risen from the dead would be so effectual, how powerful should be the tongue of many risen saints, to persuade men that *Christ is risen*. To collect all; angels, men, women, strangers, disciples, friends, foes, and a host of witnesses, the gifts of the HOLY GHOST, the miracles wrought, and the conversion of the world, prove that *CHRIST is risen from the dead*.

But why try to prove an article of the Faith? For two reasons: that the enemies of *CHRIST* may be silenced; and that Christians may be comforted; because in the resurrection of *CHRIST* consists our chief happiness. "If He be not risen our faith is vain."

S. Paul calls the resurrection the hope of our fathers. Take this hope away, and all conscience and care of godliness fall to the ground. Therefore, that our faith be the stronger, our hope the surer, our alacrity in godliness quickened and confirmed, we lay this for a foundation, that "*CHRIST is risen*."

"He was delivered for our offences, but raised again for our justification." So nearly were the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord conjoined. How truly doth

the Spouse in the Canticles call the Beloved a bundle of myrrh and a cluster of cypress. What more distasteful and bitter than myrrh? what more fragrant than cypress? Such was the death, such the rising of our LORD. His Passion, with all its scorns and pains, was like myrrh; His resurrection at the time when every flower and tree puts forth, like cypress. S. Paul has here made a Christian nosegay of these two. He was delivered—there is myrrh; that He was raised—there is cypress: make use of both. For your sakes He underwent the myrrh, and for your sakes again He shot up as a green cypress. For *our* sins; for *our* justification. Benefits that concern another may little affect us, but here—His were the pains, He died; yours is the gain, it was for your offences: His was the resurrection, it was for your benefit. For Himself He was not born, He died not: He could add nothing to His honour by being so born, and such a death could not be to His reputation. It was for our sakes only, all for our benefit and advantage. Could He by these acts be greater than He was, Who was the SON of God? Could He be more honoured before Whose footstool the kings of the earth throw down their crowns? If a stable, if hunger and thirst, if ignominy, if contempt, the Cross, death and a grave could honour Him, then from these He might receive access of glory; for these He underwent to the full. The good in all these was ours, not His; that we might be honoured, saved and discharged, He would undergo all these. After which He arose; and yet neither would He appropriate to Himself. He was content that we also should have a share in the benefit.

S. Thomas Aquinas says that He arose (1.) To set forth God's righteous dealing. Divine justice raises those who are unjustly depressed. With man it is far otherwise; if some are raised, it would be for any other reason than that they are oppressed. God "raises the poor out of the dust," where they are trampled on; He brings light out of darkness, exalts the humble, sets him with the princes. How just that He Who was unjustly humbled should be again exalted! Cast aside as useless by the builders, by God, in His justice, He is made the Head of the corner.

2. He rose to build up our faith. We are hereby assured of His Divine power. While He was in the grave how weak was the faith even of His disciples; but on this, Mary calls Him Master, Thomas acknowledgeth Him; they all professed Him, confessed Him, preached Him, died for Him.

3. He rose that we might live and die in hope; the hope to rise as He our Head arose.

4. For our justification. That which justifies must be the sole merit of CHRIST; and as the Apostle tells us, faith is the first condition of this, next repentance and godly sorrow. It is repentance that removes all impediments to our pardon: "repentance and remission of sins:" repentance first, remission after. To our LORD's death we owe the discharge of the debt of sin and punishment; to His resurrection the first means of the application of it. By His rising He led captivity captive.

5. He rose lastly that we might lead a holy life. CHRIST died *for* sin; we must die *to* sin. He rose from the dead; we must rise from the death of sin.

Let us imitate Him then in this. In the *speed*. He lay no longer than He need, He hastened His resurrection, He rose early in the day as we must early rise to a new life. Let it be this day, this hour: let this be your passover, your day of passing from sin. As CHRIST died no more, so return no more to sin, but live to God; die and live once for all: once up, continue in that holy state. Alas, that we do not this! we die and live, and live and die, as oft as sin commands. Our resurrection is more like that of Lazarus than CHRIST's; we live to die again. All who are risen with CHRIST must walk on ever in newness of life. Walk. It is motion which shows life. We must walk, but not in the old way; it must be a new walk. We walk to God when we make His will our law, His Word our rule, His SON's life our example, His Spirit the guide of our actions. In walking we progress, there is an end of the walk to arrive at: so it is step by step that we arrive at perfection. Everything lives by degrees: the corn in seed, leaf, blade, ear: and so with you. In your seeds you were when first engrafted in Baptism; shoot on as a heavenly plant bring-

ing forth fruit unto God ; be not children now and seven years hence, but grow in grace. This cannot be without nourishment : God has provided sustenance ; His Body and Blood to feed on, now you are men ; approach and receive your Food. God grant you so worthily receive, into hearts purified by faith, washed by repentance, prepared and warmed by charity, that ye may grow thereby from grace to grace, from virtue to virtue, from strength to strength, till every one of you appear before the LORD in Zion.

THE JOYS OF SPRING.

CRYSTAL dew-drops now are beaming,
 Mix'd with jasper, o'er the sward,
 In the lea are wild-flowers gleaming ;
 Firmer draws the silv'ry cord.

From their leafy fanes extolling
 Birds are praising God most High,
 Yea, with their sweet notes consoling
 Sing they Him Who came to die.

For nature breaking tells of death,—
 But of death o'ercome by love—
 While its soft and fragrant breath
 Brings us nigh to God above.

Hark the lark, that saint of song
 Whose blissful note fills all the sky,
 How it bears the strain along,
 Sings of life through CHRIST on High !

Then warble on, ye birds, and sing
 To sorrowing man the lay
 That tells of peace, of endless spring,
 And Heaven's unfading day.

HENRY F. FARBROTHER.

Holme, Invernesshire.

The Children's Corner.

PERSEVERANCE; OR THE FAIRIES' WELL.

ONCE upon a time, many hundreds of years ago, there stood in the west of England a large forest, on the border of which was a little cottage, one of the smallest ever seen, with but one window.

It had once been pretty and well cared for, with roses and honeysuckles trained over it, and a neat garden outside full of cowslips and violets. But now it was old, the walls looked tumbling down, the window was broken, and the thatch on the roof was so torn, that the rain and snow beat into the cottage on the cold winter nights. Inside it was even more miserable than it was without. It consisted of only one room, the floor of which was only the damp earth upon which it was built; there were no tables or chairs, but a log of wood served as a seat in one corner, while in the other was a bed formed of moss and dried leaves. A black pot and kettle, and a cracked teacup, completed the furniture of this miserable dwelling.

It may be imagined that no human beings could contrive to live in this wretched abode, but such was not the case. On the rude bed of moss and ferns before alluded to, lay an invalid, whose pale, sharpened features bore traces of untold want and suffering, but in whose delicately-chiselled profile, and clear intelligent eye, it might be seen that their owner had known better days, and had been brought up in circumstances widely different from those to which she was now reduced.

By the side of the invalid, and bending over the comfortless couch on which she lay, striving in vain to cheer her with gentle words and sweet smiles, knelt a young and very beautiful girl. Her bright golden hair streamed over her slender neck, which was white as alabaster, and fell like a veil around her, while her ragged clothes scarce covered her fair round arms; and beneath the

thick woollen garment she wore, might be seen her small delicate ankles, her little feet being hid from sight by a pair of thick heavy boots. But although dressed like a beggar, her bearing was that of a high-born lady, and her tall graceful figure and arched neck gave her a queen-like appearance; so much so, indeed, that the neighbours called her "the Lady Viola," for although her clothes were far worse than theirs, they knew by the way she walked, and by her clear, sweet-toned voice, that she was far above them.

The beautiful Viola, and her mother, whose name was the Countess Ermenburga, had not always lived in this hovel. They had once dwelt in a proud castle, and had numberless servants to tend them, and many a fine carriage with liveried attendants, and prancing horses to drive about with. But when the lord of the castle, the Countess Ermenburga's husband died, a wicked relation came and asserted that the castle was his, as well as all the money and lands, and he turned the noble lady and her fair daughter out of their home, and refused to give them so much as a single coin to keep them from starving.

Many poor neighbours, to whom the Countess Ermenburga had been kind in her prosperous days, now opened their doors, and entreated her to accept of a night's lodging; and it was in the dwelling of one of her own dependents that she found rest and shelter for herself and her daughter. Her case was truly a sad one. There was only one person in the world who could have helped her, the noble Count Theodolf, and he was in a far distant land, and knew nothing of the sorrow that had befallen her, and the ill treatment she had received.

For some days she remained with the kind people who had befriended her, but as they were only able by hard work to support themselves, she could not remain with them any longer, as she knew they were unable to show her hospitality except by sacrificing themselves and running into debt. So at last she resolved with her daughter Viola, to seek the place where Count Theodolf's castle stood, and live there in a humble lodging, until the time when the Count should return, when she felt certain he would restore to her her own again. They set off on

their long journey the following day, and for several weary days and nights they walked through wind and rain, over mountain and valley, finding no place of shelter beyond what a hollow in the rock, or a wide-spreading tree might afford. Their delicate shoes were torn by the rough stones, and their fragile hoods and dresses were no protection from the hail-storm by day, and the keen night blast. Their food was poor and scanty, for they had but one loaf which their humble friends had supplied them with, and were forced to drink water from the brooklet in the palms of their hands.

At length, footsore and weary, they arrived at the large dense forest, near which stood the Castle of Count Theodolf, and thankfully took up their abode in the deserted dwelling before mentioned; for they considered that insecure and comfortless as it was, it was better than the open air, and they clung to the hope that before any great time should elapse, the Count would return, and restore them to their noble home, and their wide-spreading lands.

Months rolled by, and no tidings were heard of the Count, and many a time did the hearts of the two poor wanderers sink beneath the want and suffering that pressed heavily upon them. Viola spent many hours every day over her spinning-wheel, but she could scarcely earn enough to find them in bread, and oftentimes was their single meal composed chiefly of roots and herbs. Their clothes were old and tattered, for Viola had mended them as long as she was able, but now they were too bad to be even mended. Sometimes a kind neighbour would give them a cast-off garment, which they thankfully received, and this was all the assistance they obtained. When the winter came on, they suffered greatly from cold, for the wind and rain came in through the broken places in the roof, and through the cracked window panes, and they had no warm cloaks, and no thick, soft blankets to shield them from the piercing frost. With their arms folded round each other for warmth, they would weep over the remembrance of the lofty and comfortable hall, and the warm fireside from which they had been rudely turned by a stranger.

It was a sad winter, but it was a sadder spring; for one day a neighbour came to Dame Ermenburga, as she was now called, and told her that her home was burned to the ground, and the person who had deprived her of it had fled into a far country with all her money and jewels. Then all hope seemed to leave the unhappy Countess, and she ceased to look forward to Count Theodolf's return, for what now remained to be restored to her? She was dangerously ill for many weeks after this intelligence reached her, but at length she began slowly to get better, and then her never-tiring nurse and faithful daughter reminded her that although their castle and their money was gone, yet the land was still rightfully theirs, and would certainly be recovered by the brave Count; and by selling that they would still have enough to live upon in comfort.

Viola knew Count Theodolf to be one of the bravest and handsomest knights that ever lived. From the door of their cottage they could see the ivy-covered walls and towers of his castle, standing upon a high hill, with a deep moat all around it, and from the top floated the large crimson flag which could be seen for many and many a mile.

At length, to the great joy of Viola and her mother, news reached them that the Count Theodolf had returned, bringing with him a party of noble knights and lovely ladies, to stay at his castle.

"Alas! my child," sighed the Countess, when the tidings reached her, "had your father been living, you too might have been entertained by Count Theodolf, the richest and loveliest there."

"Never mind, dear mother," said Viola, cheerfully, "if we can only get back our lands, that I may have the happiness of seeing you restored to the position that is yours by right, I care not to be thought rich or lovely myself."

When the Count had been some time at the castle, Viola said she would endeavour to see him, and ask him to take up their cause. When she began to think seriously of the difficulties that beset her in such an undertaking, her heart failed her; she had not remembered

till then that her clothes were old and ragged, and that in the unhappy beggar girl who besought his aid, Count Theodolf would be unable to recognize the refined and delicate Lady Viola, who had gracefully extended her soft white hand for him to kiss, when last they met. Again and again did she strive to summon up sufficient resolution, but still at the last her courage forsook her. Before long, however, new distresses gave her the strength she needed, for when next she went into the neighbouring town to dispose of what she had spun during the week, the person who always bought it of her, informed her that she need bring him no more, since he had already more on hand than he knew how to sell. In vain did Viola inquire the names of other persons in the town, who were in the habit of purchasing the texture it took her so many hours to spin; she was told that they had all refused to buy more, as the market was greatly overstocked.

With an aching heart she retraced her steps, and resolved to postpone no longer her visit to the Count. She informed her mother of the new trial that had befallen them, cheering her at the same time with the promise that she would the next day go to the castle, and then all would be well.

When she reached the castle the ensuing morning, gay sounds of festivity within fell upon her ear. Faint with hunger, and weary with fatigue, she leaned against the marble column that supported the porter's lodge, heart-sick when she thought of intruding her misery upon the mirth within, and anxiously did she strive to still her throbbing pulses, fostering her little remaining courage by the thought of her pale, careworn mother, who might be even then watching with breathless anxiety to hear the result of her undertaking. With a beating heart she gently touched the massive bell-handle of solid ivory, and feared her presence of mind would utterly forsake her when she heard heavy footsteps approaching inside, and weighty bolts and bars being drawn back by a strong hand. Presently the door was opened, and a hard, stern face was thrust forward, with the harsh inquiry,

"What is your business?"

Viola's heart sank, but she commenced in a low, quivering voice, "Will you be kind enough to ask your noble lord—"

"The Count Theodolf sees no beggars," said the porter rudely, at the same time slamming the door in her face, and once more fastening the heavy bolts. In utter despair Viola sank upon the ground, and gave vent to her misery. For some time she wept unrestrainedly, and then, unequal to a second attempt, she returned home to carry the bitter news to the Countess.

It was a cold night, that night. The snow fell through the roof upon the Countess and Viola, as they lay on their comfortless bed, sobbing themselves to sleep in each other's arms. The wind rattled round the wretched dwelling, as though it would level it with the ground, and the distant sound of fierce beasts in the forest made them shudder with fear. The next morning, Viola, resolved to leave no means untried, borrowed a sheet of note-paper from a neighbour, and having written upon it a humble entreaty that the Count would allow her to speak with him, she sent it to the castle by the neighbour's little boy, and began to hope their time of sorrow was nearly over.

Alas! the letter never reached Count Theodolf, it fell into the hands of the stern porter, who opened it, and seeing what it was about, threw it into the fire, where it was consumed in a moment. The Countess and Viola waited anxiously for an answer to that letter, but as day after day wore on, and no answer came, they felt that it had never reached the Count, and every hope left their hearts, and in its place came a blank, cold despair. From this time they could afford to buy no bread, but lived upon the berries and roots that they found in the forest, and the Countess grew thinner and weaker, and Viola began to think she would soon be taken from her.

One day, when Viola was searching for roots and berries in the forest, and had wandered farther away from home than she had ever done before, she was startled at hearing a strange rustling sound in a thicket near. She had a brave heart, and did not feel frightened, but pushed aside the bushes, and forced her way through into the

very centre of the thicket, from whence the sound seemed to proceed. She had just torn her tender hand with a rough bramble, when the object of her search presented itself. It was a large and beautiful bird, with a snow-white breast, and the feathers on its wings streaked with crimson and gold, while its head was crested with gold. It was uttering a low plaintive sound, but as Viola approached, and extended her hand to take hold of it, it rose slowly with a melancholy cry, flew far over her head, and was lost to sight in a moment.

Viola was disappointed, for she hoped to have caught the beautiful bird, but to atone for her loss she saw with delight in the moss where the bird had been resting, a large egg, of a deep golden colour, which felt still warm when she touched it. With an exclamation of joyful surprise, she clasped it in both hands, and hastened back, intending to prepare it for the Countess's dinner. On reaching the cottage she found her mother sleeping, so she took a broken cup, and proceeded to crack the egg. But what was her amazement and grief on breaking it, to find that it contained nothing but a piece of crumpled paper.

Poor Viola! she was so disappointed that she burst into tears, and taking up the egg-shells cast them out at the door. She determined not to tell her mother, as it would only grieve her, and began to prepare their usual meal of herbs and roots. On the window-sill lay the crumpled piece of paper which had fallen out of the egg, and Viola took it up to throw it away, when her eye caught sight of some writing upon it. She spread it open and smoothed away the creases, when she was able to decipher the following verse:

"Maiden, if thy heart is heavy,
Seek the Fairies' Well:
There, beside the gushing brooklet,
A true friend doth dwell.
When thou'st drunk the Fairies' water,
Thou shalt see thy friend, my daughter."

Viola placed the paper inside her dress, and thought about it a great deal. She wondered whether the 'maiden' addressed in the verse could be meant for herself. She determined, that as soon as possible, she would make

inquiries about the Fairies' Well, and if she could find out, she would never rest until she had found her way there and drunk of the water. The next day, happening to meet a man in the wood, she asked him whether he could tell her where to find the Fairies' Well.

"Ah!" he replied, "the Fairies' Well is a tale long gone by. Folks say that it lies to the west, there, where the brushwood is thickest, but I have never heard of a mortal finding it these many years. The Fairies' Well is a legend of the past, but I have heard that by walking straight on in the direction that yon old oak tree is grown, you would reach the well at last. But I advise no one to try, for the well is said to be haunted."

Viola thanked him, and as soon as he had passed out of sight, hastened to the old oak tree, and having observed carefully in which direction it was grown, walked on steadily the same way for some time. At length the forest grew thicker and denser, and the brushwood intertwined more closely; but in spite of many severe scratches on her slender arms, and many a lock of golden hair that the cruel brambles tore from her as she forced her way past them, she laboured on unflinchingly for some time. At length it became impossible to proceed, and she was obliged unwillingly to give up, and endeavour to retrace her steps. She found even this task so difficult that she did not regret having relinquished the other, although she could not help thinking that all her hopes fled from her.

For the next few days she thought very little about the Fairies' Well, but then the piece of paper falling out of her dress recalled it to her mind, and reading the verse over again she determined to try once more. She therefore went to a neighbour, and borrowed a large hooked knife, such as is generally used for cutting down the brambles and ferns that grow on the hedges; and thus armed, she set off, and soon arrived at the oak tree, which was to serve her as a compass. Taking the same path as she had done before, she reached the thicket of brambles, and by the help of the woodman's hook, succeeded in slowly clearing away a narrow path, through which she managed to push herself. To her dismay she found that instead of finding her task easier as she penetrated into

the thicket, her difficulties increased greatly, for the trees and brambles were more thickly interlaced, and would scarcely yield to the knife, while the rude thorns through which she had passed, caught her long hair, and caused her exquisite pain. For many hours she laboured on unwearingly, and at length her industry appeared likely to be rewarded, for she began to perceive that the brushwood was less dense, and through the tangled branches she caught now and then a glimmer of light, that assured her she was approaching an open space.

A few minutes more and her hopes were confirmed; and panting with the exertions she had undergone, she emerged from the thicket, and found herself in an open glen. A grass-grown pathway lay before her, and keeping in its track she proceeded in an onward direction for upwards of half an hour, when she found herself on the bank of a broad stream that flowed through the bottom of the glen, which was too broad to admit of her springing across, and so deep that she was unable to see the bottom.

At a loss what to do, she stood still for some moments, trying in vain to find some way of reaching the other side. There were no trees near the brook, and no stones in the glen, and she found if she meant to cross she must walk through. Accordingly, she placed one foot in the water, but it immediately sank so deep, that she was glad to draw it back again, and to find herself still on dry land, with only the skirt of her dress wet. Ready to cry with vexation, she turned her face towards home, thinking that she must now give up all hope of ever finding the Fairies' Well.

(To be continued.)

Church News.

THE BISHOP OF BRECHIN.

THE present Lent has not been without its sad and serious thoughts on the many troubles and trials that surround us in Church matters.

None of our readers can have heard week after week of even one trouble without deep and earnest sorrow. It should grieve

all our hearts that even one of God's holy temples should be defiled and polluted, its sanctity derided and utterly disregarded, and the solemn worship of Almighty God jeered and mocked at. Who does not mourn over such a spectacle? Who does not see in it the struggle of Satan's kingdom against that which our LORD has established on earth as the means of drawing all men unto Himself, its everlasting Head? But even this trial was as nothing with what we feared might be the result of an accusation of false doctrine against a Bishop of our Sister Church of Scotland. Dr. A. P. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin, is perhaps better known to our readers through his works and compilations than in any other way. We need hardly say that he is no mere scholar or writer, that the whole *work* of a Bishop, and the labours of one whose heart is in his care of souls, are conspicuous in his diocese. A life of devotion to his Master's sacred cause is the natural and genuine fruit of his books, so full of devout and holy thoughts; a zeal for the conversion and salvation of souls is the consistent carrying out of the hearty and earnest sermons which we have read.

Bishop Forbes was for some time Curate of S. Thomas', Oxford, under the well-known and well-respected Vicar of that parish once of notoriously bad repute, but now so changed in every way. This and the parish of S. Saviour's, Leeds, of which latter Dr. Forbes was some time Vicar, were good schools for one whose episcopal seat was to be in such a town as Dundee. A thorough acquaintance with parish work and the contact with all classes which that work involves, is the very best preparation for one who is to be really chief shepherd of the flock. This would give that wide sympathy with all, high and low, rich and poor, sick and afflicted members of CHRIST, which has so distinguished Bp. Forbes in his pastoral work, and the evidence and acknowledgment of which have been so pleasingly brought out by the events which we are now deploring. That good will come out of this evil we can already be sure—if it were only by the published Defence and the public addresses of sympathy on account of the recent Trial—with such results, we cannot look upon the presentment as an unmixed evil.

On October 3, 1859, a presentment was made to the Primus and other members of the College of Scottish Bishops, by the Rev. W. Henderson and two laymen of the Diocese of Brechin; to the effect that he had contradicted, 1st, the XXXIst Article, as to the finished oblation of our LORD on the Cross; 2nd, the XXVIIIth Article, as to adoration; and 3rd, the XXIXth Article as to the reception by the wicked.

His reply to these accusations has been published, and in a book of some 250 pages, we have a perfect array of the Divines of

the English Church since the Reformation, and of the ancient Fathers, to whom our Church in her preface to the Prayer Book refers all her children. These in the main set forth the doctrine taught by the Bishop of Brechin on the Holy Eucharist, and in this work he explains more fully what in his Charge may have appeared a scholastic and formal mode of expressing himself. Nothing can exceed the clearness and loving Christian earnestness of the summing-up, and we are quite sure our readers will agree with us on reading the following passages :

"And now, in conclusion, let me say, that, in my conscience before God, I take every expression in every formulary of our Church, in its true, literal, and grammatical meaning. The positive statements from the formularies, which the Presenters accuse me of contradicting or depraving, are, as I said before, my hope before God, and the stay of my spiritual being. Other hope of salvation have I none, than in that One Oblation of CHRIST offered on the Cross—'That offering of CHRIST once made is that perfect Redemption, Propitiation, Satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world, original and actual, and there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone.' I bless my God that He 'did give His only Son JESUS CHRIST to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption, who (by His one Oblation of Himself once offered) made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' This is my only hope in life, my only stay in the thought of death. I bless our LORD JESUS CHRIST that He 'did institute, and in His holy gospel command us to continue a perpetual Memorial of that His precious death and sacrifice until His coming again.' I would even express my agreement with the positive language of the Presenters. Our blessed LORD said in that awful hour—'It is finished.' The Presenters then, so far, use Scriptural language, when they speak of the oneness of the Oblation of CHRIST *finished* on the Cross, and 'of the perfect Propitiation which He once thus made.' This was the teaching of the Charge which they impugn. That one Oblation of Himself once made, I believe that He, our Great High Priest, continually pleads and presents before the FATHER in Heaven, and gains from the FATHER countless mercies for us, one by one. I believe, also, that in 'instituting that perpetual memorial' of that His precious Death and Sacrifice which He 'commanded us to continue until His coming again,' He intended us to plead, in our degree, that Death and sacrifice which He pleads in Heaven; that, in order that we should do this the more prevailingly, as well as for our closer union with Himself, He causeth His own Body and Blood to be, not in any physical and carnal way, but hyperphysically, sacramentally, really, divinely present, for us to plead to His FATHER, for us to receive in ourselves, and, in S. Clement's words, 'to lay up our SAVIOUR in our breasts.' But I do not believe, that in giving us that precious Body and Blood to plead or to receive, He gives us any short or compendious way of salvation. I believe that by that pleading we may obtain for ourselves and for others Grace from God, which, if they or

we use, they or we may become acceptable to God, but I do not believe that that or any thing avails to man, unless man himself accepts and uses the Grace which God bestows.

"And so, negatively also, I deny in the strict, simple, grammatical meaning of the words, all that I can, by any use of the reason which God has given me, understand our formularies to deny. The difference between the Presenters and myself is that they, I fear, do not believe what I with my whole heart believe—that real, supernatural presence of the Body and Blood of CHRIST, yea, of CHRIST Himself, my LORD and my GOD, in that Holy Sacrament. *That* I dare not say, lest in that great day He, my LORD and my GOD, should deny me. I do not judge others. I have not attempted to force upon others this my belief, dearer though it is to me than my life itself. I only hope and pray that if 'any be otherwise minded, God will reveal to him this also.' I call God to witness, that what I have said has not been said in the spirit of controversy. Loving peace, I wrote with a view to peace. But this belief underlies every question for which the Presenters have brought me before this Court. This is the peace for which I am this day called in question. This I believe to have been taught by our LORD JESUS, when He said, 'This is My Body;' not that I believe that the elements cease to be in their very natural substances, the veils of His unseen Presence; not that I believe in any Corporal or Carnal Presence of His Natural Body and Blood, but that in that Divine way proper to a Sacrament, He, by his Omnipotency, causeth His Body and Blood to be present there. This I believe, that He, the Truth, taught. This I believe S. Paul taught by inspiration of His Spirit. This I believe the Universal Church to have received. This I believe that all to whom our Church in the families taught us to look, as witnesses of the primitive faith, witnessed. This I believe, that those general councils to which she appeals, as received by all men, confessed, either directly in words, as the Council of Nice, or indirectly, as those other four Councils, by acknowledging the writing of S. Cyril, which formally taught it. This I believe, that the Church in which God placed me first as a member of CHRIST and of His Holy Catholic Church, and since, unworthy as I am, as a Bishop, believes and teaches. This chief means of union with Himself, my SAVIOUR and my GOD, is, I believe, one chief portion of her inheritance. Him I hope, in my last hour thus to receive. This belief, if I were to cease to confess, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, yea, if I prefer it not above my chief joy. *Credidi propter quod loquutus sum.* 'I believed, and therefore have I spoken.'"

The Judgment was to all intents an exhortation to the Bishop to be more careful in his way of expressing this great Mystery.

We regret to see that the presenters have not throughout this controversy been free from acrimony and needless imputation of error where the error was clearly and over and over again denied; and even some have ventured to cast a doubt on the good result of the Bishop's twelve years' work in the episcopate. To this

last abundant contradiction has been given; we have not space for all—first, we have this address from 162 communicants of one parish (Muchalls,) in his diocese.

“To the Right Rev. Father in God, Alexander Penrose Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin.

“Right Reverend Father—We, the undersigned, communicants of the church of Muchalls, desire to approach your reverence with feelings of the deepest respect and affection. We have heard with great sorrow of heart that an accusation has been brought against you, regarding the doctrine of the Holy Communion, by one even of your own clergy, and two members of his congregation. It is not for us to state any opinion concerning the teaching of our Bishop, especially on a subject so deep and mysterious as the Sacrament of our Lord's Body and Blood; but we cannot refrain from expressing our great grief and pain that one who has given so many undeniable proofs of sincere and devout attachment to the Church as your reverence has done should be thus accused, and from assuring you of our heartfelt sympathy and prayers in such trying and unprecedented circumstances. We are the more pained by this accusation, when we remember how conscientiously and faithfully you have ever discharged the duties of your holy office; how bountifully you have distributed your alms to the poor and needy; and how liberally you have assisted in promoting so many important works throughout the diocese, providing ourselves, among others, with suitable schools, both at Stranathra and Newtonhill; and becoming, with our pastor, personally responsible for the debt on the latter school. We willingly bear testimony, moreover, that, while ever earnestly endeavouring to make us realise more fully our privileges and responsibilities as members of the Church of Christ, and anxiously striving to build us up more and more in holiness of heart and life, you have never introduced among us, nor, as we believe, among others of your flocks, subjects of special controversy; but have left men to believe and practise, concerning all things not necessary to salvation, in the manner that best commended itself to their consciences in the sight of God. For all these reasons, therefore, and many others of a higher nature, we earnestly hope and pray that Almighty God may, in His great mercy, so overrule all things that nothing but the hand of death may interrupt or sever the holy ties that exist between us. Believe us to be, right reverend father, your affectionate sons and daughters in the bonds of Christ Jesus.

“Muchalls, Stonehaven, 1st March, 1860.”

If to this we add the following address from 5,400 of the working classes of Dundee of all and every denomination, we shall have but little doubt about the Bishop's labours and ministry to the widows, the fatherless, afflicted and ignorant of all his fellow-townsmen.

“My Lord Bishop,—I am deputed by upwards of 5,386 of the

operatives and working people of Dundee most respectfully to present to your lordship the following address :—

“ We, the undersigned operatives and working people of Dundee of all denominations, desire, at this particular time, to express our sincere respect for you, and our gratitude for all your numerous acts of kindness and charity to so many of our suffering brethren, while in sickness and in distress, during the twelve years you have laboured amongst us. May God bless and reward you for such disinterested zeal for our and our children's welfare ; and may your future exertions amongst us be still further rewarded by the conscientious testimony and esteem of every class of the community.’

“ And (continued Mr. Ruddiman), I am respectfully requested to convey to your lordship the sincere hope and desire of the parties subscribing the address, that you will be victorious over your adversaries, and that you will continue to pursue with increased vigour and success that Christian line of conduct of doing good to all which you have hitherto so piously and so devotedly pursued, notwithstanding the calumnies of those who, for their own convenience, follow a different and a lukewarm course of conduct.”

Bishop Forbes thus addressed the deputation in reply :

“ My friends and fellow-townsmen,—You will believe me that this is one of the proudest moments in my life. That, under the trials and difficulties that at present beset me, I should receive evidences of the sympathy and affection of those to whom I am bound by the close tie of the pastoral relation, is, however, truly gratifying to me and highly appreciated by me, only in the order of the natural probabilities of life. It was to be expected that they who had known me intimately for twelve years, and who had no reason to doubt my desire to do what in me lay for the good of their souls, should endeavour to avert any circumstance that might tend to the suspension of those relations which had hitherto existed to the mutual pleasure and comfort of both parties ; but that my fellow-townsmen of the working classes, ‘ of all denominations,’ should come forward, in this unexpected way, is a circumstance more gratifying to me than I can well express. It is the more pleasing to me because it comes from the quarter which of all others has the greatest interest to me. Of all classes of the community, I especially honour the working man. While I trust that I give honour to whom honour is due, and fully appreciate the claims of ancient descent, of the refinement of a cultivated mind, and of the different gradations in the social scale—which, I believe, are wisely arranged with a view to the general happiness—I have always had a special appreciation for that class which is the real strength and backbone of our country—those who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows, and who are not ashamed of doing so. I have a deep sense of the dignity and holiness of labour as the appointed discipline of life to fallen man ; and I believe that there is a special benediction upon the condition of the working classes, since it was in that lot of life that our blessed Lord God condescended to be born for us men and for our salvation. I feel, indeed, very un-

worthy of the kind things which you say concerning me, and I cannot but accuse myself of much neglect and slothfulness in this respect. But your address will at least have this advantage, that it will ever remind me that as long as sorrow and suffering are the conditions of our common manhood, so long is it our duty to do what we can for their alleviation, without any consideration beyond the thought of our brotherhood in human nature, and the consideration that our sympathies are not to be bounded by any law short of that comprehensive one of universal benevolence commended to us by the precept and example of God Himself."

As to his own religious work the following facts require no comment. The Bishop was consecrated on SS. Simon and Jude's Day, 1847; the following is the increase to the present time compared with the former twelve years of the diocese; three more Charges have been delivered, there are four more clergy, Church accommodation for 1360 more, there are 640 more communicants, 242 more administrations of that Sacrament, 13 more schools built, 1022 more have been confirmed. In 1847, there was one school in Dundee, now there are five, and 1200 children in them; there is a Training School and an asylum for 20 orphans.

Shall we not all echo the prayer that the Bishop may long be spared to carry on such work as this, and continue to adorn the doctrine of GOD his SAVIOUR in *all things*?

Review.

The Cottage Commentary on S. Matthew, is now ready, (Masters,) and will supply a want that must have been felt by all who concerned themselves in the religious literature of the people. D'Oyly and Mant, Patrick and Lowth, Scott and Henry have all been out of the reach of the poor, and the few smaller Commentaries (except Mr. Parker's Plain Commentary), were such as few Churchmen could circulate. The present is just the work for adoption by the Book-Hawking Associations, and we shall rejoice to hear it is widely circulated. This volume is 240 pages of good large type and at the low price of 2s. 6d.

THE Churchman's Companion.

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[MAY, 1860.]

A MAIDEN OF OUR OWN DAY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER I.

" Quiet talk she liketh best
In a bower of gentle looks,—
Watering flowers, or reading books.

" And her voice it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun."
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In the cathedral town of ———, there stood a year or two ago, an old-fashioned grey stone house, the front of which looked upon a dull side-street, and was eminently straight-up-and-down and unattractive, but which at the back had its angularity relieved by deep bow-windows, with balconies overrun with China roses and Virginia creeper. And these back windows looked—(passing over a small square court, containing a tiny grass-plat, and a paved walk leading to nothing,)—upon a wild, neglected, but still beautiful garden, where peeping up among mountain-ash trees, luxuriant brambles, and the trailing wreaths of the periwinkle, might be seen some fragments of a ruined building which had once been a convent, but which now deserted by its inmates, was fast crumbling into utter decay. The chapel belonging to the convent had alone been saved from ruin by timely repair, and now fenced off from the garden, was opened for the use of the few Roman Catholics who dwelt in the old city, or its environs.

Its little bell was tinkling away one afternoon, when a young girl stepped out upon the balcony of the bow-windowed house, leaning forward as if listening, not however in the direction of the chapel, but towards the town, from whence might be heard the deep swell of the grand cathedral chimes.

"They have just begun, grandmamma, we shall be in good time I think," she said, stepping back into the room.

Such a neat, bright, charming old lady rose from a seat near the table as her granddaughter spoke! She was about the middle height, neither thin nor stout, with a fair fresh complexion, and plainly-banded white hair, which looked the whiter from the contrast with a close-fitting black bonnet; her dress and shawl were black also—and what can be more becoming to an old lady?—relieved only by the soft grey tint of her chinchilla boa and muff. Though above seventy years old, she was far more erect than her granddaughter at seventeen, and the pale thoughtful face of the young girl would have been improved by some of the glow and brightness which gave such a charm to the older countenance.

Yet Gyneth Deshon though neither bright, nor pretty, was not altogether unattractive, more especially now as coming forward she offered her arm to the old lady with a sweet loving look, and the affectionate remark, "Now, granny, this is the proudest moment of my day; I like walking out with you so much, and I do think people look quite differently at me from what they do when they meet me by myself."

"I'm afraid when you go out by yourself you hunch up your shoulders, Gyneth, and look black at everybody," said the old lady playfully, "so no wonder if they return the compliment by looking black at you."

Gyneth smiled, a singular smile kindling in the depths of her grey eyes, sending a sudden gleam over her whole face, and then as suddenly disappearing.

"I daresay I did look rather black when I went to buy that flannel for you this morning, grandmamma," she said, "for I was deep in meditation about a new story which I am making, it is to be something quite different

from anything I have written before, and the hero is to be Sumitanda, the prince of Oruma, the Japanese prince, who was converted to Christianity by Louis Almeyda, the Jesuit, you know."

"Or rather I *don't* know, my child, for I have forgotten most of what I once read about those devoted Jesuit missionaries; I remember being very full of it at the time, but old age steals much of our knowledge away from us. Only as you have mentioned the flannel, Gyneth love, let me say, that I wish you would be particular to ask for *Welsh* flannel; I always fancy that other kind is not half so much wear in it. Do remember to ask for Welsh next time."

"Yes, dear grandmamma," said Gyneth readily, and she added, "if I am forgetting, I shall only have to think of Sumitanda, and that will recall it to me."

"But think of putting away Welsh flannel and a Japanese prince in the same pigeon-hole of your mind!" said the grandmamma, with a humorous glance of her blue eyes; "you should really try to arrange your ideas a little better. And now tell me, how is the story getting on?"

"Pretty well, but it is not very easy, I want to know more of what the Japanese were like before the missionaries came to them; they seem to have embraced Christianity so much more readily than most other heathen nations, and I don't fully understand why; Xavier's Life does not tell me half enough."

"We might go to the library and see if we could discover any more books on the subject before going home this afternoon," said Mrs. Deshon, "but now I think we must hasten onwards, must we not?"

They had emerged from the by-street, and were descending a hill towards the lower part of the town, which was wrapped in a soft golden haze, looked almost like one of the dream-cities of the desert, save where the grey tower of the cathedral, and the green fir-capped hill behind, pierced through the mist, and stood out clear against the autumn sky. But the city did not vanish at their approach, melting into cloud-land, and leaving only a drear sandy plain in its place, on the contrary as they drew

nearer each quaintly-fashioned house and shop came distinctly into view, with the noble market cross at the end of the street, round which was gathered a crowd of loungers, chiefly soldiers, whose gay scarlet uniform gave colour and brightness to the scene.

It was no magical golden city, but a pleasant old English town, and Gyneth would not have exchanged it for any other dwelling-place in the world, at least so she thought as she walked slowly by her grandmother's side along the avenue which led away from the High Street, up to the western door of the grand old minster. Just before they reached the door they were joined by one of the canons, and his daughter, a girl about Gyneth's own age. She was small, fair, and plump, with insignificant features, rosy cheeks, and a blithe, bonny, though somewhat mischievous smile shining out the moment she spoke; her name, Rose, exactly suited her, and Gyneth, who was devoted to Tennyson, had a private theory that the line,

"A rosebud set with little wifful thorns, and sweet as English air
could make her, she,"

must have been specially intended for a description of Rose Burnaby. The canon was a grave formal-mannered man, very kind in reality though, and much liked by Mrs. Deshon, who had known him for many years, and who had been a most true and tender friend to his little motherless Rose.

Directly Rosie caught sight of the old lady and her granddaughter, she danced lightly up to them, the brown feathers of her hat dancing in sympathy, and the ripple of that ever-ready smile playing round her lips. But there was scarcely time for greetings, as it was near the hour of service, so with a sudden repression of her mirthful looks, Rose followed Mrs. Deshon and Gyneth into the cathedral, and took her place beside them.

On coming out again however, she deserted them for a moment, and tripped after an old blind bedesman, who led by a little child, was slowly taking his way homewards. What she had to say to him was not very apparent, but he smiled, and the child smiled, at the nothings

so sweetly and kindly uttered, and whether with reason or no, poor old Peter Lowell was accustomed to look forward to his daily greeting from Miss Burnaby, as to one of the greatest enlivenments of his monotonous existence.

The canon announced his intention of walking home with Mrs. Deshon, and the two girls set off together to explore the contents of the lending-library. From thence, after a fruitless search for some books relating to Japan, they adjourned to the convent garden, which was not open to the public, but to which the dwellers in that particular street were at all times allowed access.

Gyneth began a confidential account of the plot of her romance about Prince Sumitanda, and meanwhile Rose rubbed the romancer of her bonnet, and proceeded to breathe her hair with the leaves of the Virginia creeper. And mixed up with Gyneth's enthusiastic description of her hero were little lively interjections of "Meine liebchen, don't moye your head," "you will be quite irresistible in a minute," "His Japan Highness would have given a pair of bran new chopsticks for a sight of you!" and a hundred other bits of merry nonsense, which Gyneth perhaps scarcely heard, and certainly did not appear to heed. And when the work was finished, and a flush of scarlet leaflets crowned the heavy masses of hair that looped around Gyneth's pale face, Rose gave one fond &chievous glance into the depths of those shady grey eyes, and then stopped the eager eloquent lips with a kiss, regardless of the interesting crisis of affairs at which the Japanese hero had at that moment arrived.

Inventors are usually jealous of interruption, and one hears of a French man-milliner who when some new device for a 'garniture' or a 'capote' had entered his fertile brain, was wont to suspend outside his door a placard on which was inscribed "M. Herbaut compose!" so fearful was he lest the chance arrival of some visitor should destroy the airy fabric of his creative imagination; but contrary to the usual rule, Gyneth Deshon betrayed no annoyance at being interrupted in the thread of her narrative: she goodhumouredly left the development of her hero's fortunes to another opportunity, and her soft un-

der-toned laugh chimed in harmoniously with Rosie's silver peal.

"And now, you dear little dreamer, as you have got out of Japan, let us have a little commonplace conversation," said Rose, with an attempt at gravity; "how do you like the new minor-canon?"

"I don't know, I can't judge."

"Can't you? why I have made up my mind already that I don't like him. How wretchedly he intones! It reminds me of Chaucer's Prioress, who 'entuned in hire nose ful seemyly,' which by the by, Chaucer observes in commendation, though I am sure it ought to have been the reverse."

"Rose!" exclaimed Gyneth, in a scandalised tone.

"Ah, I am very naughty, I know," laughed Rose in return; "but really you must own that my criticism is correct; and he is the very funniest man to speak to! He gives one his hand to shake as if it were a loaf of bread, or a soup-ticket, and one ought to be inexpressibly beholden to him for it."

Gyneth gave a glance of amused comprehension, but would not be betrayed into any disparaging comment on the gentleman in question.

"He was at Corfu some time ago," she observed, "and kindly took charge of a packet for me when he returned home."

"Ah, I was talking to him about your people when he dined with us yesterday; it seems he was staying with his brother, who is a major in your papa's regiment, so he saw a good deal of your family, he said Lambert was his favourite among them."

"Lambert!" echoed Gyneth in disappointed accents; "why should he be preferred to the others I wonder? He is not half so handsome and clever as Lawrence, nor so sweet and fascinating as Jeannie; I never cared as much for him as for the rest."

"But it is five years since you have seen him, is it not? you might be fonder of him now, you would be I am sure, if he is really so good as Mr. Willis represents."

"Yes, and if he is all that Cousin Lewis has described to me. But I don't wish to form my opinion from report, I mean to wait and judge for myself."

"Beginning with a prejudice against him?" said Rose. "For my part I confess I am rather prepossessed in his favour, and have a great curiosity to see him."

"Which may perhaps be gratified ere long," rejoined Gyneth, "for he is going to Cambridge in January, and will no doubt come and see me on his way there. The doctors think he is strong enough now to face an English winter."

"Oh I am glad. Does he write to you often?"

"Never—Mamma and Jeannie are my only correspondents, except that just at Christmas-time I generally get a long letter from papa, and some funny little notes in large-hand from the children."

"Don't you long for them all to come home?"

"Sometimes; but though I should like dearly to see them, I dread leaving grandmamma. And somehow,—I suppose it's very wrong of me, Rosie,—I have a horror of large families, they seem to quarrel so, at least they always do in books."

Rose's eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Why I always like large families so much. I think there is always some fun going on among them, and it must be so pleasant to have a number of sisters and brothers to care for one, and pet one, and enter into one's little plans. I cannot help being sorry that I am an only child."

But the pensive shade which her face wore for a moment, cleared off as her father appeared on the balcony, and beckoned to her to come to him. "I don't know after all," she said smiling, "that I want any brothers and sisters, I don't think I could spare the least bit of papa's love, I want it all for myself."

"Could I spare any of grandmamma's, I wonder?" thought Gyneth to herself, when Rose had left her, "should I be content if she were to become equally fond of Lambert for instance? And this may come to pass if he spends all his vacations with us. I wonder if he means to; I must ask Lewis on Sunday, and get him to tell me all about my brothers, and why he is so fond of Lambert. Oh, I wish Sunday were come!"

Sunday was a white day always to Gyneth and her grandmamma, not only for George Herbert's reasons,

though those were not forgotten, but partly because this 'Lewis' of whom she had spoken came down on Saturday evening every week, and spent the Sunday with them. He was a barrister, upwards of thirty years of age, and known to his London friends as a clever, shrewd, yet kindhearted man, well versed in the literature of the day, and an agreeable addition to an evening party; but to Mrs. Deshon and Gyneth he was a great deal more than this. To the former he almost filled the place of her two sons, one of whom was dead, and the other absent; to Gyneth he was a link with the busy outer world, that world of struggling, thinking human beings, about which she was wont to perplex herself so vainly.

Not that she moulded her opinions on his, or was content to accept his views of men and things; she did battle with him valiantly on Saturday evenings, and threw down the gauntlet again at his hurried Monday morning breakfasts; but on Sunday disputes were laid aside by common consent, and the day was given up to peace, cathedral services, good reading, sacred music, and "the Christian Year."

These visits of 'Cousin Lewis' were almost the only break in the peaceful monotony of Gyneth's life. On the other days of the week, she read to her grandmother, visited the poor, walked with Rose, wrote stories, speculated, studied, and dreamed, with but little interruption or variation.

Her grandfather had been one of the canons of the cathedral, and his widow was well known and much respected in the town, so there were of course morning visits to be received and returned, and though Gyneth was not 'introduced,' her grandmother was accustomed to take her everywhere with her; but morning visits are for the most part dreary work, and though Gyneth felt honoured by the acquaintance of the dean's wife and daughters, and other female dignitaries of the place, she did *not* feel enlivened, and was too reserved and shy to respond to the efforts made for her entertainment. The first eight years of her life had been spent with her father and mother in the West Indies, where Colonel Deshon's regiment was then stationed, the next three years had

been passed at school in England, and then she had been consigned to her grandmother's care, a delicate drooping child of eleven, intelligent and thoughtful beyond her age, but with a melancholy languor about her which quite grieved the heart of cheery active-spirited Mrs. Deshon.

Five years in the healthful happy atmosphere of her grandmother's home had brightened up the languid little maiden in some degree; if Gyneth were never actually merry, she was now seldom sad, and the calm serenity which generally characterized her was quite as far from dejection as from mirth. Yet under the serene stillness of her outward bearing a whole sea of troublous thoughts surged unceasingly, and all the mournful problems of the world were revolved again and again in the brain of this quiet-seeming damsel. A fact which was scarcely suspected by any one, except when now and then Mrs. Deshon caught a glimpse of her granddaughter's inner mind, and was roused to the gentle remonstrance, "My dear love, don't think so much, try to live more in what is passing around you. You make me feel as if I had done wrong in taking you from school, where you had other young folks to keep you active and lively." And Lewis Grantham too surmised somewhat of the truth, and called Gyneth "his little philosopher," and teased her, and led her on to talk, and then laughed at her; so goodnaturedly, however, that it would scarcely have tried any one's temper, certainly not a temper so sweet as that of Gyneth Deshon.

CHAPTER II.

"Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Learn more than thou trowest."

SHAKESPEARE.

"GRANDMAMMA, Cousin Lewis will be here directly, I see him coming down the street."

This announcement was made by Gyneth one winter evening, at the door of the kitchen, where stood Mrs. Deshon peering into the oven which the cook was holding

open for her, and in the recesses of which might be seen a tray of small round cakes of a most tempting aspect.

Mrs. Deshon was old-fashioned enough to like to be her own housekeeper, and took an innocent pride in initiating 'Eliza,' a good-humoured teachable country girl, into certain culinary mysteries which are not to be learnt from any modern cookery-book. Moreover, she considered it necessary that Lewis should be regaled with all the delicacies which the genius of hospitality could suggest, and how could she be sure that Eliza's unassisted skill would suffice for the preparation of so many good things? Thus it generally happened that when Gyneth after donning her evening dress, descended to the drawing-room towards tea-time on Saturdays, she found no one there, and that if she proceeded to the kitchen she was nearly sure to discover Mrs. Deshon engaged in the manufacture of some choice species of tea-cake, or superintending the preparation of some more substantial dish.

The old lady turned round when her granddaughter spoke. "Take dear Lewis to the drawing-room," she said, "I will be with him in a minute."

But Lewis would not be taken to the drawing-room. When Gyneth met him in the hall, and invited him to come up stairs, he inquired for 'Granny,' as he called her, though a distant cousinship was in reality the relationship between them, and on being told that she was in the kitchen, declared that he would go and take a peep at her there.

So when Mrs. Deshon looked up from her employment of turning over the little cakes daintily with a fork, that all sides might be equally baked, it was to see a curly brown head nodding at her from the door, while a pair of satirical brown eyes scanned her movements, and a row of very white teeth were ostentatiously displayed, as if in anticipation of the work before them.

"Oh Lewis," said the old lady, shaking her head at him, "I declare you're just the same as you were thirty years ago, when you used to come creeping after me into the kitchen, and stealing the plums out of my tarts."

"The child is father to the man,' you know," observed the culprit, advancing warily into the room, "and

you don't consider what a refreshment it is to me, granny, to see a kitchen, I who live in chambers, and dine at a club, and have only an hebdomadal taste of the privileges of domestic life."

"And do you count it as one of them to surprise an old woman in working costume?" said Mrs. Deshon smiling, and glancing down at the spotless white apron, which had been assumed as a protection to her black silk dress.

"Certainly I do, and I only wish all costumes were so becoming. How tempting those cakes look! They are done, aren't they? See, there is a delicious brown one; ah! thank you," and he stretched out his hand with pretended eagerness for the cake which Mrs. Deshon could not resist giving him, and which he devoured with all the appetite of a schoolboy.

Gyneth still stood near the door, a little amused, perhaps also the least bit disdainful.

"Come, go up to the drawing-room, Lewis," said the old lady, as the last crumbs of the cake disappeared, and the lawyer rubbing his hands pronounced it 'delicious.' "There is Gyneth laughing at us for being so silly."

"Gyneth? Oh!" as if he had not noticed that she had followed him; and lazily turning towards her, he added, "Have you been waiting for me? I ought to apologize. 'Regular meals at regular hours, in proper places' is the maxim of civilized society I know, but a return to primitive simplicity is refreshing sometimes, don't you think so?"

"I don't know, I think I am rather proud of civilization."

"Ah, my little philosopher looks at everything *en grand sérieux*," he answered playfully, "well, I will try and gratify her by 'behaving pretty,' for the rest of the evening. Lead the way up stairs, fair Propriety."

She shook her head smilingly at the epithet, but accompanied him to the drawing-room, whither Mrs. Deshon soon followed them, to do the honours of the tea-table. It was '*thé à la fourchette*' so far as Lewis Grantham was concerned, and he did ample justice to it, though not forgetting to attend most assiduously and gallantly to the wants of the two ladies.

"I had a long letter from Lambert this morning," he observed presently, "he seems very anxious about little Edgar, the doctors think Corfu does not agree with the child, and Lambert says he gets thinner and more weakly every day."

"Poor little darling," said Mrs. Deshon, "what does Grace think of doing with him I wonder, she has not mentioned his illness to me."

"Grace" was Mrs. Edgar Deshon, Gyneth's mother.

"Lambert writes as if his anxiety were scarcely shared by the others," said Mr. Grantham, "perhaps he observes Edgar more attentively than they do, for he has him constantly with him, teaches him, and all that."

"So I understand; and how forlorn the poor child will be when Lambert goes to college. I wonder could we have him here? English air would soon brace him up, and you would not dislike having a little brother to pet and play with, would you, my dear Gyneth?"

"Oh, grandmamma, I should like it of all things," said Gyneth; "poor dear little boy: it would be delightful to nurse him, and walk with him, and amuse him. I daresay he would soon get better in English air, as you say, and besides it would be a nice change for him. Jeannie says she thinks Lambert makes him work too hard."

Lewis Grantham paused in the act of sipping his tea, to look across at Gyneth, and very malicious was the incredulity which this glance expressed, "Lambert is the kindest, most considerate brother that ever child had," he said.

"Let me see," mused Mrs. Deshon, "Lambert will be going to Cambridge very soon, and he might bring Edgar to England with him, and leave him here with me. I will write by the very next mail and propose it to Grace."

"I am very curious to see Lambert," said Gyneth.

"Only *curious*?" queried Lewis rather sharply; but Gyneth's serenity was undisturbed.

"Remember," she said, "it is five years since I have seen him, and eight since I have been much with him. You know far more of him than I, for he never writes to me as he does to you, and besides it is not much more

than a year since you saw him, is it? wasn't it in the autumn of last year that you went out to Corfu in Mr. Hutchinson's yacht?"

"Yes, and I shouldn't mind going again next autumn; it was delightful cruising about among the islands, especially after Lambert joined us. He was well up in all the classic traditions, and had a boy's natural enthusiasm about them, whereas Hutchinson pronounced them all 'bosh,' and would talk of no Greeks but modern ones, and of those only to abuse them. By the by, how Gladstone is getting laughed at for his Homeric enthusiasm!"

"By newspapers and common-place people," exclaimed Gyneth with unusual energy.

"By 'Mrs. Grundy' in short," said Mr. Grantham, "and Mrs. Grundy generally has common sense on her side. But he is not without defenders, there is a most amusing letter in the paper to-day, applauding all that he has been saying, and showing a most marvellous sympathy with the poor unfortunate Greeks."

"Amusing?" inquired Gyneth doubtfully.

"Yes to me, though it seems to have been written in all sober seriousness. I will read it to you after tea, I have the paper in my pocket. Ah—" as Mrs. Deshon rose to ring the bell, "allow me, dear granny."

"Mayn't I read it to myself?" asked Gyneth, when the tea-things were removed, and her cousin had unfolded the newspaper.

"Certainly, if you prefer it; but I thought perhaps Mrs. Deshon would like to hear it."

"So I should, dear Lewis, it is quite a treat to hear you read, and Gyneth will not mind I'm sure. I will just fetch my netting, and then—" But Lewis Grantham was half across the room before she could finish her sentence, and in another minute he pounced upon the netting-box, which was on a side table, and brought it to her.

The old lady set herself comfortably to work, and Gyneth took up some embroidery, but there was an unaccountable nervousness and agitation in her manner, and she broke her thread so often that half Mrs. Deshon's

pleasure in the reading was spoiled by the apprehension that Gyneth had been cheated into buying rotten embroidery thread, which she considered one of the many iniquitous inventions of this Brummagem age, in which cheapness is more considered than durability and worth.

Yet the lawyer read well, and the letter was original and spirited. The cause of the Greeks was eloquently pleaded, the old heroic spirit was declared to be latent in them, and Mr. Gladstone was warmly applauded for having appealed to them through their patriotic traditions, instead of addressing himself only to their feelings of self-interest as some other Englishmen had done. He had not begun, so said the writer, by considering them "rascals," and then treating them as such; he had believed them capable of the same patriotism, the same veneration for their illustrious ancestors as glowed in his own breast, and if these feelings were ever so dormant in their hearts, surely he had taken the best way to arouse them.

It was evident that the writer was an enthusiast, and had looked at the inhabitants of the Ionian Isles through a somewhat rose-coloured medium, but there was a generous ardour in the sentiments, and a fire and grace in the style which made Mrs. Deshon exclaim as her cousin ceased reading, "Well, that is a very good letter for a young man, and one would rather that the young took too bright a view of their fellow-creatures, whether Greeks or Englishmen, than the reverse. Were it not that he expresses himself so well, I should guess the writer to be scarcely more than a boy, but a very clever and high-minded boy, such a one as will make a noble man."

Gyneth looked up eagerly, a bright flush tinging her cheek, her shady eyes glowing with an inward fire; but if she had meant to speak the words were arrested by her cousin's saying, "On the whole I am inclined to think this is written by a lady, well-educated, a dabbler in classic lore even, but very young, and just that mixture of enthusiasm and prejudice which makes a zealous partisan."

"But my dear Lewis, a lady, a young lady, writing in a

newspaper, and about such a subject! Impossible!" said Mrs. Deshon incredulously. "Why no ordinary woman could imagine herself at all a judge of the matter, and moreover, I cannot believe that a lady, and much less a very young lady, would put forth her opinions in such a decided way."

"Forgive me, dear Granny, if I differ from you," said Mr. Grantham lightly; "very young people are more decided than any other; they have not learned to doubt the truth of their own convictions, and they fancy that truth requires only to be stated to obtain immediate credence; thus in a moment of eager impulse some innocent young girl sits down and dashes off a letter to the editor of a magazine or a newspaper, when an older and more experienced person would think twice about it, or probably never do it at all, knowing that their opinion even if correct, could be of little value to the public."

He was glancing over the letter again as he spoke, and did not look at Gyneth. Neither did Mrs. Deshon; she was counting the stitches of her netting with a puzzled thoughtful air, and presently exclaimed, "My dears, I am afraid it is very uncharitable of me, but I can't help thinking this nineteenth century is rather like the times of Rehoboam, when the young men's counsel was taken, and the old men were scoffed at. In my early days young girls went about their home duties quietly and modestly, and were content to take their opinions on public questions from their elders; now they discuss and argue, and run about to meetings, and write to the newspapers, and the old ideas about modesty and teachableness are quite set aside. Not that it is so with all, there are some like my Gyneth here,—why my precious child!" For at this moment Gyneth rose from her chair, and kneeling down by her grandmother's side, laid her head on her shoulder, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Dear grandmamma," she sobbed out, "forgive me; don't think me so very dreadful; I wrote that letter; it was very foolish, very wrong of me, but indeed I did not mean any harm; it was impulse, as Cousin Lewis said."

Unbounded astonishment was Mrs. Deshon's first feeling, then certainly displeasure, but pity for the offender

was so mingled with it, that she passed her arm round the weeping girl, pressed her fondly up to her, even kissed her tenderly, before she nerved herself to say in accents of very gentle reproach, "My child, I won't pretend that I am not shocked and grieved, for I am, but I daresay I am too strict and old-fashioned in my notions. I know it is the custom now for young people to follow their impulses and speak out their minds, and it was expecting too much, to think that *you* would always be different from the other young folks of the day."

"But, grandmamma, I am worse," said Gyneth bitterly, "I am sure Rose would never think of writing in the newspapers, or of putting herself forward in any way, no, nor would any of the girls that I know. Oh, how could I be so conceited, so horrid! Don't kiss me, dear grandmamma, be as angry with me as I deserve."

But she might as well have asked a dove to comport itself after the manner of an eagle. Mrs. Deshon was as she had said, "shocked and grieved," but these feelings never with her found vent in anger. She continued to caress her granddaughter, and to make excuses for her; any word that seemed to imply blame stole out unawares, and was instantly recalled.

"But, my love," she said after a while, "tell me how you sent this letter, and why you made such a mystery of it."

"Not to deceive you," said Gyneth, raising her head proudly; "please, dear grandmamma, don't think me so bad as that. I wrote it yesterday morning when you were at the almshouses, and I posted it when I went down to meet you. I did not think it would have been in the paper so soon; I thought if they put it in at all, it would not be till Monday, and then I meant to get Monday's paper, and read it out to surprise you, and make you guess who wrote it; I was so silly, I never thought of your being vexed. You know I was reading yesterday that letter in which Mr. Gladstone was ridiculed, and the Greeks abused and slandered, and then I thought of what Cousin Lewis had told us, and of all that Jeannie had written about them to me, and I sat down and dashed off this—I cannot speak, but when I

write the words all seem to come—I thought that truth must triumph whoever wrote it; and oh, grandmamma, I was in a way, a fit, my thoughts seemed to choke me!"

"Poor child, poor love," was all that Mrs. Deshon could say, meanwhile she was feeling Gyneth's forehead and hands which were burning hot. "The child is over-excited," thought she, "I have not taken enough care of her. Yet how could I guess she ever troubled herself about such subjects, she who looks so quiet? In my young days I should as soon have thought of crying for the moon, as of distressing myself about a parcel of troublesome Greeks."

Poor Greeks! the tender-hearted old lady was rather hard upon you at this moment, but forgive her, she was not thinking of you in the abstract, but only as having been the unconscious cause of injury to her precious grandchild.

"Come," she said soothingly, "sit down in the arm-chair, my dearest, and rest your poor hot head. There, that's right, and now I will go and fetch some eau-de-cologne to bathe it, and meantime don't think any more of all this, but talk a little to Lewis; poor Lewis! we have quite neglected him."

When she had left the room, Mr. Grantham tried at first to appear still absorbed in the newspaper, but as two or three minutes passed and she did not return, he could not resist stealing a glance at Gyneth, and then drawing nearer and nearer, till the curly head was hanging almost over her chair, and the bright eyes beaming down at her with an expression of mingled mischief and sympathy. She discerned only the mischief, and thought he was laughing at her: she would have given much to be able to bring her habitual cold serenity to her aid, but her heart was too full of shame and vexation, and she could only turn away her head that he might not see her tears.

But Lewis did not move, and his glance grew softer and more solicitous, though it was in the drollest tone in the world that he said, "So I find my little philosopher strong-minded enough to write to a newspaper, and

yet weak-minded enough to be terribly distressed when she finds the editor has actually put the letter in!"

"Oh, Lewis," sobbed poor Gyneth, "how can you be so cruel? think how I have vexed grandmamma."

"Yes, I do think, and I am very sorry for it. What a sweet soul it is! We fine nineteenth-century people will never make such grandmothers; the good dear old people are all getting devoured; when future little Red-riding-hoods arrive, they will find only wolves." And he made a face so absurdly like that which illustrators following tradition have ascribed to Red-riding-hood's wolf, that Gyneth was betrayed into a momentary smile, and the involuntary quotation, "'What great eyes you have, grandmamma!'"

It was very silly of course, but somehow Gyneth felt the better for having forgotten herself and her own troubles one minute, even in this babyish way. She did not sink back into the chair again, but rose saying, "I must not fret, for it distresses grandmamma; only, Lewis, your poor philosopher cannot help being ashamed of having shown herself to be such a conceited goose."

She spoke lightly, but her lips quivered, and seeing this, her cousin dropped his bantering tone, and said quite gravely, "I think you are too hard upon yourself, Gyneth, 'a conceited goose' could not have written that letter, it is very innocent and Quixotic, but there is nothing that you need be ashamed of in it."

"But I ought not to have written it, it was conceited, ridiculous, and oh,—" her voice broke down into a sob; she could not tell him what made her grief so bitter—the dread that she had been unmaidenly, that she had acted like one of the "strong-minded women" whom she had been taught to hold in horror.

But Lewis arched his eyebrows, and looked droll again. "You don't expect me to endorse all those hard names, I hope," he said smiling, "I might if I thought you were going really to turn into one of those self-opinionated, argumentative young ladies, upon whom dear granny has been discoursing so eloquently, but I don't believe there is any fear of that; I feel sure your first appearance in

the columns of a newspaper will also be your last, at least for a good many years to come."

"But I can never undo this," said Gyneth, taking up the paper. "May I put it in the fire?"

"If you like, but I think it is a good plan to preserve some memorial of one's defunct follies; I have a whole drawer full of mine, and find it very wholesome to look into it occasionally."

The half-playful suggestion was accepted by Gyneth literally, she cut out the letter and placed it in her work-box, then sat down calmly to work again; calmly that is, so far as outward appearances went, but the sweet face drooped lower than usual all that evening, and self-reproachful thoughts were still busy within.

Mrs. Deshon's eau-de-cologne was scarcely needed, nor the other remedies, a search for which had occasioned her prolonged absence from the drawing-room, but these signs of her loving care were not unappreciated by Gyneth. Oh how could she study to please this dear grandmother enough! Assuredly she would be more earnest in her efforts for the future, most certainly no more letters to newspapers should ever cause grief between them!

THE RIVER.

A THRENODY.

By a river, by a river,
Sate I once at eventide,
And the bright broad arch of Heaven
Was with crimson colours dyed;
And a theme for thought supplied
Sun was setting.

Sad the feelings—sweet the feelings
That came o'er me then;
Quiet was the spot and distant
From the busy haunts of men;
And I sate, where none did ken,
Thinking, dreaming.

I was thinking, thinking, thinking
 Of the happy days of yore,
 When my first young hope-buds blossom'd,
 And when golden fruits they bore—
 Fruits which I may taste no more—
 Blight destroy'd them.

I was dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
 (Blessed seemed those dreams to be)
 Of glad looks and happy faces,
 Which had sunlight been to me,
 And had fill'd my heart with glee
 In the old land.

I was thinking, thinking, dreaming,
 Dreaming (yet I did not weep)
 Of the lovèd ones departed,
 Free from care and sorrow deep,
 Who as infants calmly sleep
 In God's acre.

I was lonely, sad and lonely
 When a voice from out the stream,
 Said in sweet and gentle accents,
 "Man was never meant to dream;
 Life is far too grand a theme
 To be dreamt o'er.

"I flow onwards, ever onwards,
 Onwards to the boundless sea,
 Little am I—yet my streamlet
 Ever of some use may be,
 Take a lesson then from me,
 Cease thy dreaming.

"I flow onwards—look thou upwards,
 Then blest music of the sphere,
 And the crimson'd hues of heaven
 Shall proclaim in voices clear,
 Voices which thou soon may'st hear—
 Sun is setting.

"Sun is setting, yet be gladsome—
 It but sets to rise again;
 Glorious words shall soon be spoken,
 Where no sorrow is nor pain,
 Darkness gone—all light again—
 'Sun is risen,'"

WILLIAM B. FLOWER

Baden Baden, April, 1860.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

CHAPTER III.

"Plenty of work, and how to do it."

"AND now," said Mr. Seaton, as he pushed away his desk after sealing the last of a heap of letters, "now we will lay out our programme, Annie, and talk about this grand day, for there is no time to lose, as the Bishop says he can come next month, and here we are already in the middle of July; we must think of everything in turn, and everybody must have their pleasure. It shall be such a glorious day!" and the Vicar stood up and walked to the window to look out on the groups of merry children now at play in the soft warm twilight of the beautiful July evening.

"Ah, your first thought is for the bairns, Arthur," his sister said, laughing, "how they *will* enjoy it. Already we have been talking of the preparation, and agreeing that the churchyard must be in high beauty. They all want to make ivy wreaths as we did last Christmas, and we think the east end of the chancel can be nearly covered with some decoration because it is so bad and ruinous, but we must beg the design from you, and we need not spare material, for we shall have so many willing hands to help."

"Of course we must have a grand service, or *two* if we can squeeze them into the day," said Mr. Seaton, "our people will not be satisfied with one; and there must be a great public tea, and a feast for the children, and games, and music, and bell-ringing, and flags, and lots of cake, and fun and noise."

"We must try to get a good choir for the day," said Miss Seaton, "perhaps Mr. Parr will come from Bradley with his men and boys, for our own will have so much to do and think about that we can hardly expect them to undertake all the singing on such a day."

"That's a very good thought, Annie, I give you credit

for it, and we must not forget the ringers, who will want to have their share of the fun, and yet I shall be longing to have the bells clashing from morning to night,—with such a peal as ours it would be a shame not to hear the most of them."

"There they go, as if to acknowledge your compliment," said his sister, as the sweet peal rang out through the quiet evening; for Milton ringers were famous in the country round, and were very fond of practising, and sometimes the Vicar who pulled a bell in first-rate style was beguiled into the belfry to take a rope, and give the others a little instruction.

They stood now in silence at the open window listening to the distant bells and the merry shouts of the children, and it was some minutes ere they resumed the conversation.

There was so much to think of, the only way to have all properly arranged was to put it down on paper, and add to the list whatever might occur to either of them. Before the last peal of merry bells rang out that evening so much had been thought of, that it seemed almost hopeless to attempt to crowd all into one day, but as Mr. Seaton said, nobody knows what can be done till they try; and the churchwarden coming in to supper entered heartily into all the plans and offered his assistance in maturing them.

"The lads tell me," he said, "that you have promised them a sight of the Bishop alone; how shall you manage that, sir?"

"I think we will ask his lordship to come to the new school after we leave church, and hold a little service there by way of an opening; then the children shall sing him a hymn and kneel down for his blessing. They will never forget it, and when they grow up, will look back, I hope, to his visit as to a bright spot in the past. I must have it a glorious day for everyone. Mr. Cole, of course you will give your men a holyday, and the other farmers will do the same."

"I'm very willing, sir," the good churchwarden answered heartily, "a holyday hurts nobody, and the men will work all the better for it both before and after;

there's some of 'em want to cut down boughs and green to decorate the lych-gate, and they spoke of going in procession to meet the Bishop."

"Well, the news has spread fast," said the Vicar, "for I only had his lordship's letter on Thursday, and this is Saturday; any suggestions will be acceptable, everybody can think of something to add to the festivity of the day. I shall tell them all about it in my sermon to-morrow."

"And I hope you will mention that we shall be happy to see all friends and relations, sir, the village is large enough to hold them, and it will be a sort of feast-week, the lads and lasses coming home for it from service and bringing their friends with 'em, if they like."

"Oh dear, yes! the more the merrier will be our principle on such a day,—it *shall* be a glorious one! and if only the weather is fine—"

"Don't say *if*, sir," said Mr. Cole, laughing, as he shook hands at departing; "it's unlucky, the Bishop brings fine weather, they say, like the Queen; anyhow, we'll bring lots of sunshine to Milton, lots of happiness to old and young; why the very oldest will crawl out to have a peep at him."

"Annie!" exclaimed Mr. Seaton, a few minutes after the churchwarden was gone, "I have a bright thought; you know how many old people there are who *cannot* crawl out, even to see our Bishop; what say you to taking him to see them? walking in procession round the village, band, and choir, and schools, and flags, *and all*, as they say here."

"My dear Arthur, you can't mean to ask the Bishop to walk round our large village; after a long service, too, and a sermon, for I suppose we shall get him to preach; I can't think," she added musingly, "how we shall make room in church for all who will want to hear him."

"We will not only ask him to walk round the village, Annie, but to preach in the churchyard—among your flowers," he said, smiling at her look of incredulity.

"You cannot really mean it! did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Of open-air preaching! yes, to be sure; but just

think how much more sensible a way it would be. Our little church cannot hold more than four hundred; now suppose we have a congregation of double that number, would it not be a pity to disappoint so many, as would be obliged of necessity to stand outside; and these disappointed ones must be our own people, for courtesy requires that on such an occasion visitors should have the first accommodation. In the churchyard there is room for all, and we could erect a pulpit for our illustrious guest, and have the glory besides of hearing his first open-air sermon, as I suspect it would be."

"It all sounds too wonderful to come true," and Annie Seaton covered her face with her hands and thought of their church and churchyard as they had been a year before, and thanked God softly in her heart for all that He had so mercifully wrought, so abundantly blessed; for Milton was very different from what it had been when we first described it: the new schools were finished, that was the most evident improvement, and very beautiful they were; the chancel was entirely re-modelled inside, but the outer walls were untouched, and so the church looked exactly as it had looked on the first evening when she saw it, except perhaps that the old grey walls had caught a glow of brightness from the gay flower-beds round; and the porch was always open now, and through the wide oak door you could see right up to the altar, past the rows of open benches, past the low screen that marked the entrance to the chancel, and past the new organ, the very pride and darling of the whole village—that organ whose erection had been witnessed by half the population, and towards which even the tiniest of the bairns had brought their pennies and halfpennies, and so all had a sort of proprietorship in it, and looked on it as in some degree their own.

And Milton music now was quite celebrated in the village round, for no choir sang more heartily and unanimously, and the hymns were grown to be so well known and loved, that often in the late twilight across the closes and carra the Vicar would hear the familiar tunes whistled or sung by the lads as they came home from work, with their tools over their shoulders, and he dearly loved

to think that the pleasant music lightened the way, and sometimes found a road perchance to the inner hearts of those whose welfare and happiness lay so very near his own.

In less than a week the expected visit from their Bishop and the coming festival had grown to be the constant topic. everyone had some suggestion to offer, or some contribution towards the gaiety of the day; adjoining houses lent their flags and banners, and volunteered assistance in decorating, large tents were offered for the use which were to be in the vicarage ground, and invitations were issued far and near.

It was determined that the holyday should be universal, and the farmers all consented to give the half day to their labourers. Flowers were nursed up and evergreens trimmed, and a splendid banner fabricated, of the arms of the diocese, which was to be hung above the throne. A little difficulty was experienced about this last action, until a most fortunate set of beautiful carved chairs was offered, and these made splendid thrones for his lordship in church and school, and at the Vicarage for he was coming for the whole summer's day, and to see and be seen as much as possible. And it is easy to imagine that the children were not behind the rest in working. Perhaps the greatest part of the work was done by the boys, and even the girls and little ones helped with the best will in the world.

Only one seemed to hang back from all the fun and the talk and eagerness; the others said, "She was strange!" and wondered to see how she kept out of Miss Seaton's way, and never offered to sew the ivy bands that every one else was so glad to make. But little Grace Arnold could never forget for a moment that unhappy day when one small sin, as it seemed, had plunged her into such a sea of trouble. She was in constant fear of being found out, for Sara Jones had discovered the tenderness of her conscience, and did not scruple to play on it; so that now she was always making poor Grace do something for her by the threat of telling Miss Seaton about that first act of disobedience, and Grace was too simple to see that in telling of her, Sara would also

disclose her own fault, which so bad a girl was very unlikely to do. Almost every night when she said her prayers, Grace shed bitter tears and afterwards cried herself to sleep, very often making resolutions to go to Miss Seaton the first thing in the morning and confess it all; for the weight was growing too heavy for her to bear. It was well for poor little Grace that she had never left off trying to say her prayers, for while she kept asking for help though ever so faintly, GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT was striving with her, and keeping her from falling quite into the snares of the devil.

One Sunday, when Mr. Seaton was speaking about renouncing the devil and all his works, and telling the little ones the oft-told tale of Eve and her first sin of disobedience, Grace felt her cheeks getting hotter and hotter and the tears forcing their way through her closed eyelids. She felt as if the Vicar must be reading her heart, and saying it all for her, and it seemed as if she were right, for when the children filed out of school on their way to church, his hand was laid on her shoulder, and his kind voice inquired if she were ill. The tears rushed out again with the bright glow on her face. She longed to tell it all, but Sara Jones was close to her, and answered for her that she had the headache, and the Vicar passed on, after giving a searching look at both girls, and ordering Sara rather sharply to go to her own place.

Little Grace never looked up through the service, and could not tell her mother when she got home where the text was, and yet Grace Arnold was generally the best child in the class for behaviour in church and remembering the sermon. Perhaps Miss Seaton would have remarked the change in the child's manner and the downcast look on her bright face, had she not been so very much occupied that she was not often in the school, and when she came to her usual place Grace always contrived to keep quite in the farthest corner, or even to get away from the work altogether, and teach some of the little ones their letters, a task she generally disliked, but she would have done anything twice as disagreeable for the sake of getting out of Miss Seaton's way.

We must leave poor Grace however, in all her trouble, and go on to describe the preparations which now began in earnest.

CHAPTER IV.

"LORD, my sorrows when I'm sad,
May I tell them all to Thee!
LORD, my pleasures when I'm glad,
May they holy pleasures be!"

"Look here, ma'am! See here!" exclaimed several eager voices, as Miss Seaton appeared in the orchard, where beneath the shady apple-trees a numerous band was assembled hard at work.

"Well done, indeed! what a heap of wreaths! How many does that make, Alice?"

"Two dozen, ma'am," replied the button-holer of celebrated memory, Alice Grant, "and the boys *have* carried a vast number down to church already."

"The Vicar wants ever so many more," exclaimed a breathless little fellow, rushing up to the group, who, seated on the dry grass, presented a picture of no common attraction. "Ah! church is getting to look nice!" he said, in a tone of exultation, "but the Vicar says you must work hard, for he shall want a cart-load."

"And I think here are as many as you can carry, Fred," said Miss Seaton, as she laid the wreaths on the boy's outstretched arms—and for the information of our readers we will describe the manufacture, which I can assure them is exceedingly effective, and ivy is to be procured everywhere, even in Milton, where other green is scarce. Narrow slips of calico were cut of four inches wide, and about two or three yards long; the ivy leaves all prepared by having the stems cut off close, and dust, &c., removed by a cloth, were ranged in baskets and handed by the little ones to the sewers, who arranged them in threes on the calico, and then by a few skilful stitches fastened them firmly; never allowing any of the calico to be shown, and keeping the outline of leaves as correct as possible. By this means a very beautiful wreath of

some inches wide was made which in addition to its beauty had the quality of retaining its freshness a long time. The calico, though of the commonest sort, soon became too expensive a material, and brown paper was ingeniously substituted and found to answer every purpose.

"Are the little fingers getting tired? Suppose we go down to church and see what the Vicar and his boys have done, and then go home to tea and freshen up; afterwards, those who like may come back and finish."

It was an agreeable proposal, very well received, and the whole party walked down, carrying all the wreaths that were finished, and looking a very gay procession indeed.

An exclamation of wonder and delight burst from the new comers, and highly pleased the workers, who, in truth, had done wonders in the long afternoon. The whole of the east end was trellised with ivy-bands and a red fleur-de-lys marked each intersection, cut out of crimson cloth. The windows were all festooned about with the same green garlands, and a string-course was all round the Church just above the open benches; while the west door was similarly decorated, and space left above for a large green cross, which was to be prepared by the clever fingers of one of the inhabitants in moss and ivy.

An arcade of evergreens was formed at the screen which divided the chancel from the nave, and many devices were projected, which of course were to be left to the last moment in order to retain their freshness.

A long drawn "Ah!" of delight from the assembled girls brought the Vicar down from the ladder, where he was nailing and hammering, to see the effect of his work.

"How very nice! really you have worked to some purpose."

"And when the wreath for the Font is done—won't it be pretty?"

"Indeed it will, Amy; mind, all the rosebuds must be kept for that last grand wreath."

"And all the great white lilies for the reredos," said the Vicar.

"And a few for the organ; I wish it had a case," said Miss Seaton disconsolately. Her brother smiled, "the

old despairing tone, Annie! but we will wrap it about in red cloth, and put a wreath of your lilies across, and make it very gay; and before long I hope we may manage to have a case."

"Would you mind our making something pretty for the altar-step, sir?" asked Alice Grant, looking brightly up, with a new idea dawning in her face. "Ah, then, I do know of a pretty thing;" and turning to her companions she began explaining very eagerly; some one said Grace Arnold had the flowers they wanted in her garden.

Miss Seaton turned at the name. "Where is Grace?" she asked. "I have not seen her helping at all at the wreaths; her little sister is not worse, is she, Susan?"

"No, ma'am, not that I have heard," Susan Taylor answered; but there was a sort of half smile on her face which made Miss Seaton anxious.

"Do any of you know why she has not been?" she asked.

"Grace is cross," said a child in a blue pinafore, looking up quickly, "she pushed me out of the road this morning."

"Hush! little Mary, don't tell tales; perhaps poor Grace is unhappy, or ill;" but after the children were gone home to tea Miss Seaton stood a long time in the quiet church thinking; and the result was that when she left the Vicar still busied with his decorations, she went down the village instead of returning to make tea, and took her way to the cottage of Mrs. Arnold. She was disappointed, however, to find the door locked; but she would have been still more vexed could she have known that Grace had seen her coming down the street, and hastily locking the door had taken the baby left in her charge, and gone out the back way to escape the visit which she suspected was for her—the first time, perhaps, that any of her little bairns had run away from her. Grace bitterly repented this before bedtime; it would have been such an opportunity; no Sara Jones in the way; mother gone out. Oh, how she wished she had been a little braver, and waited at the open door. Grace forgot just then that it was her guilty conscience that had driven her to this fresh act of deceit; but it cost her another weary

hour as she lay awake thinking how she was to answer the next day if Miss Seaton asked her where she had been when she called.

OUR CORNISH EXCURSION.

CHAPTER VI.

"And have left *them* there alone,
With *their* anchor ready weighed,
And the snowy sails displayed,
To the favouring wind once more
Blowing freshly from the shore;
And have bidden *them* farewell."

"But really now! you are quite sure you don't mind our leaving you in this destitute, unprovided for condition?" queried our friends. "Not a bit," we answered as audaciously and assuringly as possible. "You know we made up our minds before we came to put up with anything."

"But we aren't sure of getting even that!" growled Charlie, like a sulky, discontented, thankless young bird that he was.

"No," feebly echoed Minnie; "What shall we do? Mrs. Treworthy can't take us in after all? but," added she, with the most transparent, chicken-hearted bravery, "you mustn't think we mind being left, oh no!"

So we mounted as high as was necessary on the cliffs and stood there to wave adieus, and catch a last glimpse of the Meerschaum, as she sailed away in the wan light, speeding over the waters, across which the "shadows of evening were falling fast," the pretty little skiff lessening and lessening in the distance, her flaunting little pennon fluttering back a last "good-bye," long after we could no longer distinguish our friends on board of her. There! the Meerschaum is no longer visible: we think we can see a speck, that must be her trim, graceful form, but in a few minutes even that is no longer distinguishable.

It was with rather an "Alexander Selkirk" feeling, in spite of our protestations, and avowed didn't-mind-it-ness, that we once more turned our steps towards the Lizard town. The little sempstress had told us, that should Mrs. Treworthy return home before we came back again, she would come to the cove to let us know what she would say on the subject; but all along the road we vainly strained our eyes to see if she could be discerned in the distance—all in vain! We reached the woodbined porch, and found her still busy on that good, useful-looking gown. But telling us that the time for her to leave work had arrived, she most good-naturedly offered to go up the village, and see if Mrs. Treworthy was coming. She thought as it was past the hour at which she usually returned, that she had very possibly "dropped in" on the way at a relative's house. Gladly accepting her offer, we took up our post outside, and promising to keep watch and ward, sat and watched the bright lights of the Pharos immediately before us, and listened to the swell of the ocean in the distance, as it rose and fell around the rugged, dark rocks at its base, or foamed and fretted around the "Bumble;" whilst nearer to us could be heard in the calm still hush, that had fallen far and near, the twitter of some little bird, as it came home, and settled for the night, fluttering with a chirp into its hidden nest, and then subsiding into silence; or the boom of some out late at night bee, hastening home to the hive that stood in the garden. We were within sight of the most southerly point in England. It was moonlight, and while we were just remembering this, and congratulating ourselves that it was so for our friends' sake, the moon gradually rose, and never shall I forget the glorious spectacle. We all sat still and almost breathless, watching her glorious radiance gleaming on the water, falling on the pure white walls and towers of the lighthouse, until it looked with its two great burning fires, like some fair white marble temple dedicated to Vesta, or one of the Persian pyrea erected by Zoroaster, whilst beyond the waters glittered and sparkled, and quivered, and rippled beneath the soft full rays that formed a glory line athwart their limitless

expanse. It was a scene and time that brings the quick warm tears, up-welling from depths which no sorrow would thus stir; something prompts us to softly fold the hands, and gently bow the head, and the thoughts speed far away from this world, and its dark shadows that mar and dim God's glorious handiwork, shadows not cast by the earth, but on it by our own sad faults, and casting off all thought and weight of sin and care, which in their appointed way, are, we hope, training us for something in that yet veiled "to be," to which we all humbly, trustingly, fondly cling, as pure, and holy, and beautiful as that whereon we gaze—when we have purified our souls:

"And lean on our fair Father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure."

But who is this coming down the lane post haste, with shawl flying and well filled market basket swaying on her arm. It must be Mrs. Treworthy, yes it is, ah, she is just what I had predicated, bustling, cheery, obliging. There were no difficulties in the way. In a minute the key was withdrawn from the pocket, and two tiny rooms displayed to view: a little sitting-room, and an atomical bed-room. But Charlie? ah, "she will manage:" out through that door, and behold a cupboard for him. It was soon settled. Clean though rough and coarse sheets (all the better) were quickly produced, and in less than an hour,

"Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,"

and rest and silence had fallen on us all; and we were passing our first night in the cleanest of little cottages, with the civillest of hosts, (we had caught sight of a blue-eyed Cornu-Briton, styled "my man," i.e. my husband, as we passed in and out,) and had heard to our great joy, that mine host and hostess composed the family. I am afraid that will sound rather misanthropical, but really it was a comfort to find that Mrs. Treworthy did not rejoice in the possession of jewels of the same kind as Cornelia's.

CHAPTER VII.

Somewhere about the sixth century before CHRIST, the powerful colony of *Massilia*, or Marseilles, was founded on the south-east coast of Gallia, by Greek exiles, who had emigrated from Phocis; stimulated by the success of the Phœnicians, formerly known as the "Canaanites," who had been the first foreigners to visit these shores; they started on an expedition into the Atlantic, under the command of a captain, named Pythias, and made the first discovery of the land of tin. According to Bortolus, the Phœnicians had called this island and some others near it, Barat-anac, which in their tongue signifies the land or country of tin, or lead, hence he argues the contraction, "Britanac," softened by the Greeks into *Britanniæ*, and from the Greeks to the Romans, it assumed the name "Britannia." The whole island deriving its name from the produce of Devon, Cornwall, and the Scilly Isles, the Greeks called Cornwall and its islands, "Cassiterides," (tin.) Ortelius makes the Cassiterides include not only the Scilly Isles and Cornwall, but Devonshire as well. These endeavoured to hide the knowledge of their discovery from the Romans, and a party of sailors who were questioned by Scipio, pretended entire ignorance on the subject. The situation of the island, or "Port," from whence the tin was exported, has been a subject of great dispute, some supposing among other places that it was the Black Rock, which I casually mentioned in my account of Falmouth.

Brutus, ap Sylvius, ap Ascanius, ap Eneas! after the fearful crime of parricide fled into Greece, and ultimately set sail for Gaul, with some companions. After a series of adventures, they reached an island known only by the name of Albion: the place of their landing is said to have been Totnes in Devon. Albion was at this time peopled by giants, and these Brutus, or Brito, destroyed, he then travelled to the banks of the Thames, and there founded a city called Troja Nova, (in memory of his escape from the siege of Troy,) here he reigned twenty-three years, and dying divided his kingdom between his three sons;

Lochrim had the part now called England; Camber, Cambria or Wales; Albanact, Albania or Scotland. Brutus' cousin Corinæus, overthrew the enormous giant Gog Magog, by throwing him over the cliff at Plymouth, in consequence of which he was rewarded by Brutus with all the western part, which he called Cornwall after himself, and this according to, first "Nennius," then "Sigebertus Gernblasensis," then "Gualter, Archdeacon of Oxford," then "Geoffry of Monmouth," was the origin of Cornwall.

Of the precise time at which the Greeks ceased to visit our island, we are not sure, but we well know that in spite of their precautions, the Romans found their way here, and kept possession, for more than 400 years. About A.D. 426 they bid a final adieu to these shores, and left the defenceless Britons to the mercy of the Picts and Scots; finding it useless to appeal to their late masters for help, and that even the piteous cry, "To Ætius, thrice consul, the groans of the Britons," was unavailing, they applied to the Saxons, and these fierce allies speedily made them repent their appeal, for in spite of the bravery of Vortigern and his son Vortimer, they soon effected settlements in Kent, Essex, and Middlesex. Ambrosius Aurelius gained a great victory over them with a body of Armorican troops; and his successor, Uther Pendragon, long warred with them with changing fortune. About A.D. 506, Prince Arthur was born at Tintagel Castle, his mother Igwerna being a Cornish princess.

"Of Brutus' blood, in Britons borne,
King Arthur I am to name.
Through Christendome and heathyness,
Well known is my worthy fame."

He conquered the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, having it is affirmed slain eight hundred Saxons with his own hand, and reigned as king over Wales, Wilts, Somerset, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall. He was at last slain in single fight with his rebellious nephew, Mordred, who had joined the Saxons in the battle of Worthyvale near Camelford, and was buried in the Chapel at Glastonbury, which had been founded by the holy S. David, his

uncle, Bishop or Archbishop of Caerleon, who died at the great age of a hundred and forty-six. It is said that by means of his prayers the waters of Bath became salutary. Previously to his elevation to the see of Caerleon, he spent much of his time in Cornwall where there is a church dedicated to him. He is said to have privately studied the Scriptures *ten* years before he would preach them, and to have always carried the Gospel about with him. A worthy uncle to that noble prince; Hark! ere he latter departs to the field of Worthyvale, to those noble words but late so nobly put, listen!

“ Now I must hence,
Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow,
They summon me their king to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against my sister's son,
Leagued with the lords of the white horse and knights
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more.
Farewell!

And while she grovelled at his feet,
She felt the king's breath wander o'er her neck.
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest—”

Oh, Guinevere! oh, guilty Guinevere! no marvel that
you might not have that longing granted;

“ If I might see his face, and not be seen;”

No marvel that the dragon crest and helm were lowered,

“ So she did not see the face.
Gone—my lord! gone.”

And she shall never gaze upon that face again of which
she might not have one long last look, till she has laid
down sin:

“ And be his mate hereafter in the heavens,
Before high God.”

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

"O God, the King of glory, Who hast exalted Thine only Son **CHRIST** with great triumph unto Thy kingdom in heaven ; We beseech leave us not comfortless ; but send to us Thine **HOLY GHOST** to comfort and exalt us unto the same place whither our **SAVIOUR CHRIST** is gone b Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the **HOLY GHOST**, one God, without end. Amen."

King of glory ! God of grace !
Thine Almighty power we trace,
Thine Almighty love we sing,
In our **SAVIOUR'S** triumphing.

King of glory ! God of love !
Seated on His throne above,
Welcomed to His heavenly state,
Myriad angels on Him wait.

King of glory ! God of power !
Wondrous that triumphant hour ;
Thine exalted Name we praise,
And fresh supplications raise.

Look upon our helpless state,
Leave us not long desolate ;
We beseech Thee, quickly send
Promised aid us to befriend.

Seal to us Thy righteousness,
Send the Comforter to bless ;
Peace into our hearts to pour,
Quicken us for evermore.

Sanctify our hearts from sin,
Make and keep us pure within ;
Fill us with the fire of love,
Raise us to our place above.

Many mansions bright and fair,
CHRIST ascended to prepare ;
Let the **HOLY GHOST** be given,
To prepare our souls for heaven.

CHRIST the **LORD** is gone before,
Liveth, reigneth, evermore,
FATHER, SPIRIT, One with Thee,
Trinity in Unity.

E. H.

MONDAY IN WHITSUN WEEK.

"God, Who as at this time didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people, by
 sending to them the light of Thy HOLY SPIRIT; Grant us by the same
 Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His
 holy comfort; through the merits of CHRIST JESU our SAVIOUR, Who liveth
 and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the same SPIRIT, one God, world with-
 out end. Amen."

ONCE the soft dews of night have shed
 Their influence on earth's fertile bed,
 Since the Pentecostal Light
 With its fiery glories bright,
 Descended on the souls who with such glad accord,
 Waited in faith the promise of their LORD.

Day of joy, of high remembrance,
 In our souls renew thy fragrance,
 Thoughts of Thee, O Paraclete !
 Exalted meditations sweet,
 Be like the holy oil on Aaron's garments poured,
 Like choicest perfume in frail vessels stored.

With conscious life our souls surround,
 Plead in us with Thy sacred sound,
 Evermore may we rejoice
 In that still sweet inward voice,
 Calling our souls to God, by every outward sign,
 All earthly things wearing a hue Divine.

Gilding all duties with Thy light,
 Like floating clouds at sunset bright,
 Earthly burdens lose their weight,
 Mourners dwell not desolate,
 Sinners all penitent the coming radiance own,
 The rainbow-light Divine from JESU's Throne !

Ascended SAVIOUR ! great Thy love,
 Sending the SPIRIT from above,
 Thou livest, reignest glorious,
 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
 Thou ever good and gracious promise-keeping LORD,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, TRINITY adored.

E. H.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, HELENA, OF MECKLENBURG SCHWERIN.

(Concluded from page 146.)

AFTER this melancholy catastrophe, the death of her royal husband, the full sunshine of earthly happiness was no longer to light the path of the Duchess Helena.

Five months after this sad event, she wrote to an intimate friend: "Yes, the **LORD** Who chastises us is a Merciful **FATHER**, I am deeply convinced of it, even when I least feel the consolations of His Love. My trials require an unquestioning faith; at times I am strong enough for this, and love and hope seem granted as very rays from heaven; at times I only feel the miserable weakness of our nature; I cannot rise towards God. How much patience must He have with us! Should we show none in submitting to His all-wise decree?"

Later she writes: "My God has had pity on me; He has given me grace to weep some sweet and well-nigh joyful tears. I have had a foretaste of heaven, of communion with the departed."

But these expressions seem to us almost too sacred to cite. The duchess's life henceforth was in the well-being of her two boys, and to them her existence was devoted. Her political anxieties were all for their sake. She seems to have foreseen with prophetic solicitude the coming revolution of '48. When her fears were realised, nothing could exceed the nobility of her conduct, and the masculine courage of her actions. The decisive and fatal day, Thursday the 24th of February, found her prepared for the worst. She had entreated that larger concessions should be made while it was yet time; her counsels were not listened to. At last the old king rode forth with his sons and aides-de-camp to review the troops ranged on the Place de Carrousel. The queen, the Duchess of Orleans, and her children, were at the palace windows. The cries of "Vive le Roi," which first arose, were soon drowned by those of "Vive la Reforme!" All was felt to be lost.

The king re-entered the palace, and seated himself in mournful meditation. An officer burst in, crying, "Sire, no moment must be sacrificed; give orders to fire, or abdicate!" The king replied, "I have always been a ruler of peaceful counsels; I abdicate." The Duchess of Orleans kissing his hand respectfully, implored him to change his resolution; the queen and princesses succeeded her, but vainly. The act of abdication was drawn up by the king immediately in favour of his grandchild, the Count of Paris. "May he resemble his grandsire!" cried the queen, who displayed on this occasion, as ever, entire devotion to her husband. The duchess still urged a change of resolution. "How should a child sustain the burden you cannot?" she asked with much force. But the king's resolution was taken, and he left the palace almost immediately. The duchess and her sons remained almost alone. The rebels were heard approaching, but her resolution never wavered. Leading her two sons by either hand, she proceeds to her own apartment, and orders every door to be thrown open, trusting solely to moral influence and the protection of Providence. At this moment arrived two deputies from the Duke de Nemours, beseeching her to come with the children to him. She ventures forth accordingly, with one or two followers, in the face of a turbulent and angry mob, and directs her course, not being able to rejoin the duke, to the *Chambre des Députés*, where a most energetic debate was taking place. The duchess advances with her children to the tribune next the president, despite hostile and menacing cries. These become so alarming, that the president calls on her to retire. "This is a royal sitting," she replies, "sir."

Moved and inspired by the aspect of her grace and courage, her friends rally, her son is even proclaimed king, she rises to speak. Had she obtained a hearing all had possibly been well. But, despite her courageous persistence, her woman's voice is drowned by clamours. Lamartine mounts the tribune. His real aim shortly becomes manifest; he wishes for the republic. The republican party triumph. The tenants of the galleries menace to take aim with guns and pistols at the duchess

and her sons. To save their lives, retirement becomes essential. It is effected, but in the course of it the duchess is separated from her boys. Now she, heretofore inalterably calm, has an access of violent emotion, in her uncertainty as to their fate. "My children!" she shrieks, in all the agony of a mother's love. One has been actually trodden under foot momentarily in the terrible confusion of the hour, but is raised not much injured; another is carried in a workman's arms. They are restored to their mother, and she is brave again. Finally she is constrained to depart, and save her children from possible destruction; she goes with courage unimpaired, with constant resolution. Nobly did she discharge her task on that day of terrors, nobly her life task ever after. A year she passed in Germany in retirement, then went with her two boys to England, first to St. Leonard's, afterwards to Ripley, in Devonshire, and finally, after sundry Swiss and German residences, to Cherbourne House, near Richmond, where she breathed her last.

At Ripley in particular, she seems to have made the acquaintance of many English families living in the neighbourhood, and to have won the love and esteem of all who knew her, whether rich or poor.

In 1857, we find her writing thus of her sons, being then established at Thames Ditton. "I feel an inexpressible joy in seeing my sons develop themselves after my best heart-wishes, becoming ever stronger in well-doing, taking charge of me as of one committed to their pious care. My eldest has all the candour of youth, all its noble rectitude, all its freshness of sunshine, and yet so much firmness, such reflective power, such a determination to improve ever, as inspire me with a perfect trust. His brother Robert, though younger and of a more vehement nature, blends more wisdom and moderation with his passion day by day. You will say, maternal fondness blinds me. It is not so; I must recognize the blessings heaven has sent. But my mother's love is very exacting; I desire always a yet higher perfection."

Everything seems to indicate that the Count of Paris in particular, was and is most worthy of his exalted rank.

His brother the Duke of Chartres, appears also to have inspired all who knew him with very warm affection. It was in the course of a close attendance on this younger son during an attack of fever, that the duchess would seem to have laid the foundation for her last and fatal illness. In this her usual beautiful unselfishness was exhibited up to the last. She appears to have been unconscious of the great nearness of the final moment. Her children took no leave of her. She passed away without a murmur or a sigh.

We will conclude with a few interesting extracts from her last will and testament. It commences thus :

"In the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST.

"I recommend my soul in the hour of death to God, and implore His Infinite Mercy in the Name of His SON JESUS CHRIST, entreating Him to receive me into His celestial mansions, and reunite me to those I have loved and lost.

"I bequeath my maternal blessing to my dear sons, and I beg the LORD GOD to guide them through life, to grant them prosperous days here, and eternal felicity when they shall have nobly wrought their task below. I thank them also in this my last farewell for all the happiness with which they have irradiated my existence."

Then after tender adieux to the queen mother, and many others, she continues :

"I urge my sons never to forget that the fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom. May they rest faithful to the principles inculcated in their childhood ; to their political faith as well. My last word is for my well-beloved children, at once a prayer and a blessing.—'Requiescat in pace !' "

WHITSUNTIDE.

Soon will the summer beams
Brighten the sky,
Heaven will its golden gleams
Bounteous supply.

So may Thy Word, O Lord,
 Lighten the earth ;
 Peace to all men afford,
 Plenty for death.

As the first Whitsun morn
 Witnessed the place
 Where were the earliest born
 Newly by grace,

So may Thy Spirit come
 Comforting all ;
 In our hearts find a home,
 Grant us His call.

C.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(Continued from p. 288.)

34. WHY DO YE NOT UNDERSTAND MY SPEECH? S.
 John viii. 43.

It was said that they who believed in CHRIST should speak with new tongues. And this is fulfilled to this day. It has been fulfilled in me. Once I was a companion of the ungodly (wicked, sensual, vicious, blasphemous, filthy, foolish, &c.) But when the LORD called me out from them and led me to Himself, then new thoughts, new desires, new pursuits brought new language. They wondered at me, and could not understand what it meant. As the Apostles on Pentecost, I was thought mad: indeed, I was full of new wine—the wine of the SPIRIT.

But if such is the difference between myself now and myself formerly, what must be the difference between myself and my God? If others cannot understand me, how can I expect to understand Him? His words may be plain, His language simple; yet His meaning, His mind, who hath known it—who can? Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the ALMIGHTY to perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?

Yet, surely, I do know more than I once did. I can understand His words better than formerly. I have hope then that I may see more yet. Why do I not un-

derstand Him now? Because my own sinfulness has blinded me. Even for this then will I strive daily to grow in grace, that I may also daily grow in the knowledge of my LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

Oh! it is a sad thing not to understand *His* speech. Surely this, too, will be one of the torments of hell; and to comprehend Him more and more fully one of the delights of heaven.

35. WHERE ART THOU? Gen. iii. 9.

He who is travelling on a new road will often stop to ask where he is. If he carries a map with him he will often stop to look at it, still to ask where he is.

I am travelling a new road; let me ask the same question. The map I carry is my Bible and Prayer Book; and perhaps some other book that has been recommended to me for this purpose. But also He to Whose home I wish to go has provided Priests to guide me, if I will ask them. They often ask me, and I will ask myself. Where am I? Am I in the road to Heaven? If not, where am I? Certainly on the road to Hell.

And in this let me not be too sure, for there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death. I may then be sure that I am right, and yet be going wrong. How can I find out the truth? Ask my map? But perhaps I may misunderstand my map. Ask those who know the road; but especially those who are appointed to guide me.

Oh what a blessing it is to have such guides! Oh that I had used their guidance more! And oh that when I used to hide myself, or try to hide myself from God,—I had heard—heard in my heart His loving voice—where art thou?

36. ART THOU MY VERY SON ESAU? Gen. xxvii. 24.

Behold what manner of love the FATHER hath for us that we should be called the sons of God. But am I His very son? or am I only pretending to be? Are my hands—my deeds covered with a mere outward show of obedience?

I have been adopted into His family, and therefore has He still more claim on my obedience. But I left my

FATHER's house. I went into a far country. I spent all the graces He gave me. I joined myself to His enemies, and served Satan, His foe and mine. And yet, when I came to myself and returned to my Father's house, how lovingly did He receive me, how readily did He forgive me. Oh, what overwhelming claims has He now on my obedience and my love!

Am I His son? Can I be after all this His very son, for whom He has prepared His blessing? It would be too much surely to be His servant. But His son—His very son? Yes, His pardoned son; received again into favour, restored to His Table—to be again for ever His very son.

O FATHER, All-Merciful, keep me in unwavering obedience to Thee; that in all things, voice, and hands, and heart, I may be Thy son, Thy very son for ever.

37. WHAT IS THY PETITION? Esther v. 6.

What pray I for? That God's Name may be hallowed—by all—by me, as an example, as a warning. Do I really wish it?

What pray I for? That God's Kingdom may come; that He may reign entirely in me; His truth be extended through the world; the Great Day hasten its coming. Do I really wish all this?

What pray I for? That His will may be done in me, by me, in acting or suffering, in reward or punishment, at once or at any time. Do I really wish it?

What pray I for? My daily bread—even though it be nothing but bread—and daily without care for the morrow. My supersubstantial bread, which is damnation to those who receive it unworthily. Do I really wish for this?

What pray I for? Forgiveness proportionate to my forgiveness of others, and only such. Do I really wish for this on these terms?

What pray I for? Deliverance from temptation and all evil. Some temptations are pleasant, and some evils enticing. Deliverance sometimes cannot be without pain. Nevertheless do I really wish it?

“ Oh help me this and every day
To live more nearly as I pray.”

38. IS IT WELL WITH THEE? 2 Kings iv. 26.

A frequent inquiry when it regards bodily health. Yet sometimes we fancy ourselves well when some secret disorder has already begun to undermine our health. May it not be so with our souls? The excesses and indulgences of youth often lay the foundation of complaints which appear not until youth is past. And we say, and we think we are well while the mischief is going on. We fancy we were never better, and yet to-morrow the evil breaks out.

Is it well with me?—with my soul? Am I sure that no past sins are even now in secret working my ruin? Oh, I must not be careless nor too confident. All may be now peaceful, therefore must I be more watchful. I may have still some evil disposition within me which has simply slept, not been destroyed. It has not been called into play for a long while, and therefore I have fancied that it was wholly conquered. Yet now in a few minutes the opportunity for its exercise may come. It may rouse itself like a giant refreshed with wine and long rest, and utterly destroy me.

Is it well with me? If JESUS is still with me then it is well. Otherwise—?

39. WHAT, COULD YE NOT WATCH WITH ME ONE HOUR? S. Matt. xxvi. 40.

Trials, difficulties, cares, thoughts of this world, are perpetually taking hold of me, so that I cannot for any length of time think of anything else. In my prayers this is so both public and private. If I read or meditate it is still the same. I cannot keep my attention on holy things for any time.

Yet of what use is my thus distracting myself? I cannot advance my temporal welfare by such unreasonable thoughts, and I only hinder my spiritual progress. These things are often but sources of anxiety. How pleasant is it to fall asleep and forget them—to dream of happier things. And yet I cannot free myself from these destroyers of my peace even for a few minutes.

Why cannot I watch with my SAVIOUR one hour? Many an hour of cold and darkness did He watch for us. And many a year did He watch for me while I went on in my

wilfulness and obstinacy, many a time did He call and I would not answer. How has He watched over me for good! How does He still! And am I so ungrateful that I cannot watch with Him—cannot give up an hour, nor half an hour, to Him alone; but must be still letting my enemy and His steal away my thoughts from Him, and from my happiness.

O LORD, have mercy on me.

40. WHAT SHALL WE EAT? WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?
S. Matt. vi. 31.

Am I discontented, murmuring and complaining, mistrustful of Divine care? Am I afraid I shall starve, or my family will go down in the world? It was by this the Israelites provoked God in the wilderness so that He destroyed them all. Exod. xv. 24.

O Almighty FATHER, who hast bidden us cast all our care on Thee, have mercy on me, forgive me the many occasions when I have felt care and mistrust (such as —) and enable me to put entire confidence in Thee for the time to come, through JESUS CHRIST.

Do I think much about eating and drinking? Have I been accustomed to plan and think what will be most pleasant for my next meal? Have I been ever guilty of drunkenness and gluttony? (When, with whom, &c.)

Does the past sin still leave its effects on me that I am still fond of thinking what to eat or drink?—Thoughts beneath a saint, dangerous for a penitent.

Or has my past gluttony and drunkenness so lessened my property as to make me full of cares, or so injured my health that I cannot do so much for others?

O LORD, enable me to redeem the time that I have lost by greater diligence and more patient labour, more self-sacrificing love.

What shall I eat? what shall I drink? JESUS answers.—“Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.” S. John vi. 27. “My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.” S. John iv. 34. “Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.” S. John vi. 54.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

FROM BISHOP NICHOLSON.

ALL the works of God have their fitting time and opportunity. The chief is the redemption of the world, which being perfected by successive acts, that they might be the better remembered, the Church assigned several days to our LORD's honour. This ought to be a day of jubilee, for on it God went up with a merry noise, and the LORD with the sound of the trump.

After our SAVIOUR had fought the battle, and won the victory of the Cross, and rebuilt the temple of His Body, He ascended up on high. S. Gregory compares our LORD to Ezekiel's vision of the four cherubims. Our LORD, saith he, surely opens this vision to us. He was a man in His Birth, an ox sacrificed at His Death, a lion on the day of His Resurrection, and an eagle in His Ascension into heaven. A better sight it is to see Him an eagle in the clouds, than an ox upon the altar; better to see Him preparing for His triumph on Mount Olivet, than upon His Cross in Golgotha.

To that mount He came after the forty days were expired; not hastily withdrawing Himself from His disciples, but delaying His own honour for their good. In that time He taught them, confirmed their faith. Their doubt, their fear, which made them fly before His bitter Cross is by this long presence with them dispelled. They were assured that He was then no spirit, but a true substance of flesh and bones which their hands handled and their eyes saw. Thus of weak they became strong; of faithless, faithful.

The forty days then are now over, and consider—He led them out, He blessed them, and He parted from them, and of them we read, they worshipped Him, they returned with joy, they were continually in the temple, they praised, they blessed God.

Bethany was a little town near to Jerusalem, it signifies the house of affliction—near it was the garden of

His agony. Not without mystery was it that the same place saw the beginning of His Passion and His Ascension, His pain and His glory. It tells us where we must reckon to begin if we would be happy. To Bethany leads all His, before they ascend to heaven. Sorrow and affliction will attend His followers. Be content that CHRIST should lead you out as far as Bethany, the house of affliction; attend on Him in Olivet, the garden of His Passion, if you would live with Him in glory.

He lifted His hands. He omitted not such ceremonies as might honour the action. Too often ceremonies are scoffed at as vain and empty, but CHRIST would not give His blessing without it. Let men deride these external rites, yet they have their use and signification too.

The hands lifted up in prayer and blessing, shows that we are not able to help or bless ourselves; that we expect from above—and that blessing which we bestow descends from the Father of blessings, to Him we lift up our hands to receive it, and from Him being received, we bestow it. So Aaron in blessing the people lifted up his hands. Lev. ix. 22.

Aaron was but a type; CHRIST, the true High Priest, with His hands gave His blessing. Now His word and deed go together—let Him but say the word and the thing is done. His blessing brought peace to the souls—never were such quiet and contented hearts in the midst of troubles. After this they were beaten for His sake, but they went away rejoicing—they had seen the effect of His promise, “Blessed are ye when men revile you.” His blessing brought them unity and peace by it they remained all in one place, of one heart and one soul. This gave the success to St. Peter’s sermon; he converted 3000; this increased that to 5000; by this the multitudes were added to the Lord, and no doubt the whole society of saints from that day to this is made better for that blessing.

Even Balak had confidence in Balaam’s blessing, even Pharaoh desired that of Moses. What, had they seen the Son of God blessing His little flock on Mount Olivet? The less is blessed of the greater, so the people are blessed by the priest, the family by the father. V

must ever seek the blessing of our FATHER in Heaven, and of our High Priest Who sitteth on His right hand with prayers and zeal and tears.

In giving this blessing, then, our LORD took His leave. He ascended before He had ended His blessing. He continued ascending, His hands lifted up over His Apostles, dispensing His grace and pouring out a blessing. From them He parted, but not with His Spirit and His grace, but only with His Bodily presence. In Heaven He will sit, and thence He will come, and not from any other place, to judge both quick and dead.

CHRIST then was taken up, not as birds fly or men move, but as if He had been carried in men's hands, by little and little, mounting upwards with an upright posture, mounting not by any power but by His own.

So Aquinas: As CHRIST is said to rise by His own power, and yet to be raised by the FATHER, because their powers are one, so He may be said to ascend by His own power, and yet be elevated and assisted by the FATHER.

And for the greater majesty a cloud was under Him, ascending even to His feet, in the form of a throne, or the royal chariot; declaring the King. As He is to come, so He was to go. He shall come in the clouds of Heaven. He went up above all the Heavens, even the highest of them; He went and took possession, and showed Himself LORD of all. His Lordship appeared in the sea when He walked on the waters without a ship; in the land when He caused the graves to open and deliver their dead; in hell, when the Devil trembled, He broke those gates, and took the keys; in the air, when He led captivity captive; triumphing over powers and principalities. There was but one more place—Heaven—and thither He went, that He might show Himself LORD of all.

We call the birds the birds of heaven, the clouds the clouds of heaven, and the orbs of planets or stars of heaven.

But besides these, we read of the highest Heavens, the throne, the seat, the habitation of God, where is the perpetual revelation of God's holiness, glory, majesty, the fulness of joy, stability and security; and to this place it is that CHRIST ascended with His Body. This the Apostle expresses under the type of the High Priest entering

once a year into the Holiest of Holies, and so, saith he, we have an High Priest, who hath passed into the Heavens. So in Solomon's Temple were three parts,—the open Court, the Sanctuary, and the Holy of Holies. In this was the Mercy-Seat—into this place our High Priest, our Propitiation is entered.

Sitteth on the right hand of God, the place of honour, and of power, and authority, too, in heaven and earth; and all this was His. CHRIST, GOD and Man, receives this in His whole person, collated upon Him in regard of His Manhood, His Godhead being incapable of any new accession of power or glory. His human Body here was despised, in Heaven it is exalted; here, scorned and abused, there, raised above all. In the world He was poor, weary, hungry, thirsty; in Heaven He is full of riches, and hath mansions to bestow upon His faithful ones. He is King of kings, and LORD of lords.

So much for the story of our SAVIOUR's Ascension; let us see as to the causes and effects of it. He went up on high for Himself and for us; for His honour, for our benefit. It is expedient for you, as He says.

His honour first;—below, no man was more contemptible; now above, there is no name more honourable. The Jews tried to bring down His Name, person, and power. His person by the Cross, His Name by the INRI, His power by the reed and crown of thorns. This Name, so humbled, so debased, GOD takes and makes more honourable than any name, requiring monarchs to bend, and all nations to bow before it,—angels to adore it, saints to worship it, and the devils to tremble at it. He rules in the Church by His laws: in men's hearts by His Spirit, over His enemies by a rod of iron.

And this is but the just reward of His humility. Thou, LORD, art worthy (Rev. v.); and why? but because He was the LAMB slain. This JESUS is *ascended* because He descended to the womb, to the manger, to the Cross, to the grave.

His ascension was for us also, honouring thereby the nature of man. When JESUS was taken to Heaven, our nature, united to His person, was mounted thither with Him.

Think what this nature was, on which GOD bestowed this blessing, and you must wonder at the advancement; that nature of which GOD said "Dust thou art," &c., whose principles were but dust and ashes, and which must by the order of nature be resolved into dust and ashes; that nature which we made inglorious, vilified, and corruptible. Behold, and wonder; man, that was compared to the beasts that perish, is again in honour. That nature is taken up, and being one with CHRIST, made superior to the Angels; for to which of the Angels did GOD ever say, "Sit thou on My right hand?" CHRIST is gone to prepare a place for our bodies. They must have to our grief their descent, so shall they have to our joy their ascent also,—as taken down into the earth, taken up to Heaven. For if CHRIST's Body, then ours too, when raised, must be there, otherwise the Head and members would be parted. This Feast, then, is as the Feast of Dedication, in which Heaven, by a new and living way was consecrated for us. This great benefit we shall reap at the last day. In the meantime He is not wanting to us. His Priesthood, after the order of Aaron, ended at His death; but after the order of Melchisedeck He was to continue a Priest for ever; and this His Priesthood is still very beneficial to us, to make our suit at the Throne of Grace. All penitents and believers have at that high court an Advocate, so that if we bring our petition, and present it in His Name as our High Priest, He takes it, offers it to GOD His FATHER, and makes request for us.

When Almighty GOD is displeased, He turns His FATHER's eye from us upon Himself, presents His Wounds, His Blood, His Cross, His Death, at which aspect GOD's anger is pacified, and His goodwill recovered. We present our requests with confidence, because He speaks for us, with whom GOD is well pleased. He pleads for us whom GOD always hears.

He became High Priest, 1st, that He might gather men into His Church,—out of the kingdom of darkness into His own Kingdom of Grace; 2ndly, that they might be well ordered, guided, governed; for without this the body will fall asunder. His laws then He gave,

His statutes, His prophets to publish, His heralds proclaim, His kings and bishops to see that all walk according to these ; 3rdly, to secure those who observe His Laws, and to punish those who transgress them ; to defend His Church and either limit or destroy the power of enemies. Who that reads of the plagues of Egypt, overthrow of Pharaoh, destruction of Amalek and the kings, the fearful death of Herod, of Judas, Arius, Ju and of all the perverters of His people, does not compare with David, that God hath made CHRIST'S enemies footstool ?

Here then are the comforts of the Ascension Session of our LORD—that He pleads for us, makes our case good, guides, governs, and protects us as Priest King. Wisdom He is, and He divides to us of His wisdom. Holiness He is, and divides to us of His holiness. Righteousness He is, and He divides to us of His righteousness. The Redeemer of the world He is, and He divides to us of His redemption. The LORD and Heir of all He is, and He divides to us of His inheritance. Being gone on high, He received gifts, and ever since has been bestowing them on us. Turn then your eye upward to Him. Seek those things which are above. Your hope is to ascend to Heaven whither He is gone ; see that your conversation is in Heaven. As He is gone to prepare a place for you, see that you prepare yourselves for that place.

To which place may He that is gone up vouchsafe to bring us, that, with Saints and Angels, we may enjoy the clear light of His Countenance, and with them sing the song of Moses and the LAMB—Blessing, glory, honour, and power, &c. (Rev. xv.)

A FETE AT INNSBRUCK.

SEPTEMBER was drawing to its close, Alpine breezes which in summer had stiffened into cold winds, rapidly shortening days warned us not to linger in Tyrol if we would not be shut in from balmy Italy

snowy barriers on the Stelvio Pass. Cowherds returning from the Alps or pastures on the mountain side, gave their signal of the close of summer. These men remain three months with the cows on the mountains, and the day of their return is one of festivity. The friends they left in the valley crowd forth to greet them, all the village is astir to welcome back the Senner.

A drove of forty or fifty cows announced itself at a great distance, for each cow has a bell suspended round its neck by a broad leathern collar, gaily embroidered. The leader has the largest bell, and its head is decorated with wreaths of flowers, or branches of fir tied together in the form of a pagoda, and having streamers of coloured ribbons or paper. The principal adornment of the Senner himself consists not in his smart hat or shoulder-bands, but in his—dirty shirt; the blacker the shirt, the more esteemed the man! It is not changed from the day he goes up to the Alp until he is again in the valley.

One other sign of the approaching season was the appearance in the vineyards of the Wimberghüter, the grapes were ripening and must be closely watched. The peasant who fills this post, wears a cocked hat ornamented with foxes' tails, which gives him a somewhat formidable appearance, and is armed with a kind of halberd. We were quite startled at seeing this guardian of the vineyards, and particularly vexed at his putting a stop to our pleasant walks under the vines, which are here trained, not on ugly upright sticks as on the banks of the Rhine, nor gracefully from tree to tree as on the plains of Lombardy, but so as to form covered avenues.

Notwithstanding these signs of autumn, we risked staying in Innsbruck till October, for the interesting sight which was afforded on the occasion of the public reception of the Archduke Karl Ludwig, the then recently appointed Stadthalter, or governor of the Tyrol. This event had been looked forward to for months by the loyal Tyrolese, and will probably form an epoch in the life of many a sturdy mountaineer, whom love for his emperor brought to the capital to welcome his representative. "Alle gute Dinge sind drei," accordingly the worthy people of Innsbruck determined to make their

festivities extend over three days; with us they would have been compressed into one; in the Tyrol, and indeed in every country but England, the people seem to spare time for pleasure.

The 26th of September dawned brightly, and before the sun had travelled far from the east, the two principal streets of Innsbruck were lined by companies of the sharpshooters of the town, and immediate neighbourhood. Banners, flags, and carpets of brilliant hues hung from the windows and balconies of every house, the initial letters K. L. in every conceivable device, and crowns formed of flowers covered the walls.

The scene already so gay, became still more so, when about midday the Archduke rode into the principal street at the head of a small but brilliant staff. The splendid hussar dress of Prince Lichtenstein, and the white uniforms of the other officers, at first attracted the eye, but we soon fixed our attention on their chief, whose uniform was of dark green. The Stadthalter is very young, fair, and not handsome; his countenance is, however, pleasing, and was bright with gratification at the enthusiastic cheering which greeted him as he rode along.

The evening of the day following the arrival of Karl Ludwig, the town was brilliantly and most tastefully illuminated. The irregular shapes of the houses, the numerous bay windows, the golden roof of the Rath-haus, the somewhat fantastic fountain in the centre of the Neu-stadt, lastly a Church breaking the line of houses, and presenting a façade of pointed windows, all this formed, when lighted up, a scene the most picturesque, and most like fairy-land that could anywhere have been seen.

At length came the third day, which was to be the most exciting to the Tyrolese peasant, and in some respects the most interesting to strangers. A grand meeting of the sharpshooters of the whole country had been appointed to crown the festivity. The Tyroleans, as is universally known, and as their foes have at different times but too fully experienced, are adepts in sharpshooting, and unerring marksmen. The companies assembled at the Botzen Gate, and defiled down the Neu-stadt, (the High Street of Innsbruck) to the ground

where they were to display their skill in the presence of the Archduke.

There is great variety in the costume of the Tyrolese peasants. White stockings, short trousers with ribbon streamers at the knee, are common to all, but the colour and shape of the coat are different in nearly every valley or town; and the hat if high with a pointed crown is black, but if low with a broad brim is usually coloured; both kinds are ornamented with feathers, flowers, or gold cord, according to the taste of the wearer. The sharpshooters of Wiltau, of whom a young brother of the Emperor is head, wear coats of scarlet cloth, with green and gold facings, and have a long snow-white feather in their low broad-brimmed hats.

Each company marched along, preceded by its own band of musicians, and by its flag-bearer. The men of Passeyer Thal, the birthplace of Hofer, were led by a descendant of the patriotic Andreas. We were exceedingly amused at the Duxers, who come from the Ziller Thal, the most musical valley of the Tyrol. They are the merriest people in the world; although walking in procession, which, be the occasion what it may, has generally a sobering effect on those who form it,—these men seemed quite unable to rein in their spirits. They danced along, they jumped up into the air, they tumbled head over heels, and accompanied their frantic movements with songs, and a shout of a character so peculiar, that for days it rang in our ears. The Archduke fired first, and won great applause by hitting the mark once in three or four shots. The prizes were distributed in the evening on Berg Isel, a pretty wooded hill, laid out in walks, overhanging a deep ravine, about a mile from the town. The Stadthalter stood on a platform and spoke to each successful marksman with great affability. Then commenced a display of fireworks, which being let off from different parts of the Berg Isel and of a hill on the opposite side of the ravine, were very effective. During the whole evening there was a great deal of singing, here and there might be heard a band of music, and from time to time the singular shout of the merry Duxers rent the air. Dancing concluded the merry-

making ; in it, however, we declined taking a part, having to commence a long journey on the following morning.

With dawn of day we packed into our heavily laden travelling carriage, and bade farewell, not without regret, to the beautiful little capital of Tyrol, and to the simple kind-hearted people among whom we had spent a bright happy summer. The morning mist clears away just in time for us to cast a parting glance on the mountains which almost overhang the town, and faintly to trace on the summit of the range the cowering figure with which every sojourner at Innsbruck becomes familiar under the name of "Frau Hitt," an unknown name whose barbarous scornfulness and tragic end are commemorated by Ebert in the following legend :

"On the summit of a mountain, at a point where a precipitous path leads down to the broad flowing Inn, there sat a beggar woman. A little naked child lay slumbering in her arms; the tender mother pressed it, for warmth, to her bosom ; and as she rocked it, sighed, 'alas, dear child ! how wilt thou grow to man's estate, thou who hast no shelter from the scorching sun, the biting wind, or the chilling snow ; a hard dry crust is thy only food ; a happy day is it for thee when thy little hand can grasp an apple to eat. Yet bright and clear is thine eye, and beautiful are thy golden locks, as those of the noblest child.' Thus bitterly groaned she and wept, when on a sudden shouts of merriment break on the stillness, and a glittering cavalcade draws nigh. Foremost, and mounted on a snorting, prancing bay, rides a beautiful woman, from whose shoulders hangs a mantle, glistening as a star. In all the length and breadth of the land is there none so rich in worldly treasures as the brilliant Frau Hitt, but in virtue and morals, who so poor ? The proud one reins in her fiery steed, all around she casts her lightning glance, she turns to her gay followers and, 'See here, my lords,' she cries, 'as far as the eye can reach, to the left, to the right, before, behind, all is mine. Many brave vassals obey my slightest sign,—truly am I a princess here, and now lack I nought save the purple robe.' The beggar hears the boastful words, she springs to her feet, she stands before the radiant dame, and

holding aloft the poor crying babe, she prays in sorrowful tones, 'Ah, lady, see this child, the picture of misery! look on it with pity! Oh, wrap this poor trembling creature in a little linen!' 'Woman, thou art mad! whence shall I get linen? Dost not see that I am clothed in silk, and that the folds of my garments are heavy with gold?' 'Forbid it, Heaven, that I should covet aught, lady, of that which is yours; I crave but that which you can well spare.'

"With a malicious smile, Frau Hitt stoops to the ground, and breaking off a stone from the rock, she offers that to the poor suppliant. Maddening grief then possesses the despised one, and she shrieks so that the mountains resound with the cry: 'Oh! thou who canst thus mock at the distress of the poor, mayst thou be thyself turned into cold, hard stone!'

"And lo! the day changes into blackest night; lowering clouds o'erhang the mountains; peal after peal of thunder rends the air; and vivid flashes of lightning serve but to enhance the horrors of the gloom. In vain would Frau Hitt urge forward her steed; nor whip nor spur can make him move; and a shudder comes over her, as her palsied hand drops by her side, and she feels the life-blood stagnating in her veins. She struggles to throw herself from her horse; every limb is benumbed; and the tongue refuses to obey her frantic effort to call for help. Pallour and horror sit on her countenance; the fire is gone from her fixed, staring eye; and rough, and hard, and grey is the body, erewhile so smooth, and tender, and white.

"The giant mass of rock heaves and rises higher and higher into the horrible darkness; and returning light reveals nought save an image of stone crowning the mountain top, and ever grimly looking down on the smiling valley and the bright flowing Inn."

M. O. C.

CONFIRMATION HYMN.¹

"And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord."—Isaiah xi. 2, 3.

Acts xix. 1—6.

O HOLY GHOST, come down,
Thy gifts of grace to bring,
Within our heart of hearts to crown
CHRIST JESUS LORD and KING.

1 Cor. i. 22, 24.

Wisdom's inward eye
To count the world but loss,
To lift the soul to CHRIST on high,
And gladly take His Cross.

1 Cor. ii. 10—13.

Understanding's power
Thy mysteries to know,
How underneath the storm and shower
The purest lilies grow.

Psaln xci. 11.

Counsel to reveal
The paths by Angels trod,
That each day's walk may bear the seal
Of glory to our God.

Eph. vi. 10—17.

Ghostly Strength and might
To our weak flesh afford,
That we may battle for the right,
True soldiers of the LORD.

S. Luke xxii. 42.

Knowledge of Thy will
Our law of life to be,
As from the fountain pure the rill
Flows pure unto the sea.

2 S. Peter iii. 11.

Godliness to give
Our heart's whole realm to Thee,
With Thee in perfect love to live
To all Eternity.

¹ This Hymn is published separately with the Music (Masters).

Philip. ii. 12.

Holy Fear of soul
Thee ever nigh to see,
And like the needle to the pole
Though trembling look to Thee.

Acts viii. 14—17.

With this Thy sevenfold power
Attest Thy servant's sign,
And make us in this awful hour
Now and for ever Thine.

1 S. John v. 7.

In praise to Three in One
We join the heavenly host,
To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST.

J. R. A.

The Children's Corner.

PERSEVERANCE; OR THE FAIRIES' WELL.

(Continued from p. 314.)

AFTER this second disappointment she thought no more about the verse or the beautiful bird, and when one morning the piece of paper fell from her dress among the embers on the hearth, she did not care to stretch out her hand to save it, and it was presently consumed. Hunger and sorrow were rapidly telling upon the Countess' health, and Viola never left her side except to gather fruit, and collect wood. News of the festivities at the castle, the splendid balls, fine tournaments, and gay hunting parties that followed each other in brilliant succession reached the ears of poor Viola and her mother, and tended to aggravate the mental suffering of the unfortunate Countess Ermenburga. She pined from day to day, and Viola felt worn down with the misery of seeing her beloved mother suffer, while she had no means of alleviating her pitiable condition. Soon after this she went forth into

the forest to pick some wild crab-apples and wood strawberries, when she heard over her head the low plaintive cry that had once before fallen upon her ear, and on looking up she espied the beautiful bird with the golden crest flying through the air, and in a moment it disappeared from her wondering gaze. Then the verse recurred to her mind,

“Maiden, if thy heart be heavy,
Seek the Fairies' Well :
There, beside the gushing brooklet,
A true friend doth dwell.
When thou'st drunk the Fairies' water,
Thou shalt see thy friend, my daughter.”

Instantly an eager desire to reach the Fairies' Well seized her mind, and hastening home she gave the Countess her dinner, and flew to the old oak tree. On her way she filled her dress with large stones; they were so heavy that she was able to walk but slowly. However, after toiling on painfully for an hour, she found herself in the glen, and hurrying onward soon found herself standing on the brink of the stream. One by one she cast in the large stones she had brought with her, but, to her dismay, when the last had been thrown in, the bottom was still undistinguishable, and nothing but the faint ripple on the surface broke the dark and icy stillness of the brook. Determined not to be vanquished a second time, she prepared with a throbbing heart to trust herself to the dark waters. The misery that I have to bear every day, she thought, when I am obliged to see my mother suffer, and have no means of procuring her a single comfort, is worse than death—for my mother's sake I will brave the danger. With these words she stepped boldly into the stream, and although she sank deep and yet deeper, so that she was wet through, and her breath went away from her, she was able to keep her footing, and move herself slowly and steadily across. Joyfully her heart bounded when she reached the other side, and forgetful of her terror and of her wet garments, she flew gaily along, expecting every moment to reach the much longed for well. The ground now became rough and stony, and tore Viola's feet as she hastened over it, but

she would not give a moment's thought to what in her joyous mood appeared a mere trifle, but tripped lightly on. A worse trouble was yet doomed to beset her, for a few more steps brought her to the edge of a perpendicular cliff, and she had but just presence of mind to cast herself on the ground, as, if she had not done so, the impetus with which she was bounding along must have caused her to fall headlong over it.

The cliff was far too high for her to jump down without hurting herself, and after casting one despairing glance around her, she gave vent to a flood of tears, and prepared to return. The rugged pathway, which she had scarcely heeded in her light-heartedness, now caused her exquisite pain in her poor bleeding feet; and the dark gloomy waters, which she had before passed through so courageously, now filled her with dread. Several times she thought she must lie down and die in her loneliness and misery, but the thought of her mother watching for her return gave her fresh strength, and again she toiled on. Suddenly she recollected that it had appeared impossible to her at first that she should ever be able to cross the brook, yet a little courage and fortitude had enabled her to surmount the difficulty, and these might empower her to do the same again. Once more she turned, and crawled back to the edge of the cliff, and proceeded to examine carefully what facilities for descending might be within reach. Half way down the cliff she espied a narrow projecting ridge, upon which she might be able with great care to support herself, and if once she could reach that in safety, it might be possible to jump the rest, which was only a height of some nine or ten feet, and the ground beneath appeared mossy and yielding, so that she trusted she might accomplish the leap without much danger.

A tree overhung the declivity, with long, drooping branches, and to the longest and stoutest of these, Viola proceeded to trust her descent. It bore her up firmly, as she dropped lower and lower over the side of the cliff, and just as the branch began to feel weak and tender beneath her grasp, the tip of her foot touched the landing place. The bough slipped swiftly through her fingers, and she found herself in mid air, with only one narrow ridge

of crumbling rock to support her. She had but one moment for thought—the sandstone beneath her feet was yielding every instant, but without hesitation she sprang lightly from her resting place, and instantly afterwards found herself seated on a bank of leaves and ferns, considerably shaken, but otherwise not injured by her fall.

Once more she hastened onward, before her lay a green, mossy dell, where the subdued light of day penetrated through leaves of the softest, brightest green. Lovely creepers climbed up the stems of the trees, and drooping roses, and jessamine, and honeysuckle bent over her as she hurried past. Nightingales and thrushes filled the air with their songs, and the scent of lilies and hyacinths came wafted towards her on the soft summer breeze. How grateful felt the yielding moss to her bruised feet, and how did her heart bound with joy at this happy termination to all fatigue and suffering! At the foot of the glade, embosomed in rare and exquisite ferns, and clothed with a mantle of ivy, stood the Fairies' Well. It was formed of large grey stones, overgrown with moss and lichen, and a streamlet of clear water gushing out of the rock above, dashed upon the pure crystals that paved the bottom, with a monotonous and soothing melody.

For one moment Viola stood, lost in admiration, listening to the gurgling of the water, and the trilling music of the birds; then remembering that she had come to seek a friend, she sprang forward, held her small white hand beneath the flowing stream, and raised it to her lips. No sooner had she tasted it than the distant sound of soft music fell upon her ear. It approached nearer and nearer, until it appeared to proceed from the Well itself, when suddenly raising her eyes, she saw standing before her, on one of the large stones that confined the water, the smallest and most exquisite figure she had ever beheld. It was a lady not four inches in height, beautifully proportioned, with the smallest, quickest, and brightest brown eyes that can be conceived. She was arrayed in a robe of the palest green, bespangled with dewdrops, while on her head and dress she wore garlands of pendant diamonds and harebells, which danced as she stood, ringing forth the soft silvery music that Viola had first heard.

In her hand she held a little white wand, which she gracefully waved over the place where the wondering Viola knelt:

When she spoke her voice sounded like the gentle whisperings of an Eolian harp, heard in the far distance on a clear summer's day.

"Maiden! Thou art in trouble!"

"True, most gracious lady—in the deepest trouble and most grievous sorrow mortal ever endured."

"Open your heart to me, gentle maiden. I am the fairy Clariol, and your sorrow must truly be great if I am unable to alleviate it."

Then Viola humbly poured forth her tale of misery into the gentle ear of the sympathising fairy. She related how their much loved home had been taken from them, how they had toiled and suffered in silent poverty, how she had hoped to find in the noble Count Theodolf a protector and friend, and how fruitless had been her efforts to obtain an interview with him.

"Ah! lady," she continued, "Even now it may be too late. My mother's health and strength may be already too far impaired to admit of restoration, yet for her sake I have come to implore your aid, that she may at least have the benefit of good food and a comfortable home."

"Then your wish at present, maiden, is to speak with the Count Theodolf."

"If the Count were aware of our position, lady, I think not he would permit us to remain in want."

"Courage, then, daughter," said the fairy. "Your wish shall be gratified—this very evening you shall speak with the Count Theodolf. To-night he holds a grand ball at the castle, and half the beauty of England will be there, with those knights and barons who have won for themselves a name for valour and prowess—and then and there, maiden, you shall speak with the Count Theodolf."

Viola clasped her hands, exclaiming, "O kind lady! How can I thank you?"

"No thanks, maiden," replied the fairy. "Are you then ready to be transported to the castle of the Count?"

Viola cast her eyes down on her torn and ragged garments, and clumsy shoes, "Alas! lady," she said, while

her eyes filled with tears, "I am no fit object to enter the castle of a Count."

"Thou art beautiful as a Naiad, my child," replied the lady Clariolè, "wash thy white hands, and thy bleeding feet in the stream, and attendants from Fairyland shall array thee."

Viola plunged her smarting feet into the clear well, and, as if by magic, a soothing, healing sensation stole over them, the pain ceased, and they were once more whole and free from scratch and stain, while at the same time every feeling of weariness and fatigue left her, and her young heart bounded again with joy and hope. Meanwhile the fairy Clariolè rang her tiara of harebells and diamonds, and instantaneously a band of little beings, no taller than their mistress, replied to the summons. They were dressed in pale green, while on the forehead of each appeared to glitter a single star of diamond brightness. Their soft and scarcely perceptible touch removed the coarse and tattered dress, which hung upon Viola's slender limbs, and exchanged it for a robe of the most delicate gauze, while in the place of her thick shoes were put slippers of the softest texture. Over her long golden curls flowers of exquisite loveliness strayed luxuriantly, and above all was thrown, by the lady Clariolè herself, a veil, glittering like silver, yet so soft and transparent that it appeared only to cast a misty haze over her graceful form. In her hands the fairy placed a silver lyre, and then bidding her look at herself in the clear surface of the well, she stood by to watch the effect that her transformation would have upon Viola. With eager curiosity the maiden bent over the pool, but how did she start at the vision of loveliness that met her there! Silvery peals of laughter rang from the merry band of fairies who had aided in effecting the change, and simultaneously they joined hands, and chanted a sweet low song in honour of her beauty. But the lady Clariolè waved her white wand and the band dispersed, and in the same moment a chariot of blue enamel, inlaid with diamonds, appeared in sight. It was drawn by turtle doves, and winged fairies held the reins, and controlled the movements of their steeds. The fairy seated herself in it, with Viola by her side, and giving

the word, off they flew through the air, above mountain and valley, until they reached the castle of Count Theodolf. Viola expected them to alight at the gate of the castle, and was wondering as to the reception they should meet with at the hands of the cruel porter, when lo! over moat and over rampart, without resting, sped the tiny car, and when she recovered from her surprise, she found that they had entered at an open window, and were now resting on a marble floor, in a lofty and magnificently decorated hall. The apartment was many hundred feet in length, the walls covered with immense mirrors, and hung with curtains of the purest lace. Festoons of superb flowers ornamented the walls, and were reflected from mirror to mirror, while crystal fountains threw up bright showers of scented water, filling the air with delicious fragrance. Orange and citron trees were ranged round the room, while in niches, between the shrubs, stood white marble statues, gracefully designed, and beautifully executed.

One of these niches at the further end of the apartment, was without a statue, and here the lady Clariote placed the blushing Viola. Lovelier than the most perfect statue did she appear, with her silver lyre held gracefully in one hand, and the other arm raised over her head.

"And now, maiden," said the fairy, "your wish is about to be granted—this evening you shall speak with Count Theodolf. This choice apartment is the music hall, his favourite resort, and here he will presently retire with his noble guests. The opportunity of pleading your cause I have given you, it now rests with yourself to turn it to the best advantage."

Viola's heart beat fast as she saw the fairy depart, and recollected she was alone in that gorgeous hall. For one moment she felt inclined to run away, but the thought of her mother restrained her, and having resolved to go through everything rather than permit this happy opportunity to escape her grasp, she strove to calm her excited feelings.

Presently the distant strains of exquisite music fell on her ear, and sounds as of a concourse of persons approaching. Ere long the massive doors of rosewood, inlaid with gold, were slowly opened, and a brilliant assemblage,

streamed gradually into the hall. Knights in richly wrought doublets, with plumed hats in their hands, and stately dames with sweeping trains of embroidered satin, and feathers in their hair; and young maidens, whose golden curls, and softly blushing cheeks, needed no adornment save the white robe and silken scarf, that displayed the symmetry of their figures; with these the lofty apartment was soon filled, and then music of the most choice and thrilling description ensued.

Amongst the noble company Viola had no difficulty in distinguishing the Count Theodolf. He sat a little apart from the rest, apparently wrapt in listening to the delicious strains that were filling the hall. She could see the goodness that beamed in every line of his countenance, and as she gazed hope budded afresh in her heart, and fear passed out of it. She felt she had but to make her cause known to him, to win his warm sympathy and ready aid. And so more than an hour passed by, and the musicians began to tire of their employment, until at length they all ceased playing with one accord, and an expression of disappointment came across the Count's face.

Then Viola summoned up all her courage, and with a timid hand swept her fingers over the chords of the silver lute. As if by magic, strains of most delicious and exquisite music filled the apartment. The guests started, and gazed at one another in amazement. The Count was no less astonished, and for some moments stood like one in a trance, listening to the sweet sound. Then he slowly raised his eyes, and they fell on the lady Viola, standing in the niche where the fairy had placed her, blushing at her own presumption, and radiant with loveliness. The Count was overpowered at the sight of her beauty, and sinking on one knee before her, he prayed her to tell him by what happy accident she had found her way to his castle.

In faltering, silvery tones Viola told her tale. With what grief and indignation did the noble Count Theodolf listen to the wrongs and sufferings of the wife and child of his dearest friend. Firmly did he vow to avenge their injuries, and regain for them their rights, and solemnly did he declare that a joyous future should atone for all

they had endured, if his power could succeed in obtaining happiness for them. Then, sinking again on one knee, he besought the timid, shrinking Viola to bestow upon him her hand, and to share with him all the lands and all the riches of which he was the possessor, and reading her consent in her downcast eyes and deep blushes, he led her forward to his guests, and prayed them to give a fitting welcome to the Countess whom he had chosen.

Scarcely were the words spoken when the flutter of little-doves' wings announced the approach of the fairy Clariolo, and to Viola's unspeakable delight she beheld by the fairy's side her suffering mother, no longer arrayed in old and ragged garments, but robed as suited her rank, a sweet smile lighting up her pale, wasted features.

A scene of joyful explanation followed, and when that was over, a sweet voice, that seemed to come from where the lady Clariolo was standing, chanted these words:—

Perseverance, maiden mine,
Brighter crowns can win than thine;
Strong at heart, and firm of will,
Thou didst gain the Fairies' rill;
Hadst thou fainted on the way,
Thou hadst not beheld this day.

Learn the lesson, maiden mine,
Let it o'er thy future shine:
Though great trials should befall thee,
Never let them quite appal thee;
With this motto banish fear,
"Courage take, and persevere."

E. T.

Church News.

EASTER, with its joyous tidings and its round of services, is passing away. The great day on which none, we trust, who are earnest would be absent from the Feast of feasts is past and gone, and the records of that day will greatly tend to cheer and encourage us in our conflict with the world. The communicants in many churches were, we are thankful to say, nearly as many as the churches would hold. We have no space for details even

were it desirable. On all sides we find a growing increase of real Christian strength and life. And not less cheering than the accounts here is the order of services at Easter in Mr. Gurney's Church in Paris, where he has endeavoured, and with good success, to set forth our ritual in a more real and becoming manner than is, unfortunately, the rule abroad. Daily Communion at half-past 8 in Holy Week, half-past 11 on three days; four services on Sunday; three sermons at the services every day on our LORD'S Passion, half-past 11, half-past 3, and half-past 8. All candidates for Confirmation ready and desirous were admitted to Holy Communion on Easter Tuesday. We are rejoiced to learn that this chapel will be placed on a permanent footing, and the good work thus begun will go on, and we trust prosper.

With such records at home and abroad of the inner life and work of our Church, we need fear little from the storm going on around. Since we last wrote, many pamphlets and letters have been published on the fearful scene of riot and profanity in GOD'S House at S. George's in the East. Nothing can be more painful to a religious mind than the continued success of those wicked and ungodly people. And now that all efforts to punish and quell them by the arm of the law have failed, we do hope that some means not inconsistent with a due reverence for GOD'S truth and service will be devised for putting an end to this sad series of riots. Better far that (with a guarded protest) the occasions for the ungodly to blaspheme should as far as possible be removed, than that the House of GOD should be longer profaned; and this we think must *now* be the feeling of those who have so nobly stood up for order, decency, fitting praise, and comely ornaments, and suitable outward tokens of rejoicing in GOD'S holy house and worship. But above all we trust a form of prayer will be put forth specially for this sad parish, that it will please GOD to turn the hearts of those deluded and sinful souls. All that Christian men can do has been done, and nearly every occasion for the enemy to blaspheme has been removed; we must be content to leave the issue in GOD'S hands. And these remarks apply in like manner to the efforts made at Easter to appoint church officers directly opposed to the plainest teaching and order of the Church.

In all these trials we would take heart from the fact so well expressed by the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell in his letter to his Churchwarden. He there reminds the agitators that with all their efforts they are unable to alienate any faithful and attached congregations. They have a deep peace among them which their oppression cannot disturb. "Do they," he asks, "recommend religion by the way in which they go on? I am quite sure it is not the religion of the Holy Bible, nor of the Church of

God. They go on carping about candles, crosses, credences, making stumbling-blocks of externals; they cannot hinder our churches being brim-full of devout and habitual worshippers. Can they alter the great fact that on Easter Day we numbered nearly 1000 communicants in our two churches? Can they touch our inner life? no, and spite of all, God will bless our poor yet hearty endeavours to serve Him. They cannot hinder us from witnessing to His truth. If our witness be false, it will fall to the ground; if it be wanting in sobriety, it will receive wholesome checks; but if in the main it be true, it will make its power to be felt, in spite of all gainsayers. They cannot hinder us from being beloved by those to whom our offices are acceptable. They cannot hinder us from exercising to the full the spiritual authority divinely committed to us, nor from comforting contrite and penitent hearts by the ministry of reconciliation. Thus, then, let it be, if God so will it. We have chosen our part, 'whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.' 'In quietness and confidence shall be our strength.' For a great day is coming to us all, and we are content to abide it, when each shall be able to 'discern between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not.'"

While on Church matters, we would commend to the hearty sympathy and substantial aid of all churchmen the fund for the alteration of S. Philip's, Clerkenwell, from a pewed and unsightly interior into a free and comely church, fitted up in a somewhat more meet style for the Master's use. The offertory has been restored, and this, in a church where the Incumbent was mainly dependent on pew rents, tells well for his faith and trust in the good work he has begun. We should be thankful to receive any subscriptions towards this most worthy object of every man's commendation, and to hand it to the treasurer towards the deficiency.

S. Stephen's, Devonport.—Devonport, as our readers know, is a garrison and sea-port town, abounding with poor women who live solely on the wages of degradation. It also is well known as containing an unusually poor, and, a few years since, a lamentably neglected population, as far as concerned the Church and Christianity. The sympathy and benevolence of the well-to-do members of the Church of England have within the past ten years given to the town four large new churches, provided small salaries from £80 to £150 per annum for eight additional clergymen, and enabled them to set on foot Day and Sunday Schools, in which they have now some 1500 or more children constantly under their care and receiving a Christian education. But the Incumbent of the new parish of S. Stephen, the Rev. G. W.

Procter, has long felt that this is a locality in which it was indispensable to have not only a school for the young and a church, but also a penitentiary or a Refuge, in which to shelter such of the poor women as may be moved to desire to turn to God and chastity from a life of degradation and impurity. He has been permitted to reclaim many of these poor things, and has sent several to the penitentiaries during the last two years. He has long been soliciting aid to enable him to set on foot a Refuge in the town or in his own parish. He has now opened such an institution, with the assistance of the Curate of the parish, the Rev. G. Mason, and of his wife, Mrs. Mason. Mrs. Mason has kindly undertaken to be the Lady Manager of the Refuge, and to attend to all communications with reference to it.

It is commenced in rented premises, which, although not very convenient, will suffice for the present. The applications for admission are very numerous and pressing. Mrs. Mason has already nine girls under her care. The number must be regulated by the funds, and by the assistance which can be obtained from ladies who will devote themselves to the service of CHRIST in this parish for the reclaiming of their poor fallen sisters ; who are often in their present piteous condition, because they never had any one to tell them of the love of God in JESUS CHRIST, to train them in habits of self-discipline, or to teach them what God's love and wisdom enjoins or forbids. We trust that many will lend a helping hand in this good cause.

Reviews and Notices.

Aggesden Vicarage ; or Bridget Storey's First Charge. A Tale for the Young. J. W. Parker.

This is a simple Story of every-day life in a country vicarage, with little of romance in it, and no startling events, hair-breadth escapes, or wonderful surprises. The charm of it is in its genuine reality. We seem positively to know each member of the Arnold family, and to have been living almost amongst them throughout the tale.

Bridget Storey, the governess, is a sensible little body, who has early chosen the well-educated and useful path for herself rather than an idle one, dependent on her father's small income. Aggesden Vicarage is her first situation, and very much she likes her introduction to its inmates, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, four

girls and four boys. Frank, the eldest boy, rough, hasty-tempered, very often in disgrace and trouble. Mary, the eldest girl, a very contrast to this, always kind, true, and amiable, thoroughly good and conscientious. John, the second boy, just such another as Mary, all but perfect. Anna, the second girl, a regular tom-boy, lively, and good-natured to a fault. Carry, Harry, Robert, and little Amabel, the pet of all, complete the family circle. Bridget soon gets into regular work, and very happy she is in it. There is not a very advanced state of Church matters in the parish as yet. The Sunday School is held in the Church, and great square pews seem to be the order of the day. The Hall family and Squire, Sir Hector Merivale, are cousins of Mrs. Arnold, and he was once pupil of the Vicar. The close intimacy, and yet the bold, clear way in which the Vicar speaks out when he thinks it his duty, to the Squire, are very capitally shown throughout. At first Bridget is inclined to pity Frank in his perpetual disgrace, but she finds ere long that he really is what they all pronounce him, most troublesome, spiteful, and ill-tempered: and it is very long before his father is able really to understand and correct his temper. The arrival of the Hall family was the first great event of import that takes place, and we are introduced to the rather large family there.

Robert the eldest son at the Hall, is a confirmed invalid, and a sad trial for the tall, handsome, and lively Sir Hector. The thorough principle of the Vicar of Aggesden not only comes out in his dealing with his own, but also with his old pupil's family. Robert's fretful ungraciousness has much pained the good Vicar, and he determines to help him to correct it if possible, and he does it in the following way:

"He knocked at the library door, and, entering, found Robert at his old place, lying in the bay window.

"Ah—I thought Alston might be reading to you."

"No," answered Robert sullenly.

"You are not inclined for reading, then?"

"No—I'm tired of the sight of books," vehemently.

"Mr. Arnold saw that everything that might be proposed would still be distasteful, and so, as he generally did, seizing the present opportunity, he sat down beside the boy's sofa, and said, 'Then I shall not be disturbing you if I ask you to let me say a few words to you?'

"Blunt to the point as ever, Mr. Arnold could never approach a subject gradually, even to a fretful invalid. But, though Robert's pale cheek flushed crimson in a moment, perhaps like his father, he would rather have a good scolding spoken out at once than a rebuke coming on in such gentle approaches that he would have been aggravated beyond endurance before the matter was fairly afloat.

“ ‘ Pardon me, I am too abrupt,’ said the Vicar, kindly, instantly distressed at having given pain to one so helpless.

“ ‘ Never mind—go on. But I know it all, sir, already.’

“ ‘ Do you?—scarcely, I think. How your melancholy—no, truth does no harm—your determination not to be pleased, grieves and depresses your father! I never see him so sad as when you have been bent, as this afternoon, in taking part in nothing.’

“ ‘ If I must lie down all my life, mayn’t I even lie still?’ asked Robert, despairingly.

“ ‘ No,’ answered the Vicar, brightly; ‘ life has still its object even for one so tried as yourself.’

“ ‘ I can’t see one, except——’ the lad’s eyes filled.

“ ‘ Can’t you, my dear boy? One is so simple—to take kindnesses of those around as kindnesses, not insults.’

“ ‘ No other boy of my age needs such kindnesses.’

“ ‘ Not many, I own. But think of the temptations to which as such a son and heir as either of your brothers might have been, you would now be beginning to be exposed; the headstrongness, the folly, the temptation to dissimulation to conceal folly’s consequences, all the flush and excitement of first manhood.’

“ ‘ Oh if I could be a man, but one hour,’ cried the boy, passionately.

“ ‘ Robert, it is a noble thing to be a man, I don’t deny it; to be a strong, fearless, brave-hearted man. But it is still left for every one of us to be something better, grander still—I heartily mean it, a good, earnest, pious Christian; to be able to feel

O LORD, my GOD, do Thou Thy holy will,
I will lie still.’

“ ‘ A woman may feel that, but a man—a boy as I am—oh, sir, never!’

“ ‘ You will know better in time. Do you remember the saying—

My son’s my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter’s my daughter all my life?

And most parents feel the truth of it with their sons deeply. But you—why long after every other son and daughter has married or left them, will be still with them. Yes, face the truth,’ as Robert winced and turned unconsciously away, ‘ and think what a blessing, a comfort, a brightness in the house you in those dull, quiet days may be, something for them still to love and care and plan for; and as years pass on, for them to let you not only love and care and plan for them, but lean and rest upon you themselves. If you are a cheerful sunny-hearted, middle-aged man yourself, think what a blessing you will be to your father and mother, who will then be going down the hill of life themselves. But if a fretful, peevish, hardly-pleased one, still a source (as you will have been for thirty years and more) of endless anxiety and disappointment.’ ”—Vol. I. pp. 113—116.

The Vicar’s teaching bears good fruit; he has been long sadly

troubled at his sons' prospects, and his inability to place them out as he could wish (a contribution to Blackwood and Fraser having failed of success). Johnnie's heart is set on the army, and Robert offers to pay for his preparation at Eltham; he begins to find that though confined to a sofa, he is not the useless being he was wont to think himself. The following little passage will give our readers an idea of the way in which the Vicar of Aggesden ruled his household. Anna had been disobedient and passionate the day before.

"So after breakfast, the Vicar called the little girl into his study.

"'Oh, papa,' cried Anna, quite relieved to be at last alone with her father, 'I am so very sorry. I have told Miss Storey, and done my exercise; you will forgive me now? though you would not last night.'

"'Quite forgive you, Anna; but you mistake my refusal then,' answered Mr. Arnold, seriously; 'you are growing too old now, for me to dare to treat such outbursts of temper as I used to do. I refused to let you do your exercise last night, not because I was still angry with you, or was not pleased at your wishing to do so, but to make you taste now something of the pain to which, if you do not conquer it whilst you can, such temper will in after life expose you. Hitherto, as soon as it was gone out of you, you have been able to repair the evil you have done; but, my child, as you grow older, you will find this blessing more and more rarely yours—you will find the consequences of your passion or obstinacy far more important, far more lasting; and will find, too, that instead of being able to repair the effects of either as soon as sorry for it, you will very likely never be able to repair them at all.'

"'Oh, papa!' cried Anna, frightened by his gravity.

"'Indeed it will be so. We grown-up people may repent our hasty words, or unkind deeds, as much as you do now, Anna, but too often find, repent as we may, we cannot efface the pain they have given, cannot repair the evil they have done, bitterly as we may lament them, earnestly as we may strive to atone for them. And, Anna, it was to teach you something of the misery your temper may hereafter cause you that I refused to allow you to atone for your disobedience last night. In this case, it was simply your earthly father's will that stood in the way of immediate reparation; alas! as you grow older, my little girl, it will be your heavenly FATHER'S—one that neither I nor you can move one tittle.'

"His daughter looked up into his face awed.

"'Do you understand me, Anna?'

"'I think I do, papa; but—it made me so wretched last night.'

"'Poor child! But so has my heavenly FATHER'S not allowing myself to atone for a sharp word or needless harshness often made your father. Still, Anna, I have not done yet. A year ago, as soon as the passion of which you had been guilty was over, you said you were sorry; I let you repair the disobedience or wilfulness of which you had been guilty, and thus the matter ended. But now, An-

you are old enough to know something, if not all, of the real wickedness of such outbursts, what a shameful thing it is for a little Christian child to let her temper so master her sense of right and wrong as to make her defy those God Himself has set over her. And this is the reason, my dear little girl, that I cannot let this misbehaviour pass so readily either from your mind or my own, as I have allowed its predecessors to do. You must learn its sinfulness from its consequences, and so I shall not allow you for this day to take any part in the church decorations. You may take the house off Mary's hands, if you like; but a little girl who only yesterday so broke God's laws is not fit to take such part in His service.'

"Anna was too awed, too really repentant, too well trained in obedience in all reasonable moments, to utter one appealing word against this overthrow of her long-desired, busy happiness. She only answered broken-voiced—

"'Papa, I will try to remember why it is, and—bear it,' with one bitter sob.

"'Bear it well; helping mamma, being patient with the little ones, being useful wherever you can, that is all I can expect or even wish. Good-bye, my little girl,' and he kissed her, a kiss Anna returned from the bottom of her heart; 'I must go to the church myself, or others will be waiting for me.'"—Vol. I. pp. 212—215.

A Christmas party at the Hall, parish school building, and work, and the wedding of Sir Hector's eldest daughter with Lord Duthoyte, make a lively one of Bridget's first winter at Aggesden. Johnnie returns to Eltham, but has not been back three days before a letter is sent by his master to say that he has an injury in his back, and the doctors fear a serious one. The father hastens to town, and the best surgeons declare it to be a case of a year or two on his back at least. He is brought home, and soon learns to look this terrible trial in the face. The sad blow to all was, that the spinal injury was from a fall after an angry blow by his brother Frank. From this time Frank's character was the Vicar's special care, and well and manfully does the boy struggle with his infirmity of temper.

Some time after the Vicar is called to town to marry a niece, and at his new nephew's home meets Mr. Hatherton, a great and successful author and editor, a sort of Thackeray and Cornhill-Magazine-man, and in him rejoices to find an old Baliol chum. He is invited to Aggesden, and actually comes; and not only that, but he takes Johnnie to town for further advice, which consultation results in his ultimate recovery. He inserts the Vicar's writings in his magazine. Frank goes to school, and comes out in bright colours, and much of the trials and troubles of Aggesden Vicarage have vanished before Bridget leaves.

Altogether this tale promises well for the author, if, as we expect, it is a first publication. No character can be more ad-

mirably drawn than the Vicar; his somewhat hasty temper naturally comes out at times, he has many failures in treatment of his children, but above all his stern fixed principles of right shine conspicuous. Nowhere in the book is this more successfully drawn than in an utterance of repentance from his almost perfect Mary, who had given way to envy and jealousy, with which we will conclude.

" 'I am wanted?' he asked good-humouredly, looking up from his book.

" 'No, papa; that is—could—'

" 'You want me, perhaps,' closing the book, and putting his finger in the place. 'Well, dear, what is it?'

" 'Oh, papa—you know,' turning away her face.

" 'Know? I think not; there,' putting her arm through his, 'tell me what it is.'

" 'I thought you saw—would know without my telling. But indeed I only found it out to-day.'

" 'Dear Mary, be a little plainer. What is it that is so distressing you?'

" The Vicar little thought what a train of present misery his half surprised, half reproachful glance had fired, mercifully fired.

" 'To find how spiteful, how jealous I have been. How I have almost hated Charlotte Lee.'

" 'Hated! my dear Mary.'

" 'It must have been hatred. I spoke against her to Frank, to Sophy—was glad when Mr. Hughes found fault with her, or even only laughed at her, and—thought myself so much better all the time.'

" Sobs and shame nearly choked Mary's voice, and the Vicar and his daughter walked on a few minutes in silence.

" 'My dear child,' he said then, 'I am very glad you have told me this.'

" 'Oh! papa, I thought it would so pain, so disappoint you, but I could not help coming to you—I could not bear you should think me better than I was.'

" 'I do not mean of course that I am glad, no, I am very, very sorry that such feelings have ever existed; but as they did exist, I am very glad you have discovered them for yourself, and repent them so heartily as one of your temperament must do, to humble yourself needlessly by confessing them to another.'

" 'Oh! papa, I have so longed to tell you all day. It was your looking at me when I was speaking to Sophy, papa; it seemed to me like our SAVIOUR'S'—Mary bowed her head reverently—'turning and looking upon Peter. It made me see it all.'

" 'Ah! how difficult to us all is that simple-sounding command, 'Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think;'' and again there was a pause.

" 'Papa,' said Mary, colouring very high, 'I have prayed for myself, but will you pray for me?'

"' Always, my dear child.'

"' And this going to Wales, papa; I don't deserve any sure—I had rather stay at home.'

"' No, Mary, that would not do. Lucy wants a companion and Mrs. Hughes want to give you pleasure: you must not of your own good even in self-denial'

"' One thing will be so hard, papa. Mr. Hughes is kind to me, often says little praises, and I do care for them'

"' Then, my dear child, let this fortnight with the Hug trial of the sincerity of your longings after humility. When praised, remember that He Who was meek and lowly of alone guide us safely through this world's temptations, and grace to follow in His own meek footsteps.'

"' You think I ought to go, then?' asked Mary, after a pause.

"' Yes, decidedly; the invitation is accepted, changes liked; besides, a little rest and change will do yourself good. And remember, Mary, he is not a good soldier who shrinks from struggle for fear his arms should be broken, his colours rather he who bravely goes forward wherever the station God has placed him leads him, trusting the issues unto Him, not suffer any one of us to be tempted above that he is able to—Vol. II. pp. 291—293.

Straightforward, and *Patience Hart* (Mozley), are two tales by Mrs. Lefroy. Such evident tales of real life as full character should do good service among all classes; the purpose of reading in country book clubs they will be valuable.

The Church and the Nonconformists. By a Layman, them, Mackintosh, and Co.

This stirring address is by one of those whom we are to see alive to the fact, that in the clamour against Church and the Dissenters are actuated not by a purely religious motive, but by a desire to get rid of the National Branch of the Church of this country.

The Snowdrop, an Old Woman's Story. By the author of "Ready and Desirous." Jersey: Le Feuvre.

We have often spoken in commendation of this author's tales, and this one is worthy to take its place with them. The story is simply told. An old maiden lady, who has lived alone many years, is all at once surprised by an invitation to spend Christmas with a distant cousin; this she decides to accept, and goes herself in the midst of a large family. Colonel Gordon is a widower, and is the hard polite man, whose afflictions have no means softened him, and who rules most of his children.

a rod of iron. Cousin Lyle is the old lady who tells the story, and she is soon quite at home with all the children, and able to enter into their joys and sorrows. We will not anticipate the reader's pleasure by telling the story, the plot of which is very successfully unfolded, though in a small space. We need not add that the principles are most sound and practical. At page 30 *post-Communion* is misprinted, we presume, for *second Communion*.

Six Lectures on the Events of Holy Week. By William Martin, B.A., Perpetual Curate of Grangegorman, Dublin. Oxford and London: J. H. and James Parker.

It is a subject of much regret that these Lectures were published too late for use during the past Lent and Holy Week. As affording subjects for devout reading and meditation, they are to be highly commended for clear and earnest eloquence, not lacking in practical application, as the following extract will abundantly prove:

"We live in days when men require above all to be warned that Christianity is not a name alone; that it has lost nothing of its responsibilities, nothing of its reality and power for those who fearlessly use it. Now indeed we are too apt to set up our rest here, to be at ease in our possessions, as if they were our true inheritance; to believe as we like and act as we like; to be religious so far as it suits our convenience, or inclination, or worldly interest (all or any of which it may suit to a certain length); to keep up a measured amount of conformity to what God requires; but when we are called upon to make any sacrifice or exertion beyond what we are accustomed to—if the claims of religion are pressed upon us with any unwonted force, and we are urged to a greater degree of strictness than we like—then we shrink back at once, as if our private rights were invaded, as if there were a danger of our being induced to yield too far to the claims of Him Whose claims extend to the devotion of our whole hearts, the dedication of our entire lives. We like to hear of religion, but we do not like to be religious; we like the practices of devotion in their place, but we do not like to build an abiding sanctuary of devotion in our own hearts; we like the privileges, the comforts, the hopes, the enjoyments of religion, but we do not like (the indispensable preparation) its duties, difficulties, self-denial, submission; we wish for the crown indeed, forgetting that on earth the crown was one of thorns, and we do not think of taking up the Cross."

How true a picture have we here.

The Curate's Wife (Mozley), is one of the most touching tales of distress among the poor underpaid Clergy that we ever read, even more so than Mrs. Gatty's, if possible. It is well and

plainly told, with a thrilling earnestness. The object of it seems to be to suggest that there may be abundance of opportunity for independent young ladies, in ministering to the Clergy and their families, who are close at home and as objects of care as the soldiers in the Crimea.

On Revivals. A Letter. By the Rev. James Davies (Masters.)

The "Revivals" is a subject which we may not pass with the idea that they and their results are unworthy notice or inquiry of Churchmen. On the contrary, we must so pass by any question affecting Religion. It is the duty of Churchmen as well as of the Church, to look in and discern the good in the midst of much corruption and to turn that good into the best possible channel. Davies, from his age and position has a claim on our attention, and we recommend all to give that attention to his pamphlet, which it fully deserves. He illustrates his argument for the use, as cleared from the *abuse* of Revivalism by a reference to the work carried on for some time at St. Saviour's, amongst the mill girls and others. He tells how the movement went to opposite extremes, both as he truly describes "for that certainty which goes beyond faith and hope; for that degree of doubt is essential to both these graces." His concluding words will best commend anything which comes from this worthy and esteemed parish priest.

"With the Church and Church principles, and Church people I believe I have taken as wide a part, and entered into as many varied sympathies, as her circumference would comprehend. Alas! I lament that there is so much literal and legal form in her,—so much cold correctness in some of our cathedral services,—so much respectability that passes for piety,—so much of custom and that passes for principle,—so much of diversion as to occupy time out of duty and devotion,—yet still there is love, genuine, earnest, and sober-minded love kindling in our parishes, especially in the country and other large towns, and brightly burning in our penitents. These last are no longer in their infancy; they are acquiring growth and a strength which may ensure permanence. They will be nurseries of men and women, who can unite moral firmness with moral discretion, firmness with gentleness, fixed principles with pliable sympathies."

OUR HOPE.

MEMORIES golden-hued,
Are ye but the faint reflections
Of a gorgeous day departed
That shall dawn no more ?

Relics of the heart,
Are ye but deceitful pledges
Of a springtide resurrection
Of the lost and dear ?

Have we lived in vain ?
Shall the forms our hearts have cherished,
And the yearning souls that prized us,
Pass like shades to night ?

O, were this revealed,
Who could brook the weary burden
Of our purposeless existence ?
Who could love or live ?

Sacred shades of yore !
Seem ye not to glide anear us
With a trustful smile of promise ?
" We shall meet above."

Friends afar and near,
To the blessing that I murmur
Yield a response ear may list not,
Bless my own and me.

And may One Supreme,
In His own predestined season,
Haply after wintry ages
Blend us all in love !

ARCHER GURNEY.

Notices to Correspondents.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—There are many works on the subject, but few that can be well recommended : the " Sermons for the People " on the Parables and Miracles might be adapted for the purpose. The parables also have been explained for children by the Rev. J. Erskine Clarke, (Bell).

"The Companion and Devotions for the Sick Room," by R. 1 will supply the want mentioned.

The Rev. W. W. How's "Plain Words" come nearest to your last requirement.

"S. Chad" shall be inserted.

ZAIDEE. —We are obliged to decline the "Rich Poor Man" and a "Plea for the Church," they shall be returned on your giving an address.

S. B.—There is no foundation whatever for the absurd report that S. George in our Calendar is only a myth. Dr. Hey wrote a complete history of him, vindicating his reality and giving the genuine records of his life.

T. L.—A Life of Nicholas Ferrar was published some twenty-five years ago by Messrs. Seeley, it was chiefly a reprint of Turner's (Bishop of Ely,) Life, called Christian Economics.

M. L.—Never decide a religious question from a newspaper report.

A SCOTCH CATHOLIC.—Sparrow's "Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer," and the "Companion to the Prayer Book" will supply much of what you desire.

The Editor much regrets the temporary stoppage of the "Lectures on the History of the Church of God," caused solely by the author's enforced absence from England for his health.

E. M.—Declined with thanks.

E. F. O.—We shall be glad of an address, in case we are able to insert the Legend.

F. E.—Are the "Gleanings" offered to us? we have seen your letter.

F. O. E.—Dream of Eastertide, declined with thanks.

"A Plea for the Church" has not been used for want of space.

S. B.—It is perfectly true that on the death of Archbishop Laud the Roman Catholics at Rome returned thanks to God for the death of one of their greatest enemies; it is recorded in "Wharton's Life and Troubles of Laud."

"Christian Festivals."—Declined.

E. C. T.—Your question is a very wide one. The Prayer Book is the depository of our principles. Bp. Sparrow's "Rationale," 2s. 6d.; "Companion to the Prayer Book," 1s.; "Companion to the Sunday Services," 3s., will be found useful explanations of the system therein contained.

THE
Churchman's Companion.

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[JUNE, 1860.]

A MAIDEN OF OUR OWN DAY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER III.

"I saw thee once and nought discerned,
For stranger to admire,
A serious aspect, but it burned
With no unearthly fire."

Lyra Apostolica.

WINTER seemed determined to show that year how mild, and yet how wet and dreary, an English winter can be. But there was sometimes a bright gleam of sunshine in the mornings, and when this was the case Gyneth might generally be found on the downs beyond the city, and always with a slight childish figure by her side, whose thin pale face was lifted eagerly to catch the fresh English breezes, as he climbed his way upwards, and whose blue eyes kept brightening and brightening, as he got gradually into the higher and purer air on the summit of the hills.

"A very pretty little boy," Gyneth thought her brother, and she had learned to mark with delight the dawning bloom which was slowly chasing away the pallor from his cheek, and to watch anxiously for the rare sweet smile which sometimes crept shyly from under his long eyelashes, and then deepened till the fringed lids were raised, and the innocent eyes flashed out in all their beauty.

But the child himself was a mystery to her, a mystery which she had determined to fathom, though she had

neglected to obtain the clue to it, as she might have done, from her brother Lambert.

Lambert had accompanied his brother to his grandmother's house, and had remained there for a week before proceeding to Cambridge, and Gyneth, forgetting her prejudices, had welcomed him gladly, and tried to be companionable to him, but her shy advances had met with a far greater shyness on his part; he could not be persuaded to talk of himself, nor much of his home, and when as a last resource Gyneth turned the conversation on general subjects, the few opinions which he did hesitatingly put forth, were so widely different from her own as to produce a feeling akin to antagonism. Only once had he been drawn into something like confidence, and that was the day before he went to Cambridge, when she and Edgar and he had climbed upon the highest ridge of the downs, and sauntering slowly along it, began a desultory conversation, in which many things were touched upon, and some common grounds of interest discovered.

Edgar had submitted to be carried by his brother up the steepest part of the hill, and when first set down clung lovingly to his arm, addressing all his prattle to him, and only now and then casting a furtive glance at Gyneth, whom, spite of a week's intercourse, he seemed to consider almost a stranger; but when presently his cap blew off, and Gyneth, fleet of foot than Lambert, started off in chase, and brought it back in triumph, the little lips offered a kiss of gratitude, and the disengaged hand stole into hers, and remained there contentedly. She returned the caress with interest, feeling very much pleased, and little imagining that while she had been cap-hunting, Lambert had remonstrated with the child on his ungraciousness towards her, and had suggested the kiss as a proper acknowledgment of her kindness.

In this happy ignorance she said, smiling, "Now I shall have some hope that Edgar will not quite cry his eyes out when he is left alone with grandmamma and me, Lambert."

"I hope he does not mean to cry at all," said Lambert; "he is going to make himself very happy with you, aren't

you, Eddie? Only please, Gyneth, he has set his heart on writing to me every day, and on no one's seeing the letter, if grandmamma doesn't mind."

"Oh, I am sure she will not; but is he such an accomplished letter-writer already?"

"Accomplished! we won't say much about that, but he knows I can understand his hieroglyphics. Of course I don't mean that the letter need be posted every day, it can grow by degrees and be sent off at the end of the week."

"Oh, Bertie," said the child, pleadingly, "why mayn't I send one every day?"

"Because—" Lambert hesitated and coloured, then added firmly, "it would be a waste of money."

There was a double "Oh!" of wonder on Gyneth's part, and deprecation on Edgar's, and the child continued, "I know you were right not to let me buy the sugar-lumps in Corfu, Bertie, and I never will buy things to eat with my money any more, but this isn't like that; it's quite, *quite* different; do please, dear Bertie, let me send you a letter every day."

"You have forgotten what I told you on Sunday, Eddie," said Lambert, gravely.

"No, I haven't; you said papa hadn't so much to give in charity as he would like, because we all cost him so much; but then why should Jeannie dress like the proud queen in the fairy tale, if we haven't enough money to give to the poor?"

Lambert looked distressed; perhaps, because Gyneth turned on him a glance of half-amused and yet half-dismayed inquiry. "Edgar imagines that Jeannie's gay ball-dresses are something very wonderful and costly," he explained; "but I told you you must not concern yourself about that, Eddie; all you have to do is to try to be self-denying and careful yourself."

"But this matter of the postage-stamps is so trifling," said Gyneth, "grandmamma will give them to him with pleasure."

"Yes, I know it is nothing in itself, and pray don't think I want to teach Eddie stinginess, but if you knew how they all at home—I mean—" catching up his word

in some confusion, "how anxious I am that he should not get into the habit of indulging himself in every fancy merely because it is his fancy."

Gyneth looked up smiling; Lambert's sentiments were so wondrous wise for a youth of nineteen, that she almost expected to see the phenomenon of the "old head on young shoulders," but his light hair and eyebrows, and fair, delicate complexion, made him, on the contrary, look much younger than he was, and the quiet refined face would have been almost effeminate, if it had not been for the resolute, determined expression of the firmly-set mouth.

"But, Lambert, I want to understand," Gyneth said, growing grave again, "ought we really to be so very careful? has not papa a good income?"

"Yes, very fair, but he has had so many expenses—Lawrence's education, and my illness, and other things, and in his position as colonel of the regiment, he is obliged to entertain a good deal, so all together—but, Gyneth, I would rather you should judge for yourself how matters stand; the regiment will probably be ordered home this summer, and then you will soon learn to know us and our ways."

"But will papa and mamma care to have me with them? Grandmamma speaks sometimes as if she should like to keep me always."

"Ah, but there will be some objectors to that, and first of all, mamma, I think, for if Jeannie marries she will want you at home very much, and I suppose you know Mr. Hutchinson is likely to press for the wedding ere long."

"Yes, I know, and I am sorry. Lewis says Mr. Hutchinson has no imagination."

"And is that such an offence in your eyes?"

"Not exactly; but I never could care in the least for a very unimaginative person; and a whole life passed with one would be a species of martyrdom, I should think."

"Bertie says you mustn't call things martyrdoms," interrupted Edgar; "he didn't like Fanny to say it of her music lessons."

"I see, you think it too high a word," said Gyneth reflectively; "and so it is, you are quite right, Lambert, I am sorry I used it."

Lambert looked as confused as if he had been the person in fault. "It does seem a pity to make words like that common," he said; "and, besides, I think one feels sorry to find either oneself or other people using exaggerated expressions, talking about 'tremendous inflictions,' and 'insufferable bores,' and 'awful undertakings,' and 'perfect penances,' when much smaller words would suffice."

"You are like grandmamma; it makes her quite indignant, when one of the drapers in High Street, who is always selling off, sticks a placard with 'Tremendous Sacrifice!!!' on it, to a shawl which he is going to sell for twenty shillings instead of twenty-five. She says people are getting so accustomed to exaggeration, that they will some time forget how to speak the plain truth at all."

"Those matter-of-fact people whom you dislike so much are the best truth-tellers," said Lambert.

"Yes, perhaps, when they are speaking of facts; but, how unfair they are when ideas are discussed, and how unjustly they judge of other people because their imagination is not strong enough to suggest to them any other springs of action than those which influence themselves!"

And Gyneth thought of Mr. Hutchinson's harsh judgments of the Greeks, and waxed almost vehement in her indignation. But Lambert smiled, and said quietly, "Want of charity is so common, that one cannot ascribe it to unimaginative people alone; and if they do not always discern other people's good motives, at any rate they are not likely to invent bad ones for them. I am bound to stand on the defensive, for I am trying hard to become matter-of-fact myself."

"But you never will be so really. Lewis says your enthusiasm was quite refreshing after Mr. Hutchinson's commonplaces. I don't think you can be serious in wishing to become matter-of-fact."

Lambert did not answer; in the code that he had formed for his own guidance, he had made it a fault

ever to speak of himself unnecessarily, and he was already repenting of his casual allusion to the pleasure he felt at finding himself becoming more matter-of-fact. Oh, if there are many people who 'let themselves go,' as it were, who scarcely attempt self-government at all, surely there are others who rule themselves somewhat hardly, whose private code is so Draconian, that they would think it tyranny if applied to any other than their own poor faulty selves! Only they are mostly young, for as people advance in life they learn to know more of themselves; they are too bowed down with the weight of their real sins, to take to themselves an added burden of imaginary crimes.

Lambert Deshon was only nineteen, his conscience was very tender, his standard of right the highest possible, and from having been for many years an invalid, he had lived comparatively out of the world, and had fallen into a habit of jealous introspection, good in so much as it ministered to humility, but almost morbidly acute in the detection of little germs of evil, which had better have been stifled at once, than thought over, and studied, and made the subject of so much inward grief. Grief deepened perhaps by want of sympathy: for his parents and the sister and brother next to him in age were utterly unlike himself; and though he had unconsciously moulded little Edgar to something of his own likeness, he was far too young to be admitted into his confidence.

If Gyneth had known how sad his heart was, she would not have felt so hurt as she did at the sudden coldness which his manner assumed, when passing over her remark, he observed, "Perhaps you may soon have an opportunity of making Hutchinson's acquaintance, and when you know both him and Jeannie, you will see how well suited they are to each other, and how little she is likely to distress herself about his want of imagination."

"But Jeannie does not write as if *she* were unimaginative," said Gyneth: "sometimes there have been pieces in her letters about freedom, and heroism, and so on, which I have thought quite beautiful."

"Ah, that is when she is under the Contessa's influ-

ence, a young Greek lady I mean, who is full of enthusiasm about her country, and of love for all that is grand and noble; no wonder she inspires Jeannie with some of her ideas."

"Then do you mean that Jeannie does not care about these things herself? Oh, I can scarcely believe that; I have always fancied her as highminded as she is beautiful. Of course I know very little of her really, for since we were quite tiny children I have only seen her by glimpses, but the little I saw gave me such a charming idea of her; she seemed to me to embody the word loveliness, which no one else that I know does, except grandmamma."

"Yes, she is lovely indeed, and most loveable too," said Lambert with more warmth than he had yet shown: "when you know her, Gyneth, you will retract your assertion that you 'cannot care in the least for unimaginary people.'"

Gyneth looked almost impatient; she could not give up her belief in the beautiful, highminded, intellectual sister who had been for so long the favourite object of her day-dreams; she *would* not accept in her stead the pretty, amiable, prosaic creature, which Lambert's remarks had conjured up before her imagination, as the portrait of the real Jeannie.

"Perhaps there is more in her than you give her credit for, Lambert," she persisted.

"Yes," said Lambert quietly. He had a peculiar way of saying yes, not only affirmatively, but interrogatively, and sometimes, as in this instance, with a mixture of the two.

Gyneth gave up the subject in despair, and fearing lest her brother might be offended at the little interest she had shown in all that concerned him, compared with the warm feeling she had expressed towards Jeannie, she began to ask how he liked the prospect of his life at Cambridge, and why he had not rather chosen to go to Oxford.

"I had scarcely a choice in the matter," he replied; "my father decided on Cambridge for me, from his having been there himself, and having some friends among the authorities there now."

"Well, Cambridge or Oxford, it is much the said Gyneth, "you will have two or three years' study, learning all that is best worth knowing, —oh, I envy you, Lambert!—you will be a clergyman, suppose, the noblest calling of all."

"I am glad you think it so," he answered warmly.

"Of course I do," and she began to quote a line.

"Humble est le nom de prêtre ? oh ! n'en rougissons !
Ma mère, il n'en est point de plus noble ici-bas.
Le prêtre est l'urne sainte au dôme suspendue,
Où l'eau trouble du puits n'est jamais répandue,
Que ne rougit jamais le nectar des humains,
Qu'ils ne se passent pas pleins de mains en mains,
Mais où l'herbe odorante, où l'encens de l'aurore
Au feu du sacrifice en tout temps s'évapore."

He half smiled, then said gently and reverently, "poor that seems, compared with the words 'Let us account of us as of the ministers of Christ, stewards of the mysteries of God!'"

It was the highest view which could be taken of the calling to which he meant to devote himself; and being akin to awe kept Gyneth silent until she heard him murmur softly the words which follow: "More is required in stewards than that a man be found faithful," then undismayed by his sigh of despondency, she looked radiantly up at him, and whispered, "'Thou art untruly, thou shalt not be beguiled.'"

"One dares not trust oneself," he answered, "so many begin well, and then are disappointed, fall into carelessness or apathy, or something near it, neglect themselves, and their health, and their families, and their parish and the needs of their people."

"Oh, but so many don't; one sees and hears of many good, devoted, unselfish clergymen; and I can see why you should be afraid that disappointment might damp your zeal, for you know—she hesitated, afraid to quote any more poetry, lest he should think her a sentimental young lady, and yet too much inclined to keep back for more than a minute the words she was longing to utter:

" In weariness
In disappointment or distress,
When strength decays, or hope grows dim,
We ever may recur to Him
Who has the golden oil divine
Wherewith to feed our failing urns,
Who watches every lamp that burns
Before His sacred shrine."

He did not smile at *this* quotation; she could see that he liked it, and that it had cheered him, though he only said, "Thank you for putting me in mind of that."

The brightness of the morning was passing, and it was time to be turning homewards. Lambert perched Edgar on his shoulder, and ran with him down the hill, a feat which highly delighted the child, though the elder brother's breath came in such gasps afterwards, that Gyneth feared the effort had been too much for him. A sisterly affection was springing up in her heart for Lambert; those few moments of confidence had endeared him to her so much.

But, alas! he went away the next day, and the letters which he now occasionally wrote to her were short, and even dry, so that her feeling for him somewhat languished again, and she did not give a very enthusiastic description of him to Rose, who had been absent during his stay at Mrs. Deshon's, and who on her return demanded "a full, true, and particular account of this wonderful Lambert Deshon, of whom she had heard such contradictory reports."

Gyneth maintained that there was nothing "wonderful" about him, except the extraordinary influence which he had managed to acquire over little Edgar, who continued to defer to all "Bertie's" opinions in his absence just as much as he had done in his presence, or rather far more, since there was now but little opportunity for pleading for a reversal of any of his decrees. Nothing would persuade the child to accept of any indulgence which he thought Lambert would not have permitted him. Though evidently feeling rather lonely and "eerie" the first night after Lambert had left them, he steadily declined all Gyneth's offers to sit with him till he fell asleep, and even refused to have a light left burn-

ing in his room, saying, "Bertie said it was only cowards that were afraid of the dark." How manfully he struggled with his feelings of dreariness and strangeness during the first sleepless hour or two of that night, no one but himself ever knew, but they were too much for him at last, and when Gyneth and her grandmamma were at supper, a patter of little bare feet was heard along the passage, and then the door of the sitting-room was slowly opened, and a little fair head peeped in. The silken curls tangled by restless tossing on his pillow, hung down upon his shoulders in most picturesque disorder, and had been shaken to the front so as to hide the small scrap of white night-dress which would otherwise have been visible. He was very shy of exhibiting himself in his *toilette de nuit*, and would not enter the room till Gyneth went over to him, and lifting him in her arms carried him to the supper-table, and put him down on his grandmamma's knee. Then with the small white face hidden in those tender, motherly arms, Edgar began a sobbing excuse for what he evidently considered very culpable behaviour, promising that he would be braver another night, and "try not to mind the dark creeping all round him." But he found himself pitied and caressed, instead of blamed, and in a few minutes was seated at the table, wrapped up in his grandmamma's shawl, and devouring one of those delightful little cakes on the manufacture of which Mrs. Deshon so prided herself.

Yet he was not quite at ease even then; it was plain that he thought he had been cowardly, and that Lambert would have been displeased if he had known it; nor was he consoled till he had told his brother all about it in his first weekly letter, and had received an answer which contained these words, "I am not surprised that you felt a little forlorn the first night, Eddie, and am very glad that grandmamma and Gyneth comforted you so kindly." A very simple sentence which yet had an almost magical effect upon Edgar, who read it over and over to himself throughout the day, and danced and frisked about so blithely after each fresh perusal, that Gyneth was puzzled to think what it could be that so excited him.

As he became more familiar with her, she hoped that

he would prattle freely to her about his home, that home of which she knew so little, though it was her own by right; but no, Lambert had said he must not tell "some things" about his home life, and he was evidently so perplexed between the things which he *might* and those which he might *not* tell, that the subject was distasteful to him, and Gyneth ceased to press it on him. She was very much distressed at finding that her brother had thought it necessary to enforce this reserve. "Surely," she said to herself, "he might have trusted me so far as to believe that I would not let Edgar tell me anything I thought my brothers and sisters would not like me to know. And he might have guessed what pleasure it would give me to hear about their books, and their work, and their amusements, those little things which letters never tell." Perhaps she would not have been so much vexed if she had known that the prohibition which dwelt so much on Edgar's mind had been delivered merely incidentally the day of their walk on the downs, and expressed thus; "Eddie, I did not like to hear you talking of Jeannie's fine dresses before Gyneth, it is not kind to tell her of anything that is wrong, or that you fancy to be wrong, in what goes on at home; you mustn't do it."

And if Lambert could have foreseen how over-scrupulously Edgar would adhere to his least commands, putting them far before any orders from his grandmamma or his sister, he would certainly have been very careful how he laid them on him. For Lambert's object had not been to gain for himself an "extraordinary influence" over Edgar's mind, but only to lead this much-loved little brother to bend to that *Divine* influence which works silently in the heart of every Christian child, and which, according as it is resisted or submitted to, will cease altogether, or become so all-powerful that the whole life shall be moulded by it, and moulded after a heavenly likeness.

CHAPTER IV.

"How pleased we wander forth,
When May is whispering, 'Come!
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves!'"

WORDSWORTH.

THE wet drear winter passed away at last, and spring brought brightness with it. As Gyneth sat one May day on a mossy bank in the Convent garden, the mild spring sunshine streamed deliciously over her, and little fitful breezes brought to her a faint, sweet fragrance from the primrose tufts which were clustered here and there beneath the trees. She was reading Coleridge's "Christabel," and its strange weird beauty took such hold upon her, that she was completely absorbed, and scarcely noticed the desultory chatter of little Edgar, who seated on the ground beside her was what *he* called "carving" the outside of a cocoa-nut shell with a penknife, and was especially bent upon the fashioning of a certain man with many heads, in imitation of the grotesque figures on his grandmamma's Indian cabinet.

"Don't you think it would look very funny if he were to have another head under his arm?" he inquired presently of his sister.

"Very," answered Gyneth, mechanically: she had just come to the description of Bracy's dream, and her heart was trembling for the fate of the poor dove, the type of the pure-hearted Christabel.

"And another peeping out of his pocket," continued Edgar with perfect gravity.

"Yes, very pretty," said Gyneth absently, then perceiving from Edgar's start of surprise that she had given an inappropriate answer, she goodnaturedly laid down her book, and proceeded to examine the many-headed individual. Suddenly a man's clear voice was heard carol-

ling through the trees, the blithe tone and tune strangely contrasting with the plaintive words :

“ Oh, were I young for thee, as I ha’ been
We might now be galloping down on yon green,
And linking it o’er on yon lily-white lea ;
And oh gin I were but young for thee.”

Gyneth knew the old ballad well, and still better the voice of the singer, but it startled her just then, and she exclaimed, “ Lewis at this time of day ! What can have happened to bring him here so early ? ”

He certainly did not look as if anything particular had happened, he came towards her quite slowly, and his greeting was most lazily unconscious of any necessity for explanation. “ How d’ye do, Gyneth ? Well, Edgar,” and then he sat down beside them and took up Gyneth’s book.

“ I shall begin to think I have been under one of Geraldine’s spells, and slept away the afternoon,” said Gyneth. “ Is this the legitimate hour for your arrival ? or is it, as I previously imagined, about twelve o’clock in the morning ? ”

“ It ought to be the afternoon, judging by your book,” he answered ; “ if I were granny, I would not allow poetry till after two o’clock in the day.”

She coloured slightly, and said in an apologetic tone, “ I could not settle to anything dry to-day ; you know that papa may possibly arrive to-night, don’t you ? ”

“ Yes ; at least I know that the steamer he is coming in is expected at Southampton to-day, and it was a suspicion that you would be in a great state of perturbation that brought me down so early ; or rather partly that, and partly a selfish longing for a holiday. And now let us plan some expedition, ‘ gin I were as young as I ha’ been,’ I should propose to ‘ beg, borrow, or steal ’ some horses, and have a dashing gallop over the downs ; but I am growing old and lazy, therefore I leave it to you to suggest some milder mode of amusement.”

“ I have been wishing to go over to Traversham to see Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and Rose promised to take me, but her father has been ill, and she has not been able. I am sure she will lend me her pony-carriage if you

drive, only I don't like to leave grandmamma, and I am afraid she will not care to come with us."

"I have been talking to her, and she told me that she has some shopping to do in the town, and can spare you quite well. As for this little being here, I suppose we must take him with us."

"Not if I haven't finished my monster," said Edgar, who rather resented the appellation "a little being," and had just devised a sixth head for his favourite.

"Ah, but we will take monster and all, and you can continue to embellish him as we go along. What a fascinating brute he seems! You've been so busy over him that I haven't seen anything but your curls and the tip of your nose all this time."

Edgar tossed back his golden locks, and lifted his clear soft glance to his cousin's face.

"Bertie shall have my monster when he's done," he observed confidentially.

"Rather he than I," laughed Lewis; "so you don't forget Bertie now he's away from you?"

A demurely uttered "No," was the only response.

"And I suppose sister Gyneth is able to report to him that you are a very good boy?"

There was no answer, and the little head drooped till the fair face was hidden in its curls again. Edgar liked his lawyer cousin very well, and was quite ready to prattle to him about his monster, and so on, but all that concerned his own conduct and feelings was a secret between himself and "Bertie."

Mr. Grantham ascribed his behaviour to modesty, and turning with a smile to Gyneth, said, "I must come to you for Edgar's character when I want it. But now can I be the bearer of any message to Miss Burnaby for you? I shall have time to go to the Close and back before Granny's dinner hour."

So Gyneth went indoors to write a billet to her friend, and Lewis, after upsetting Edgar on the grass, and seducing him into a game of romps, followed, and talked nonsense to Mrs. Deshon, till the note was finished and consigned to his care.

Rose was most willing to lend her pony-carriage, and

accordingly it was brought to Mrs. Deshon's door at half-past two o'clock, and Lewis, Gyneth, and Edgar took their places in it, the latter with his beloved cocoa-nut shell carefully tucked under his arm.

Who does not know the delights of a drive through quiet country lanes at that particular time of year, when spring is just ripening into summer? Who has not watched for the purple orchis blooming on the bank, for the white hawthorn clusters in the hedge, for those breaks through which a peep of the country may be seen, hill and dale stretching out beneath the sunshine, patches of red clover alternating with green expanses of spring-wheat, fields with daisies pied, and copses blue with wild hyacinths? And oh, the bright fresh hues of everything! the vivid green of the full-leaved trees, the tender green of the grass, the pale delicate green of the newly-bursting leaflets, of the lime buds, and the feathery arches. How one's heart rejoices in it, how one feels impelled to take up the Song of the Three Children, "O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the LORD: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

Gyneth did not care to talk, she leaned back silently in the low-cushioned carriage, enjoying in her own dreamy way the beauty and the brightness round her; and Lewis, who would infinitely have preferred conversation, was unselfish enough to indulge his young cousin's mood and leave her undisturbed. It was really a great piece of self-denial, for his mind was brimming over with thoughts, fresh thoughts, quaint thoughts, pleasant thoughts, such as would not always come at his call in his dusky London home, but which flocked to him unbidden in the sweet country air.

Not that he forgot the poor city folk whom he had left behind: when as he drew near the village of Traverham, a band of rosy-faced children came trooping by, he looked at them long and earnestly, and could not forbear exclaiming, "Oh, that I had some of the poor pale children who pine in our London alleys, here! What fun it would be to see them racing about these meadows, finding out what fresh air and sunshine mean for once in their lives, poor little souls!"

"How much would it cost to bring 'em all down by the railway?" inquired Edgar with a practical business-like air.

"All! my dear Eddie, you have no idea of the numbers; did you mean—"

"Oh," stammered the child, his white face flushing suddenly, "I only meant—I have a whole pound now! would it pay for some of the tiny little children coming down in the railway train to play about in the fields?"

Edgar did not in the least understand why so sweet and kindly a gleam should just then soften the keenness of his cousin's eyes, nor why he should turn and say softly to Gyneth, "Truly we may well be bidden to become like little children." But of course he was thinking of the little London children! and no doubt they were very good, they must be, if Cousin Lewis wished to be like them!

"Do you think the pound will keep a little, Edgar? or will it burn a hole in your pocket before the summer?" said Mr. Grantham; "a great friend of mine who has a large parish in the East of London wants to take the children of his schools to the Crystal Palace in July, but it will cost a good deal, and he has not much money at his command. Should you like to give something towards this scheme, do you think?"

Edgar looked doubtful, the Crystal Palace was only a vague idea to him: "I would rather pay to let the children see the buttercups," he said.

"Very well, it shall be just as you like, but I daresay the Crystal Palace party will see plenty of flowers on their way, besides all the pretty things and wonders and monsters in the Palace itself."

"Monsters!" said Edgar, brightening and glancing lovingly at his six-headed favourite, "are they very funny? would the little children like to see them, do you think?"

"I should think so, since most bairnies have a liking for what is grotesque. But see, here we are."

They had stopped at the door of the rectory, a picturesque old-fashioned place, "red brick and ashlar, long and low, with dormer and with oriels lit," and just beyond was the church, of pale grey stone, just fresh enough

to mark it as the work of modern times, but yet designed in so pure a taste as to show that it had been fashioned after the architectural models bequeathed to us by the "Ages of Faith."

The Rector and his wife were not at home, but the servant believed they were somewhere in the village, and would be back soon, and pressed Gyneth to walk in and wait for them. She preferred, however, visiting the church, and went thither with Edgar, while Lewis waited till a lad could be found of sufficient age and steadiness to be entrusted with temporary charge of Rose's frisky ponies.

The north and south doors of the church which faced each other were both open, and from the deep rich gloom of the interior, the eye might wander to the sunlit outer world, the glimpse of winding path flecked with leafy shadows from the trees, the flower-strewn graves with their emblematic crosses, the stately elms in their spring-tide robe of greenery, and all this framed as it were into a living picture by the arched outline of the porch. But Edgar was intent on examining each of the beautiful windows, and gazed reverently on the "storied panes," while Gyneth softly named to him each prophet, apostle, or saintly father that was there depicted. At length they paused before the figure of the Apostle John, and after a long earnest look, Edgar whispered, "He is like Bertie."

Gyneth did not see the likeness and said so, but Edgar continued, "Yes, see, he is so fair, and his face is so still, that is just how Bertie looks when he is saying his prayers. Ah, see how his golden light falls on my hair! please let me stay here a little while, sister."

Gyneth willing to indulge his fancy, let go of his hand and passed on, but when in a few minutes' time she looked back he was still beneath the same window, only now he was kneeling, with his hands clasped together, and his head bowed. She saw he imagined himself unobserved, and turned quickly away again, but her eyes were full of tears, and she longed as Lewis had done before, to resemble this little child. And meanwhile, Edgar was praying that "his Bertie" might be made as holy as the blessed Apostle John, and that he himself might be li

‘the little good children whom S. John taught to love one another.’”

At the sound of Lewis’ step on the gravelled path, Gyneth went out to meet him, and they sat down together on a bench in the south porch, leaving Edgar to join them when he pleased.

“I never see this church without thinking of my confirmation,” said Lewis, “though it was nearly twenty years ago. I was a pupil of Mr. Helmore’s then, and it happened to be the first confirmation that was held here after the church was restored, or rather I should say rebuilt. It was at Whitsuntide, just such a day as this too, I remember, so full of spring-time promise.”

He did not sigh, he never sighed, but Gyneth fancied a regretful meaning in his tones, and answered rather sadly, “I don’t wonder it makes you melancholy to look back, Lewis, I always think it must be happiest to be quite young or quite old, it terrifies me to think of the long years of middle life.”

“‘The burden and heat of the day,’ do you wish to escape that? He is but a poor soldier who shrinks from the hottest part of the fight.”

“I know, and sometimes I think I would rather have to suffer and struggle, that it would make life all the more glorious; but at other times—oh, cousin Lewis, did you never feel like Lord Ronald in the ballad, as if you could say, ‘Mither, mak’ my bed soon, I’m weary o’ this life, and fain would lie down?’”

“At seventeen!”

His voice was full of wonder and pity, he looked at her with such compassionate anxiety that she smiled; then he detected her at once.

“Affectation, half affectation after all,” he said, shaking his head; “the nineteenth century has a mania for being ‘outwearied in its youth.’”

“And you don’t share it? You are not tired of life?”

“Tired, no! I think life is so full, and in some senses so satisfying, that there is a danger of all one’s heart and hopes being absorbed in the present, instead of being lifted up to the things beyond.”

“I don’t understand that,” said Gyneth after a pause,

during which she had tried in vain to realize what he meant, "I don't know how we could have courage to live at all, except for what life leads to."

"And all those strong, true Bible words about the love of the world, and the pride of life, seem almost incomprehensible to you, I suppose, you have never realized them I mean?"

"I don't think I have, I am afraid I have never thought much about them, certainly not so much as about other warnings, warnings against faint-heartedness, and indolence, and so on."

Looking down into the pale pure face beside him with thoughtful visionary eyes, Lewis was at no loss to account for this. Gyneth could freely raise her heart beyond the things of sense, the unseen spiritual world was near and real to her, the great danger for her was that she might grow to rest in this contemplative belief, and forget that faith—the only true faith—must be shown by works.

But a way to escape from this danger was even now being opened for her. Bishop Taylor tells us of "a spiritual person who saw heaven but in a dream, but such a dream made a great impression on him; and when he awaked he knew not his cell, nor could tell how night and day were distinguished, nor could discern oil from wine, but called out for his vision again. And this lasted till he was told of his duty and matter of obedience, and the fear of a sin had disencharmed him, and caused him to take care lest he lose the substance, out of greediness to possess the shadow." Just so, Gyneth's Heavenly Guardian was about to put before her active duties, "matters of obedience," that she might learn that "heaven must be won not dreamed," and that the fruit of heaven-ward aspirations should be a life of heavenly deeds.

For Lewis Grantham the danger was quite different. As he sat there in the church porch with his arms folded, though rather a thin, delicate-looking man, not by any means what novelists call "a picture of manly health and strength," there was yet such a fund of life and energy in his bright dark eyes, such an easy satisfied smile upon his lips, that it was evident he was one of those wh

find the world very pleasant, and are sometimes betrayed into taking their portion here, and forgetting "the things which shall be hereafter." The pride of life! he felt it in every vein; pride, not so much in anything peculiar to himself, as in the powers and privileges which he shared in common with the great human race. All that man has won, all strength, and knowledge, and influence, all dominion over nature, all might in science and art, filled him with a thrilling consciousness of the power inherent in the human mind, and of the richness and beauty of a life of intellectual toil; and then the world was so beautiful, its pursuits so engrossing, its interests so many and vast, how could the future world seem other than vague and far off? Thus it was with him at times when he did not give himself up without restraint to these feelings, for he had read and taken home to his heart those wonderful words, "If any man come to Me, and hate his father and mother, yea, and *his own life* also, he cannot be My disciple;" and he was striving daily to mortify his pride in himself, his keen love for the things of this world, and to attain at least in some measure to that of which an Apostle wrote, "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."

"Rather a different sort of existence from that which you have led hitherto seems likely to begin for you, Gyneth," he said presently; "I suppose Granny has decided to let you go home for a time."

"Yes, I believe she thinks mamma will want me, as Jeannie is married. I'm afraid I shall make a very poor substitute, but I must do my best."

"And Gyneth—I *must* say it—do try to work harmoniously with Lambert; you will have time to get really to know him in the long vacation, and you will soon find out how thoroughly good and unselfish he is, and what a wonderful influence he exerts over the younger ones; do your best to keep this up; don't for the sake of carrying out your own theories set yourself in opposition to him."

"You talk as if Lambert were everything, and mamma were nonentities," said Gyneth, a little hurt, but gentle in tone as ever.

"Do I? then I beg their pardon and yours," said Lewis quickly, "but what I have said of Lambert is true all the same."

"How very fond of Lambert you must be!"

There was a slight tinge of jealousy in the tone, and Mr. Grantham detected it, but perhaps was not so much shocked at it as he ought properly to have been, for his manner was even more than usually cordial as he said, "Lambert is a great favourite of mine I own, but I love justice even better, and I want my little philosopher to be perfectly just, which she is not always on this particular subject."

"And you think I shall proceed from unjust thoughts to unkind actions? You have pictured to yourself *me*, I imagine me, oppressing poor Lambert, endeavouring to supplant him in everybody's affection, misinterpreting his conduct, refusing to admire his goodness, and in fact conducting myself in a decidedly hateful manner! Oh Cousin Lewis, I am so much obliged to you for the compliment!"

The contrast between this imaginary portrait of herself and the real smiling self which was glancing up at him with such innocent archness, was almost too much for Lewis's prudence; he hated flattery and never meant to be guilty of it, but he found his little philosopher so charming in this mood of unwonted playfulness, that it was with difficulty he forbore from hinting as much to her. He fairly ran away from the temptation by suddenly leaving her, and walking down to the churchyard gate, ostensibly to see if his rustic protégé were keeping faithful guard over carriage and ponies.

He came back almost immediately, and announced that he saw Mr. and Mrs. Helmore in the distance, so Gyneth summoned Edgar and went to meet them. But her mind was running on what Lewis had been saying, and before joining them she paused to say, "Lewis, you so often talk to me of Lambert, I wish you would tell me something of Lawrence."

"Lawrence!" Mr. Grantham's face grew comical. "What can I say of him? I have not seen him since that day I spent with him in France a year ago, when he

was on his way from Paris to Bonn, and then he seemed to me a picturesque little hybrid, half English, half foreign, or as he grandly described himself a complete cosmopolitan !”

Gyneth looked at once amused and disappointed, but further discussion was cut short by the approach of the old clergyman and his wife. A few pleasant minutes were passed at the rectory, where kind Mrs. Helmore would fain have detained them to partake of an early tea, but Gyneth was anxious to return to her grandmamma, and afraid lest by any chance her father should arrive earlier than was expected, and not find her to welcome him, so after explaining that Colonel Deshon's regiment had been ordered home a month sooner than had been expected, that she was likely to reside with him chiefly for the future, and that this might possibly be her last visit to Traversham at least for some time to come, she took an affectionate leave of her good old friends and hurried away. Nor did she encourage Lewis to linger on their homeward road, though at another time she would have been tempted to pause and listen for the soft notes of the birds, who after having dozed through the afternoon, were waking once more into twittering song before retiring finally to rest for the night.

Spite of her haste, what she had feared actually came to pass. When they reached Mrs. Deshon's house, the door was standing open, and Mr. Burnaby's groom who had come up to take the carriage home, rushed at once to the ponies' heads, exclaiming, “If you please, sir, the colonel and his lady have come, and Eliza said I was to tell Miss Deshon so at once, because the colonel's in a great hurry to see her.”

Gyneth and Edgar sprang out, and ran into the hall without waiting for Lewis's assisting arm, but at the foot of the stairs Gyneth turned back. “Come too, Lewis,” she said, and through the trembling agitation of the tones, he could discern the trust she had in him, and how confidingly she, to whom, poor child! father and mother were almost strangers, turned for sympathy to him who in the eyes of the world, was only “a very distant cousin.”

LINES.

(From the Latin of F. K.)

WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

READ'ST thou this book ? or do life's cares and gauds withstand ?
 Nay, read ;—for it is written by a Heavenly Hand.
 Read it ;—life's solace, and a rest from toil thou'lt find,
 Thy soul's true peace, sure med'cine for thy troubled mind.
 Read it ;—but, reading, still thy spirit, purpose heed ;
 For, as it heals if well, it hurts if ill thou read.
 Read it ;—but first kneel at the throne of grace and ask,
 That God instruct thee, and prevent thy holy task.

TO THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Sweet Book !—our fathers' well-prized glory and their stay,
 In joy and woe alike companion of their way ;
 Sweet Book !—the winning guide and teacher of my youth,
 Keeping my wand'ring feet to paths of right and truth ;
 Be still the solace of my age, till life be passed,
 My solid bulwark prove, my leader to the last.
 While health and strength remain my "hand-book" may'st thou be,
 And with my failing powers may I still hold to thee.
 Let my last tears o'er thee my constant love attest,
 Let my last kiss on thee with dying lips be pressed.

H.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(Continued from p. 366.)

41. IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD ? Gen. xviii. 14.

No, surely. Who could ever for a moment think so ? I have not dared to say so, perhaps : yet have I never acted as if something were impossible with the ALMIGHTY ?

I have many things to do—some things harder than others. What is there which I know I ought to do, and which yet seems so hard that I despair of ever doing ? Is there not something, or has there not been ; and

think (or thought) I cannot do it, it cannot be done yet the ALMIGHTY set it me. Surely, then, He can help me to do it, and wishing to have it done, He must be willing to enable me to do it. Does not then this hesitation show some mistrust of the Almighty power?

Or am I not (or have been) in circumstances of difficulty, in danger, or distress? &c. And I could see no way of escape. I thought the very worst must come. I thought not only that God would not help me, but that there was some faint (or stronger?) feeling that He even could not? Indeed, though it might be but for a moment, there was even a doubt whether there was a watchful, loving, powerful Providence guiding all things.

In short, have I not often forgotten, and may I again without watchfulness and prayer forget, that nothing whatever is too hard for God?

42. SHALL I CRUCIFY YOUR KING? S. John xix.

The Jews answered, "We have no king but Cæsar yet three years before Satan had declared that all kingdoms of the world belonged to him, and this could not be less the case now that they had nearly filled the measure of their iniquity.

Who is my king? who is lord over me? It may be I have escaped from the dominion of Satan by the mercy of God; yet is there nothing that has power over me? What most moves me, influences my actions? What is the principal thing that I have done to-day? yesterday? the day before? &c. What did I do it for? ease? money? vain-glory? fashion? &c. Here then may I find my king.

My crucified LORD says to me, Shall I crucify my king? Shall I nail to My own Cross, that which has most dominion over thee?

Yea, LORD.

But it may be self that rules thee. Canst thou submit to be nailed to My Cross *thyself*?

Yea, LORD. It is *Thy* Cross. *Thyself* hast sanctified it. It may be hard and painful; it may wring man's heart-
tear from me—even blood. Yet what then? Thou dost not deserve it; I do. And I know there is no other way to Thee. Crucify my ruling passion; crucify me.

43. DOTH NOT HE SEE MY WAYS, AND COUNT ALL MY STEPS? Job xxxi. 4.

How often have I done things which I did not wish to be seen? Do I ever do so now? Let me think of some things so done. Open, O LORD, mine eyes to see my secret deeds of shame and dishonesty, especially any that I have not yet confessed.

I knew that the eyes of God were on me, and yet I trembled not. This was a sin, presumption. Am I ever guilty of such presumption now?

"O cleanse Thou me from my secret faults; keep Thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me."

Doth He not see all my ways? all? And sees that they are mine, not His; my ways may sometimes seem right, others too may think so; my ways of speaking, acting, thinking, praying, &c. Yet if they are mine, not His, they are nothing, less than nothing, vanity, sin.

Doth He count all my steps? the very hairs of my head are all numbered. My steps (literally) how I go out of my way to avoid being seen, or

Doth He count my steps? how I take some long way of doing what might be done in a shorter. I may keep a good object in view; yet do I not go round about to accomplish it? and why? to seek the praise of men? to avoid confessing CHRIST? or why?

Do I always openly and boldly go straight forward to my duty? I must not only do what is right, but do it in the right way. Teach me Thy ways, O LORD.

44. WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE? S. John v. 6.

Gladly indeed would I be; but does there not come across me the secret thought, "Am I not whole?" Can I be much better than I am? If this is my thought, surely I am far from whole.

Nay, LORD, I am not whole, there is no health in me. But do I desire to be whole? Do I consider what it is to be whole? How much must be given up? how much must be suffered? how much must be done in me and by me? And what time, perhaps, it may take to make me whole? What difficulties must be surmounted, sharp

remedies applied, unwelcome diet submitted to ; do I count the cost and yet desire to be whole ?

(Think.—If your conscience will allow you, go on.)

Yes, I do wish at any cost to be whole.

Why ? Is it purely for the love of CHRIST, that thou mayest be more fit to appear before Him ? It is partly for love of myself, that I may be happy with Him. Well, be it so ; thou art not perfect ; yet pray to Him and He will make thee whole.

Thou canst not make thyself whole ; thou art utterly powerless : He alone can do it. If thou wishest to do something toward it, learn first thine own weakness, for here is another place where thou needest to be made whole. Canst thou give up all self-pleasing, self-reliance ? then shalt thou some day be made whole ; some day.

45. IS IT NOTHING TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY ?
Lam. i. 12.

Year after year the day comes when the sufferings of my LORD are almost visibly set forth before me. The day passes ; what difference does it make in me ? Can I recollect any Passion-tide that left a lasting effect upon me ? what effect ?

Every Friday, that deed of overflowing love is to be remembered. Have I thus hallowed the Fridays which the mercy of GOD has granted to me ? Have I not very often, if not generally, been like those who passed by that wonderful sight, as if it was nothing to them ? Often had they perhaps seen a sight outwardly like it : but exactly such never was before nor since, never will be.

Was it nothing to them ? Far otherwise ; it was to each life, or death. He Who looked like a malefactor, was to each the SAVIOUR, or the Condemner.

And so, too, all He did, or said, or suffered, or prayed, or taught, or thought, all is of unimaginable worth to me. Yet have I not, too, too often passed it by ? Every minute should be full of Him ; yet how many, many minutes have I passed by as nothing.

How can I make up for what is lost ?

O JESU, can Thy Blood purchase for me the time past ?

46. WHO HATH KNOWN THE MIND OF THE LORD?
Rom. xi. 34.

What is there in ~~man~~ more vast, more infinite, than his mind? The mind of the LORD then, what must that be? Angels must be astounded at it. Even the SON Himself as man knoweth it not.

Yet have not I sometimes thought I knew something of it? have fancied at least that I could discover what was in His Hand with regard to myself? Have I not perhaps thought that I was a special object of His favour? that He had some great work for me to do beyond others; some work of distinction for me? Have I never been inclined to presume upon some fancied inclination of the Divine favour towards me; as if I could not finally fall?

Or on the other hand have I feared that His countenance was against me for evil, so that all I did was useless? And so have I been driven to despair, or despond, and have become careless, heartless?

Who hath known the mind of the LORD? They most, who have most lived according to what they thought His mind to be, and who have in order to this most searched His Holy Word, where His mind is most reflected.

Oh, that I could say with the Apostle, "We have the mind of CHRIST!" oh, that I knew more the meaning of such a saying!

47. WHY DOST THOU STRIVE AGAINST HIM? Job
xxiii. 13.

There are two sorts of striving; striving with GOD, as Jacob strove with the angel, prevailed, and obtained a blessing, and as some do too who strive in vain to enter in at the strait gate. And there is a striving against GOD when He is calling one to repentance. What example have I of the latter? Was I not one myself? Did I not often avoid places or persons that I thought would warn me to turn from my sinfulness? or when I had heard a voice of warning, did I not seek some means of driving it away? Yet again, has not the Spirit of Love sometimes so far prevailed with me, that I have even half wished to escape from some temptation, and for a time have escaped, and then have been all the more de-

sirous to indulge by way of compensation for the previous forbearance.

Oh, how ungrateful, obstinately ungrateful have been, thus to strive against Divine mercy!

But is it all past? Do I not strive against Him still? Is He not still calling me on to higher and higher degrees of holiness? to greater and gradually more crucifying sacrifices? Yea, surely; for the end is "be perfect," and I am far from that. Let me fear lest the slightest degree I strive against Him; wishing to cast off this or that sacrifice for a little while.

Rather let me strive against myself, the world, and the devil, knowing that one struggle over, another and harder one will present itself.

48. HATH HE SAID AND SHALL HE NOT DO IT? HATH HE SPOKEN AND SHALL HE NOT MAKE IT GOOD? Num. xxiii. 19.

Hath He said, the soul that sinneth it shall die, shall He not do it? I have sinned deeply, must I die? Hath He spoken, "If the wicked man turn away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," and shall He not make it good?

And is not the Old Testament especially full of threatenings of wrath against sinners? and they were fulfilled. Repentance sometimes put off the vengeance for a time, but at last it came, exactly as threatened. What He said, He did. And I have deserved much worse at His hands than any of old, for I have had much more light, so much more help. What must I then expect?

If I am sometimes frightened almost to despair when I read of the fearful punishments inflicted on some, I think that they would have fallen on me had I been in like circumstances, do I also remember that there are exceeding great and precious promises held out to the true believer? And these are as sure as the threatenings, yea, surer, they are all Amen in CHRIST JESUS.

Hath He said, "Come unto Me, I will give you rest," and shall He not do it? Hath He said, "I go to prepare a place for you," and shall He not do it? Hath

He said, "I will come again and receive you to Myself," and shall He not do it? Hath He not set promise after promise to meet us at every turn, to satisfy every desire, to stop every complaint, to cheer and to steady, to humble and to exalt. And all that He hath promised, He will fulfil to the uttermost.

SAINT BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

"O LORD GOD Almighty, Who didst endue Thy holy Apostle Barnabas with singular gifts of the HOLY GHOST; Leave us not, we beseech Thee, destitute of Thy manifold gifts, nor yet of grace to use them always to Thy honour and glory; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen."

O LORD, our God, we joy to trace
The signs of Thy bless'd Spirit's grace,
Unto Thy saints afforded;
How unto ev'ry seeking heart
Distinctive powers Thou dost impart
As in Thy word recorded.

What singular, what godly cheer,
Gav'st Thou unto Thy servant dear,—
The "Son of Consolation!"
Thou graciously didst him endue,
His spirit deeply didst imbue
With joy in Thy salvation.

Oh, with what loving glad acclaim,
He hailed the triumphs of Thy Name,
In souls Thy love confessing!
As they obeyed with glad accord,
So praises for Thy grace he poured,
Thy love his soul possessing.

O LORD, our God, shall we be mute
Of thankful trust so destitute,
No voice to speak Thy praises?
Remember all Thy love of old,
The Spirit's work so manifold:
Oh! send us gifts and graces.

And grant us power in every need
To glorify Thy Name indeed;
Hear Thou our supplication,
That we Thy heavenly gifts may prize
And through our perfect sacrifice
May work out our salvation.

E. H.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"O Lord, Who never failest to help and govern them whom Thou bring up in Thy steadfast fear and love; Keep us, we beseech Thee, under protection of Thy good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear love of Thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

O Lord, how glorious the gain
Of souls whom Thou hast deigned to train;
Steadfast they walk in growing love,
Receiving unction from above;
In ev'ry trial, danger, fear,
Upheld by Thy protection near;
Thyself their Light, their Joy, their Strength,
Until in Zion's courts at length,
They join in Hallelujahs meet,
And cast their crowns before Thy Feet.

In love and grace for aye the same,
We pray Thee by Thy glorious Name—
By every promise in Thy Word,
To us Thy mighty aid afford;
Be Thou our glory and defence,
Keep us by Thy good providence,
So no temptations shall avail
To cause our faith and trust to fail,
So shall we grow in steadfast love,
Till perfected in Heaven above.

E. H.

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF EDWIN GROVE, CONTINUED.

"It is a long time since we heard of Edwin Grove sir," said Alex, "may we not have the rest of his story now if you have time?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Weston, "I think I will try to finish it this evening. You remember that we left Edwin just recovered from his wounds, and able to resume his usual duties. He did not regain his full strength quick

and so was unable to take part for some time in the active operations for which picked men were required, but he joined his comrades in all the ordinary work of the camp, in the duties of foraging and guard. When not on active duty he found time to sit with Lieutenant Geary, and cheer his long confinement, for the young officer's restoration was a very slow process, and he continued to be ill and languid after his wounds seemed all healed. The accounts of the excursions made by the regiment, the encounters with the retiring foe, and the other news of the army which Edwin brought him, amused the invalid, and he was very grateful also for the care and attention shown him by the young soldier. Sometimes they spoke of the fearful strife in which both had been engaged, with the awful perils surrounding them, and almost wondered that in the moment of danger they had thought so little of it, and felt so full of ardour to do their utmost. Then they talked of the long hours as it had seemed to them, when they lay helpless and abandoned, while the battle raged near, and every moment threatened death to the wounded sufferers. 'I should have given all over for lost,' said Edwin, 'had not that poor old soldier kept up my heart with his cheerful words. Poor man, he was very kind to me; I shall never forget him.' 'Nor I,' said Geary, 'he was as brave a soldier as ever lived, and as good a man. Well, no doubt he is happy now. I shall often think of things he said to me when he lay there.' 'I can hardly think,' said Edwin, 'how he managed to keep so steady, and to be so religious as he was, and yet the men all respected him. It seems to me hard work even now to keep right, and in barracks it is much worse.'

"Why Ned, from what he said to you, I believe he never forgot that he was a soldier of CHRIST, and he seemed to look as much to Him, and think as much of carefully minding His commandments, as of obeying orders and minding his officers. I wish I had thought so too, at first; it is hard work I find to begin.'

"So do I,' said Edwin, 'and here we have less temptation and idle time than in barracks. What I shall do when we go back I don't know. There is no one to help

much, as we have no chaplain, and the men do tease and laugh so, if any one tries only to be good.'

"Geary looked thoughtful and shook his head. Then he said with a smile, 'I must look to have my share of all that too, for there are not many among us who care for a man's being religious. But I believe we are both sad cowards for thinking so much about it. I dare say if a man is brave and does his duty well, he need not mind whether he gets laughed at or not. I should not care if all the regiment laughed because I led a forlorn hope, or stormed a wall first; and I do not see why it should hurt more if one is laughed at for following our SAVIOUR's orders. At all events I mean to try in earnest, and I hope not to be ashamed of my colours.'

"'So do I,' replied Edwin, 'for it is certainly better to bear being treated ill, and lose some good will, than to be ashamed before the armies of heaven, as he that is gone said to me.' 'I tell you one thing, Ned, that I think,' said the young officer, 'or rather I got the caution from this book, there is no need to make a fuss or a parade about being religious, or to boast of getting into trouble for it. We must be as true and as earnest in that, as we would be in our duty to our king and country, and show we are so; and the chief things we have to avoid or to do, most men would acknowledge ought to be the same for all. I do wish we had a good chaplain, he would be a help indeed.'"

"I did not know that it was so difficult to do right in the army," said Arthur, "I knew one or two men who were very steady and good, and had been soldiers all their life."

"The army has improved," replied Mr. Weston, "and now it is far less difficult for both officers and men to pursue a steady right course, and to be Christians in conduct, than at the time of my tale. Still there are always difficulties; and outward hindrances serve to aggravate the evil within, which even the best bear about them. However, to continue our history, both young men had resolved to break off all bad habits, and to lead sober, godly, and righteous lives. Edwin had not forgotten the night when beneath the solemn star-lit heavens he had

joined so earnestly in the Confession, and listened humbly to the good news in the Absolution. Often had he again repeated that Confession, enlarging it to express his own special sins, and resolves of repentance; and he had also prayed for grace to amend, and to see clearly in what his own amendment must chiefly consist. But slowly step by step that repentance had to be proved and perfected, and Edwin found that in himself he had still a worse enemy than the jeers or opposition of his comrades. As long as the army remained in the field in active service, he found the constant occupation and adventure rather a help to him. There was little temptation to idleness and unsteadiness, the men most diligent in their duty were favourably remarked, and danger was near enough to make a serious thought seem natural. So Edwin was scarcely noticed when in leisure moments he sat reading the Lessons and Psalms, or in the early morning and night knelt to pray; and he found much peace, and began to think that his new way of going on was far pleasanter and easier than the old one.

"After some weeks, as the country seemed quiet, and there was little to be dreaded from the enemy at present, the troops were marched back to their quarters, only leaving a force to guard the frontiers. The barracks seemed comfortable, and the quiet was welcome after all the fatigues and perils the men had gone through, and they were well content to be free from alarms and exposure to heat. The barrack life was a somewhat dull and monotonous one; however as usual, the daily guard, the drill, and the few military duties, took up only a part of the day, and left much idle time, in which the men scarcely knew what to do. They tried therefore, various plans for amusement; and while some slept or smoked, many gambled, drank, or squandered time and money in other ways. Edwin soon found that he could not go on as easily as he had done; time hung heavy on his hands as on other men's; he missed the adventure and stir of the camp; and now Lieut. Geary was well, he seldom saw him except on parade. He found too that it was more difficult to keep up to his religious duties, for the rest began to notice his ways, and to make him feel the

power of ridicule and dislike. Edwin was but a beginner, and he felt much annoyed; his temper was often roused, and the sort of quarrels which followed, made him feel uncomfortable and morose. He was resolved not to give up, but he was angry with his tormentors, and at times became sullen, which only added to their power, and made him unhappy. His manners got gloomy, and he was sometimes so far from smart and ready in his duties, that he drew on himself reproof from the officers, and now and then the remark, that religion made soldiers stupid and idle. Poor Edwin knew that it was not religion, but his imperfect attempts that caused the fault, and he wished he could be at once as brave and quiet as the old soldier, who had gone his own straightforward way, with a kindly word for all, the love of God keeping his heart in peace. Still he was trying to do his best, through many falls, and keeping away steadily from the temptations around him to gamble or drink. Had there been a zealous chaplain, a great deal of help and encouragement would have been given to the young soldier, but he was alone in his trying warfare, and the comparative idleness of the barracks increased his difficulties both within and without."

"It was much harder work for him than for us to act as a Christian," said Robert, "it must be very trying to feel alone, and not even have the help of the Church and her ordinances."

"It is," replied Mr. Weston, "and few who have the privileges of the worship and service of God with those around them, can know the trials and difficulties of living where such aids and means of grace are impossible. It must be hard to keep up devotion and Christian practice where all around seems contrary, and there is great danger of both getting chilled and deadened. When our LORD founded His Church, and sent ministers, He knew our need of constant grace and strength if we are to be built up in Him: when His own will and orders in this respect are not carried out through neglect and thoughtlessness, there will be falling away and hindrance; so where there is a Church, with its ministers and Sacraments, the support and help to every single Christian is of course great.

"One Sunday, Edwin was rejoiced to hear, that instead of the short service read by the captain, a clergyman had offered to give the morning service, with Holy Communion. He had promised the old soldier, whose death-bed he had watched, to receive the Holy Eucharist whenever he had the opportunity, and this was the first. Yet Edwin hesitated—he scarcely felt he dared—it was so much more solemn than to pray or read—it must bind him to so holy a life, and be an open witness to such a high profession. And he had been changeable, selfish, and even quarrelsome; he had not in many ways done better than stumble through Christian duty. Could he come? Had he not better wait, and try to be worthier another time? Edwin thought long, but he did not only think, he prayed for guidance, and at last he resolved to seek the grace and strength of this close union with his SAVIOUR in His own Holy Feast. No one could want it more than he did, and he trusted to be enabled to do better in his duty both to God and man, by the Grace he did not doubt to receive.

"He knew he sincerely repented of all his sins, and had been striving against them; in spite of his many falls, he had not willingly given way to evil, and he sought with more earnestness and love, to be his SAVIOUR's faithful soldier. To his officers he tried to show more alacrity in obedience, more care in duty, and he determined to be kind and cheerful with his comrades. Thus he determined, and joined to his renewed vows of holy living a long meditation on his great Captain's Death and Suffering and Love, and when the call was given to service, he joined the ranks with a calm and steadfast mind. All the troops attended, as to a part of their military duty, but when the sermon was over, a division took place, the ordered files broke up, and only a small band gathered near the simple Altar to receive the Body and Blood of their Redeemer. Some of the elder officers came up—a very few young ones, and a little knot of men from different companies. Edwin glanced for a moment at the little band of officers, hoping to see Mr. Geary, for he believed he would as eagerly as himself embrace this opportunity, and he wished to feel they were both united in partaking of this Sacrament. But Lieut. Geary was

not there, and Edwin after a sigh of disappointment, turned his thoughts to the ever-present Lord, Who was with His disciples here, beneath the Indian sky, and shade of tall forest trees, as surely as in the pretty village church, where his mother knelt. It was a holy and happy hour, and when the last blessing had been given, the young soldier longed to renew it all, and still linger on in such a scene of peace. But he must return to his duties like the disciples from the Mount of the Transfiguration, and be glad that like them too in worldly labours and trials his Master would be with him.

"The clergyman kindly offered to say the Evening Service to all who would meet together, and after sunset a good number gathered round him and joined heartily in it, many more coming near enough to hear his sermon. Edwin was reminded of the service which had witnessed his earnest resolve to live as a Christian, and he confessed that he had been far happier since, in spite of all he had to struggle with and bear.

"He had asked a comrade to take his turn of duty in the morning, and therefore had to make it up by going on guard at night, which beneath a glorious heaven, in coolness and quiet, was far from unpleasant. While he slowly paced his round outside the camp thinking on what he had heard and done that day, he caught voices in low tones near him, and saw two officers approaching. As they walked on to go beyond he challenged them, and asked the word for the night. It was given, and they passed towards a grove of tall trees where he lost sight of them. As they turned from him, however, he saw that one of them was Mr. Geary, and wondered what he was about to do so late, since he looked anxious and unhappy. A suspicion of something wrong crossed his mind, especially as Geary's companion was an officer disliked in the regiment for his bad temper. At length they returned, and Edwin heard as they passed in the words, 'Then just at daybreak ; the place you see will do, and he is too eager to have it all out to fail us.' Geary replied with a wish that it was over, or could be made up, and looked very sad, but a few sharp reproachful words silenced him.

"His expression had roused Edwin's fears, and what he had heard though scarcely enough to awaken suspicion by itself excited them still more. He knew not what might be going to happen, but he felt for the young officer his former fellow-sufferer, and thought whether he could do anything to prevent mischief. At least he resolved to watch, and not to leave his post till after daybreak. He stayed on therefore after guard was changed, obtaining leave to share the next watch, and at daybreak his anxious eyes which watched the grove saw some figures enter it, two on one side, and two on the other nearest him. He could not see distinctly as the grove was a good way off, and only perhaps a sight sharpened by anxiety could have seen anything there, indeed when once in it no one could be seen. Edwin thought himself foolish to care about it, but Geary's face haunted him, and dreading evil he resolved at all risks to see what was going on—most probably there had been a quarrel, which was to be settled by a duel. The young soldier roused his more sleepy comrade to activity, and then cautiously approached the grove. It was a good distance off, but his steps were rapid, and soon brought him to it. He crept in beneath the low boughs and saw within its quiet enclosure that a scene of quarrel and revenge had indeed been planned. Geary and another officer were just taking aim to fire with pocket pistols at a very short distance from each other, the seconds were giving the sign. Edwin rushed madly up to Geary, who stood nearest to the spot he had entered by, and struck (scarcely knowing what he did) his pistol into the air. At the same moment the ball from his adversary's weapon entered his left shoulder, and he fell at Geary's feet. Astonishment and alarm seized on all present at this strange interruption, and the officers eagerly looked round expecting that a party had been sent out to prevent their duel. All was perfect silence for a few moments, then Geary stooped down to see who it was that had so suddenly rushed among them, and probably saved his life, at the expense of his own.

"His surprise and pain at finding Edwin prostrate

before him were great. All the former circumstances of their meeting, their mutual danger, their recovery, with the vows of Christian life both had made, rushed into his mind with keen and bitter reproach. He turned to his late opponent and said gravely, 'Our quarrel is terminated now, you have had your satisfaction, and this poor fellow is the victim. If you want more, I have nothing to do with it, but I can stand a second fire.' The other replied that he supposed there was no cause for a second demand of satisfaction, they must see to their own safety before the camp was alarmed. Geary insisted on conveying the poor soldier to his quarters if he were yet alive; and while he supported him in his arms, his second obtained some water, and succeeded in recalling Edwin from his fainting fit. As he feebly opened his eyes, he murmured an intreaty to be allowed to go and save Geary, and ere really conscious he attempted to rise, and call on him to stop. As soon as he recovered enough to be pacified the two officers carried him in their cloaks to the quarters of the young lieutenant, the one who had acted as second saying to the sentry that an accident had happened. Geary bound the wound, and gave cordials, and did all he could till a surgeon could be fetched to revive and support the young soldier, and when the doctor came he eagerly inquired his opinion. The surgeon hoped that in that place the wound was not incurable, but he pronounced it a severe one, which must have been fatal had the ball struck the side instead of the shoulder. Geary heard his own doom, the well-aimed shot must have so reached him had not Edwin received it, and he would have been lying lifeless in the moment he was breaking both the laws of God and man. The surgeon urged the necessity for great care lest fever should follow, and wished to have the patient removed to the hospital, but Geary would not hear of it. He promised to take the utmost care, and that either his servant or himself would always watch; the doctor therefore gave way, and left Edwin to his care, promising to come as often as necessary to see him.

Soon the young soldier exhausted by his watch and all

he had undergone fell asleep, but it was an uneasy slumber, and he woke in feverish unconsciousness. Deeply painful was it to Geary, while he tried to administer the remedies prescribed, to hear Edwin's earnest but unconscious appeals to himself, whose presence he did not recognise. Edwin talked of him, spoke of what they had done together, and even of their last conversations, and urged again and again on some one to save Geary, and stop him from doing wrong, since he could not move himself, to seek him. At length he became more quiet, and lay still, only murmuring now and then broken sentences, or speaking of the events of the Sunday. Then again after a short doze he raised himself, and fixing his eyes on Geary, he began intreating him to come to the service, saying all were there but him, they should be late, why could not he come?

"The young lieutenant tried to soothe him, but while he knelt bathing his head, he felt such sorrow and pain at his own past life as had never known before. His grief was not only that by his fault an innocent man was suffering, but he saw in a true light his own guilt, and Edwin's words recalled all the efforts of repentance, and amendment during his slow recovery. Those feelings and resolves if sincere were not deep and earnest, but while Edwin was hoping for him a more even and higher course than his own as more free from temptation, such was far from being the case. He had not the same trials, certainly, the low ridicule and vice which assailed Edwin did not come in his way, but pointed sarcasm, bad example, and a general tone of carelessness as to religion proved stumbling-blocks in his path. Geary was quick and passionate in temper, impatient of obstacles, and not very firm, he was gradually led to forget his resolutions and to follow the course of most around him. So while Edwin though sometimes failing, pressed on and strove after goodness, the other yielded, and turned back. The knowledge that he was not keeping his good intentions made Geary inclined to ill-temper, and ready to quarrel with his comrades, because he was ill at ease with himself. His impatience and ill-humour afforded them matter of amusement, and sometimes of idle jokes which pro-

oked their victim greatly, rousing his quick temper to vehemence.

“On the Saturday previous an idle jest practised on him led to such an ebullition of rage that he insulted a senior officer before the whole junior mess-room. A challenge was the consequence, which the rest supported, and forced Geary to accept. He would willingly have drawn back, but his opponent would not hear of any other compensation except an unconditional apology in public, and this Geary (feeling injured) could not bring himself to make. He felt how wrong a duel was, and how contrary to Christian duty, but he dared not refuse on this account, as his previous conduct had been so contrary to that rule. So he allowed the arrangements to be made, and accepted a second who offered to take that part.

“That Sunday that intervened was a wretched day, the more so to him from its unwonted services. He only joined in the morning one as a piece of military duty, but he felt the deepest self-reproach at being obliged to turn away when the small band of his comrades gathered round the altar, and he saw Edwin there. The endeavours of his second to raise his spirits were in vain, but he had a good deal of animal courage, and met his challenger on the next morning with a bold bearing. That morning would probably have been his last, but for the interference of Edwin, as the other officer was sadly in earnest and a noted marksman. Mournfully Geary recalled the past,—not only these late events, but his life in years back, and saw as he never had seen before its stains and wanderings. The wilfulness of boyhood, the sins of youth and manhood came out clearly and fearfully. It seemed a hopeless picture, and the very attempt he had made at repentance increased its melancholy. The young man sat brooding over a life which had been thus perverted and lost, while the occasional moans of the wounded soldier added to his pain. He took no thought of time till the surgeon called to see his patient again, and his attention was roused to hear what was to be feared or hoped, and what cares might be needed.

“The doctor was not alone, for the news of a dangerous

accident had reached the clergyman, as he went about among the men before his departure, and he accompanied the surgeon to see if he could render any assistance. After the visit of the latter was over, Geary asked the venerable priest to stay a few moments, and wishing to gain comfort from another opinion, inquired what he thought of the looks of the patient. This led to further conversation, for the clergyman was struck by the weary and sad expression of the young officer; and his fatherly kindness led Geary to open his grief to him, and by degrees his past falls and shortcomings. The aged soldier of CHRIST counselled and strengthened the deserter from that Royal Banner; and they talked long and earnestly together while the wounded man lay quietly slumbering.

"When at length Geary was once more alone the heavy hopelessness of his heart was gone, he saw more clearly all his past sinfulness, but he knew also what had never reached his inmost heart before, the love even to Death of the Cross, which could take all his evil away, and renew in him the spirit of ghostly strength and holiness. Edwin's self-devotion of that morning was as a text from which the surpassing love of CHRIST was preached to him, and what he had known and confessed as a matter of habit before, now entered into his soul with power, winning it to deep contrition, resolution, and love. Alone the young officer wept long and prayed earnestly.

"For many days Edwin lay in a fever, hovering between life and death, and during that time Geary only left him for his duty, watching over him at other times most anxiously. He knew that inquiry had been made about the affair of the duel, but till Edwin's state should be ascertained, no further steps were taken. It had, however, caused a good deal of feeling, and Geary as one of his first steps in repentance apologised publicly for his hasty and insulting words. That step, though a difficult one, over, Geary set himself quietly and earnestly to the task before him. He had by this voluntary humility shown what his colours were, and he must now keep firm and prove himself a thorough and true soldier of the Cross. In this he found as many have found before, that his chief

contest must be with himself, and that the opposition or ridicule of others gained its power from the evil in his own mind. Here, then, must be the struggle, and here the chief victory.

"The bad symptoms of Edwin's case at length yielded, and he slowly recovered and regained strength. The good clergyman who felt much interest in the case, stayed on for some time longer than he had at first intended, and his counsel was of great service to Geary, giving him sympathy and encouragement in his new course. Edwin also as he grew better was very glad of his ministrations and instruction, and both young men felt confirmed and strengthened by his friendly aid, and the Blessed Sacrament which they received together was the bond and pledge of their future course. He also brought together many who had been trying to lead a Christian life, though missing the support which union in one object gives. While they attended his ministrations and the services he frequently celebrated, they learned to know each other, and a band was thus gathered together able to be a mutual help and comfort in the right way to which others might join. Much did the excellent missionary grieve that he could not remain to carry out the work so much needed in the army, but he was pledged to another service, and could only give his passing help. He departed soon after Edwin was able to walk about, committing the little company who shared his last blessing to the keeping and guidance of the HOLY SPIRIT, and imploring with them that those who now stood aloof and forgot their high calling might be won also to CHRIST's Banner and to His love.

"And now, boys," said Mr. Weston, "if you strive and press on in your Christian race, you will know more of the history of the lives of Geary and Edwin than I can tell you, during many following years, for you will feel much of what they experienced in their course, and know better than any words could express the difficulties and trials they still met with, and the all-sustaining grace which upheld them."

THE FORSAKEN.¹

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts
He drew them forth and bade me live."

The Task.

"OH! I can understand all about renouncing the world, and the devil, and all that; but as to the flesh, no one ever did or could abandon their own flesh," and Martha Chugg gave her head a toss, and looked with a pert grin all round her class for approbation.

"You forget the meaning of the word renounce," said the lady at the head of the class, "not following, or being led by, is implied as well as disowning, abandoning, or forsaking. You surely would shrink with horror from being led by the flesh into doing those fearful works, of which S. Paul gives us so full a catalogue. Find me S. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, and read the 19th and two following verses of the 5th chapter. Not you, Martha, I can only hear God's Word read with reverence; Mary Kelly, you read them."

"The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like, of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in times past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

"Now when did we promise to renounce these works of the flesh?"

"At our Baptism."

¹ This tale on the subject of renouncing the flesh is a companion to the "Wrecker," which appeared in the *Churchman's Companion*, May 1858, the subject of which is on renouncing the world.

"Yes, at Baptism, when we were made one with CHRIST, and what alone can destroy that union with our LORD?"

"Sin."

"How do we obtain strength to resist sin?"

"By prayer, and by the sacraments, and other ordinances which He has given us in His Church."

"And now tell me by whose power are we to mortify the deeds of the body?"

"By that of the HOLY SPIRIT. 'If ye through the SPIRIT do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live.'"

"Do you hear this, Martha?" said the lady, turning to the girl before mentioned, "do not let me hear you speak so thoughtlessly again."

"Such a fuss about nothing," muttered the girl, "all because I like to dress a bit fine, and look nice."

"Well, Martha," answered Winifred Emerson, gently, "I have warned you, and I warn you again, you dress to gain notice and admiration, in a way not becoming the station in which God has placed you, so far the harm this has done is of a kind not outwardly seen, though vanity and love of the praise and admiration of others, will in time be apparent; if you continue such a course I shall fear your being led into committing some of those grosser sins enumerated by S. Paul, those sinful lusts of the flesh that you have promised to renounce."

"I shall dress as I choose," muttered the girl, complacently smoothing down the folds of a wretchedly poor though gaudy coloured silk dress, and at the same time fully displaying a pair of trumpery glass bead bracelets. Miss Emerson sighed, and the Church bells falling, had only time to follow her class into Church.

"It is the most satisfactory part about it all," she said, as her brother joined her during the short walk, "that however things may go wrong, and one may have to mourn deficiencies in one's mode of teaching, and inattention and indifference on the part of the children, that one feels that the chief aim of a Sunday School is at the least accomplished, when one sees one's class in Church learning the reverence befitting attendance in the House of Prayer, accustoming themselves to the pos-

ture of adoration, with which these very same bodies will one day bow down in heaven."

"You know," answered her brother, "the dislike I have to Sunday Schools where it is not a necessity for the children to go to Church; but happily such a requirement is a rarity now, in fact, I only knew it when a Curate in the Channel Islands, but the 'Parson's bell' is ringing, and we must not linger."

* * * * *

Three or four years after the events above recorded, in front of a picturesque little cottage by the sea side on the south coast of England, might be seen a lady and gentleman in earnest conversation. The lady was about the middle height, possessing a neat well-proportioned figure, the one beauty observable being her particularly small white hand. There was nothing at all remarkable about her appearance, with most people the admiration she elicited was "very nice looking," it is not supposed that in so saying they had any cannibal predilection, but merely that being but casual observers, they only remarked the pleasing look, and paid no heed to the broad open intellectual brow, the earnest searching eye, and the look of truth and goodness which gave a halo of beauty of their own, though strictly speaking not one feature was perfect and many would see no beauty.

Her companion could no where be mistaken for any other but her brother, and his dress betokened him a clergyman.

"Paul, I fear the change will do her no good."

"No, Winifred, I fear not: I had built so many hopes upon what the air of Charlington would do for her. We can but watch and pray and do all in our power to aid her restoration, and there is hope in God's mercy, we shall feel it if we love Him aright."

"Ah, Paul, if we only could," and then she was silent again.

"Five minutes to five," said her brother, consulting his watch, as the Church bell struck out, "do you think you could be spared for twenty minutes, Winifred? you look sadly worn, and the walk alone would do you good, besides the refreshment and comfort of the prayers."

"I think so, I will just peep in, she is sleeping now, and nurse told me to go away for half an hour."

Mrs. Emerson, Paul and Winifred's mother, was the invalid in question. A life of trouble and anxiety, caused, in great measure, by the inconsiderate selfish conduct of a husband she loved far better than herself, had impaired a naturally strong constitution and vigorous mind. He had died a few months before, after a lingering and tedious illness, through which she had carefully nursed and tended him, and after all was over the effects of anxiety, sleepless nights and wearying days told upon her, and two paralytic seizures rapidly succeeded one another.

Winifred gently opened the door, and the nurse met her; "She is sleeping still," she said, "and you had best remain away, while you can; if she awakes and should want you I will call you."

"I am going to Church," whispered Winifred, "it will be but half an hour, after that I shall remain within call."

The nurse merely nodded her answer, and the daughter hurried away. Her brother had gone on and she hastened after him, but she probably had been longer dressing than she had imagined, for before she had nearly reached the Church, the last stroke of the bell had ceased. Breathless she reached the gate, but notwithstanding all her hurry there she paused. Within its shadow, beneath one of the large trees, just without its hallowed precincts, a woman had sunk down, whether from fatigue or illness or a union of both, it was impossible in a glance to decide; but Winifred turned aside, and approaching asked if she could help her. The woman looked up with a troubled, startled expression, and then as if she could not bear the gaze of human eye, she buried her face in her hands and wept. She was quite young, a girl in years, and yet the little bundle upon her lap bespoke the mother, her face bore many a line of care, perhaps, also, some might be the trace of sin, her whole appearance was that of utter wretchedness, from the troubled look upon her face, to the battered bonnet and ragged shawl, and too well-worn shoes, which showed the bleeding feet within.

The voices of the suffering and the poor were ever to

Winifred as the voice of Him, Who for our sakes became poor and had not where to lay His Head; and for this dear call she speedily abandoned all thoughts of seeking His peace, and awaiting His loving-kindness in His House of Prayer, and stooped over her grieving sister, seeking to pour in words of calm and consolation.

What was the matter? Could she help her? Where did she wish to go? but no word escaped the wanderer's lips, only the low heart-deep sob, the quiet moaning of despair. Then Winifred would have questioned her about her baby, and this brought the long-desired speech.

"You will hate it!" she cried in a low piteous tone, "it will make you hate me; but oh! if you do hate me, still be kind to it for CHRIST's sake."

"For CHRIST's sake," they were the words she daily used in that Church, and at home in her own private prayers. For CHRIST's sake—could the hardest heart resist an appeal made for the sake of Him for Whose Sake we ask all that we have and all that we hope for? and a tear glistened in Winifred's eye, as she answered, taking the unconscious baby in her arms, and kissing its tiny brow, "I will love it for CHRIST's sake."

The woman for a moment looked up, and Winifred was startled to see by this second glance that it was a face she had known. "Martha," she said, "oh, what has brought you to this?" but the unhappy girl, overcome with fatigue and suffering, had fainted, and lay insensible upon the grass.

Winifred knelt down beside her, (having carefully deposited the baby on a heap of dry leaves in a safe corner) and rubbed her hands, and laid her gently in a reclining position, pillowing her upon her own arm and neck. From the Church came the sweet tones of the hymn, and these words fell on Winifred's ear, and came with a strange feeling of calm and comfort as she was thinking of the unhappy Martha, and all she had heard about her since she had left her native village:

" O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek :
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek.

But what to those who find? Ah, this
No tongue, nor pen can show
The love of JESUS, what it is
None but His loved ones know."

"To those who fall how kind," and then the thought travelled back to the tall gracious Figure stooping down and writing on the ground, and to the poor trembling sinner of the city, cowering before her accusers, and involuntarily she strained the unhappy woman closer to her. The last Amen rolled through the church and soon her brother was beside her. A few words explained all, and then he darted off for restoratives, and for some means of conveying the sufferer to where she might be cared for and nursed.

Winifred meantime had to answer a number of questions from the lingering members of the congregation. An old man, who could not walk without his stick, came close to her.

"She is too wicked for such as you to tend," he said, "She has been prowling about the village some days, begging for help to get a home; but it was not for such as me to help a woman who seemed to have lost character and respectability; and if it was not, madam, that you are too pure to be defiled, I should fear to see you holding her in your arms like that, and caring for her as if she were an honest woman. When women forget themselves, they may expect to be forgotten and left to themselves."

Winifred insensibly thought of the grim Puritans, and their laws of death and branding and scourging for such offences, and she shuddered when she remembered how little the force of love is brought in general to bear upon such cases; but she answered quietly, looking the speaker reproachfully in the face,

"CHRIST came to seek and to save the lost. George, I did not expect to hear such unchristian sentiments from you. Hate the sin, but love the sinner."

"Ah! there is ever one law for the women and another for the men in such cases," replied an ancient dame, "and it is a cause for joy to know, that in heaven there is no distinction of persons, and that God can see the

temptation, and the trial, and the sorrow, and the bitter repentance, and forgive it for the sake of Him Who knew no sin ;” and then they gradually left her, and Winifred waited for her brother.

She well remembered hearing how Martha Chugg had obtained the place of nursemaid in a neighbouring town, in a tradesman’s family—how her love of dress and admiration had deepened and strengthened, and eaten into her whole character, how she had allowed a travelling tinker to accompany her in her walks, and how, when this had been discovered and she blamed, she had left her place and gone with this man about the country. Probably she had believed that he had intended to marry her—but that rite so holy, so mystical, so symbolical of a far higher union affecting every member of CHRIST’S Church—was never solemnized, and when this helpless babe was born, Martha was flung upon the world to beg, to starve, or die, all alike indifferent to him who had worked the ruin. Of her subsequent life, Winifred had never heard, and now she had no more time for thought, as her brother drove rapidly up.

“Winifred,” he said in a low constrained tone, “you know this unhappy woman’s history, and I leave it to you to tell me where you wish her to be taken—”

“Home,” answered she at once.

“Have you considered? your time and your care is already fully occupied with our mother. The servants will grudge any extra trouble for such a case as this, and will leave it all to you; there will be much unpleasant talk about the place, and remarks among your acquaintances and equals; have you counted the cost and thought of all this? Can you do it?”

“For CHRIST’S sake,” she answered in a voice low and hushed, though it trembled with reverential joy.

“You are a brave woman,” he said, smiling affectionately, “and God bless you.”

Martha had come to herself, and was lifted gently into the low pony carriage, and Winifred held the puny baby in her own arms. There were some fashionables strolling about on the shore, who sneered as the carriage passed them, and said that the curate’s sister was certainly as

mad as the curate, but there were angels in heaven who rejoiced over the good deed as they recorded it in the Book of Life.

Still Mrs. Emerson was sleeping, and Winifred crept away to see after Martha and her child. There were the first tears of penitence in her eyes, for surely if a pure gentle woman for CHRIST's sake yearned over her, then He too would pity and forgive; and some such words she sobbed forth, as Winifred approached her.

"The baby," said Winifred, anxious to calm her, and not well knowing how to answer; but secretly resolved to ask her brother very soon to come and hear and advise, which he as Priest was bound to do—"the baby, Martha, is he christened?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, Martha, it must no longer be delayed; have you ever thought what he will be made by Baptism?"

"You taught me at school," replied she, "a member of CHRIST, a child of GOD, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. I do wish for him to be baptised, indeed I do; but how could I face a Parson? how could I even ever go to church?" and she buried her burning face in her hands for very shame.

Her sin had made her deprive her child of Life—that life given in the regenerating stream of baptismal water—it had made her shrink from His ambassadors and from entering His house, where He in an especial manner answers prayer, where upon the altar in each celebration of Holy Communion, "JESU, the world's Redeemer, lies."

Once more that evening Winifred and her brother stood without their tiny home and looked forth upon the waters. The sun had set, and left a glow of glory upon the sea and sky, there was the deeper bloom upon the west, the reflected tinge upon the east, and hills and rocks and the waving tops of trees alike were wrapped in the rosy fold of eve. The moonlight played upon the rippling waves, and all the birds were hushed, except now and then from some leafy glade, came up clear and strong, the blackbird's well-known, well-loved, old-time-recalling

note, and all this gave to Winifred many a thrilling thought of "that country and that happy home,"

"Where all things shall be peace,
And joyaunce without end."

"Yes, we may not judge her harshly," he said, "but it is impossible not to see what has led to her fall—her love of dress and admiration, and yielding from earliest youth in small and encroaching degrees to the suggestions of the Evil One, in indulging the 'lurking corruption of the flesh.' You remember her at school, telling you that renouncing the flesh was all nonsense. Unfortunately, people are not brought up to remember that we are to 'crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts;' unfortunately it is too often not enjoined, that self-denial must be exercised not only in bodily ease and comfort, but that we must not overmuch indulge in those things which gratify the eye, the ear, the mind. If poor Martha had walked in CHRIST's 'self-mastering school,' her purity would have been retained. But I have yet hopes of better things. It seems that she has roamed the county for months, afraid to go home, and turned away by an aunt who thought herself too virtuous to give her shelter—despised, feeling herself sunk so low that she could sink no lower, she had almost determined on returning to the ways of sin, for every other way of life seemed closed against her, and she felt forsaken by God, and utterly despised by man, but your tenderness and kindness have recalled holier and happier days, and have inspired her with hope once more. It is the same principle by which our religious penitentiaries have been instrumental in saving so many, and if women would only think of the claims of their fallen sisters, what work for CHRIST's sake might yet be done."

"And the baby is to be baptised to-morrow."

"Yes, I have promised her to baptise it during evening prayers."

The morrow came, the eventful day for the unconscious child. He was incorporated into CHRIST, given a union which sin alone could weaken, a union by and through which sin could be overcome.

Soon in that little house walked the Angels of Life and Death. The beloved mother, the good Christian, suffering woman, patient wife, and tender parent, was looking for the Angel Death, when the fitful struggle would be ended, the heart know no more bitterness, the face no more tears; when there would be no more partings and farewells, and when CHRIST would be all in all. And the sad fallen mother, who was, alas, no wife, was praying for the presence of the Angel Life, that she might bring forth fruits of penitence, that she might through the SPIRIT mortify the deeds of the flesh, and carefully train up in the image of CHRIST the little one who now belonged to Him, and the prayers of both were granted. Mrs. Emerson died, and thus for His sake Who has opened the gates of everlasting life, found an entrance to that Paradise where the weary are at rest; and Martha Chugg rose up from her bed of sickness, to drag through a long life with penitential steps the memory of sin.

A mother's love, a mother's care, a mother's shield of prayer, all on earth to be known no more, who can wonder that Winifred sorrowed with an exceeding bitter sorrow. The bell tolled solemnly, and the funeral procession passed slowly up the hill. It was a dull, quiet day, no cheering sunbeams, no blithe song of happy birds, or sounds of rejoicing nature to cheer the mourner's heart; but one thought of happiness there was—and that was—that that day for the first time was Martha to kneel before the altar of her LORD, and adoringly receive "that bread and wine which is to us a sure token of the Presence of CHRIST's Body and Blood," that in that Communion would the dear mother and her sorrowing children again be one, as near as when in babyhood they rested on her breast, as near as when in older years their arms had encircled her trembling frame, and supported her weary steps—for living and dead are one in CHRIST, a union, death cannot destroy; a oneness which time cannot weaken; for "CHRIST died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together in Him."

E. A. B.

BROTHERS IN CHRIST.

"... follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."—1 Tim. vi. 11, 12.

From the throne and nation,
Flattering words we hear—
Princely praise encouraging,
Each gallant volunteer.

And this is right and noble,
Ever ready heart and hand—
To meet all foreign foemen,
In defence of our dear land.

But another thing is needful,
For Britain's sons to heed :—
That God alone gives power,
To make the right succeed.

In the daily lives ye lead,
O brothers, take no shame—
To follow Jesus openly,
And to confess His Name.

In purity—sobriety—
And every Christian grace—
As dauntless soldiers of the Cross,
So run th' appointed race.

And then, my Christian brothers—
Your homes shall hallowed be—
As altars with their household priests,
Banded invincibly.

C. A. M. W.

CHAPTERS ON THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

No. V.—S. HEGESIPPUS.

We promised in our last chapter to place before our readers some few of the other fragments of S. Hegesippus which have escaped the ravages of time. Now we must

not forget that S. Hegesippus wrote in the middle of the second century, when Paganism still flourished in Rome and when the workings of the Christian Church as developed by the recognition by Constantine the Great of Christianity as the religion of the state, had not been proved at all. And we must bear in mind too, that as a *system* of doctrine and discipline, the ecclesiastical polity like every other institution, took a certain period to unfold itself in all its fair proportions before the sons of men; nearly three hundred years in fact: for the Church of the fourth century has ever been placed before us as the grand Church model for Christendom. The development of doctrine followed exactly the same law. That all the Church writers from the Apostles' time downwards held firmly the doctrine of the Trinity no one in these days would venture to deny, but that they did not *explicitly state* that doctrine is equally obvious, for the casual mention of the *Trias* or Trinity and its emblematical signification by S. Theophilus, was more of an echo from other systems (the Zoroastrian for example,) upon his mind, than a distinct enunciation of the Christian faith. It was only as heresies arose successively in the Church that the defenders of the faith being called upon to refute the heresiarchs, at the same time committed themselves to dogmatic and positive definitions of doctrine. When reading the thoroughly didactic and argumentative treatises of S. Athanasius of Alexandria, we have been struck again and again with the happy and felicitous manner in which he overthrows by a single word the axioms laid down by the several Arianising sects, and with what a masterly hand he builds up the Catholic definition of doctrine, supporting it by a noble fortification of truth. Some of our readers may have gone through a dialogue or two of Plato's; if so they will recognize a close analogy between the philosopher's treatment of the sophists and the father's treatment of the semi-Arians. The Charmides and the Defence of the Nicæan Council will well illustrate what we mean. These remarks are rendered necessary, because we are apt to expect more than we find in the fragments of our early ecclesiastical writers; to look for some beautiful thought, analogous in its own sphere to what we

might meet with in an epigram of Theocritus ; or for some bold definition of doctrine corresponding to those definitions which the Philosophers laid down concerning the moral virtues ; or for some glowing illustration that might be placed side by side with a Grecian myth. That these various qualities do exist in the fathers it were no difficult matter to prove. We would take S. Clement of Alexandria's definition of justice, as being "a harmony of the parts of the soul," and match it for logical beauty and truth against anything ever written by a heathen philosopher. But little of this stamp is preserved in the fragments of the fathers of this period, and it would be very hard indeed to find either much beauty or much intellect in the contents of any of Dr. Routh's five volumes of "Sacred Relics." It is for hints often vaguely thrown out, for facts pregnant with deductive consequence, that these writers are so often edited and are so much read by the students of our ecclesiastical lore.

Now there are two distinct elements that seem to leave an impress everywhere upon the Church history of the first two centuries. They comprise the *heresies* which arose within her pale, and the *persecutions* to which she was subject from without. A very authentic narrative could be formed from the combined stories contained in the Heresiology and the Martyrology of the first two ages of the Church.

The fragments of S. Hegesippus bear upon both these topics, and we have seen that the long extract, which formed the larger portion of our last chapter, was a narration of the *martyrdom* of S. James the Just, who, within the space of time we are considering, did but precede such glorious names as those of SS. Ignatius, Polycarp, Quadratus, Justin, and Irenæus. The multitude of the unrecorded names of those who perished in the ten persecutions, is now beginning to be estimated at a much larger number than was at first supposed. Take the case of Rome alone. The catacombs extend over *nine hundred miles* of streets, and contain almost *seven millions* of graves. Allowing that it took four hundred years to fill these graves, the mortality at an average rate, would imply that the Christian population of Rome numbered from five to

seven hundred thousand souls; but as there was not ne that number of Christians the number of deaths in portion to the population rose to an enormously high—which implies (as do the sepulchral inscriptions) that thousands were swept away in the more bloody of persecutions. The language too of these times of “fiery trial” seems strange in our ears. Tertullian sp almost in enigma to us when he says that “the blood the Christians is their harvest seed;” and when he martyrdom a *second* baptism of blood—“that bap which both stands in the place of the laver, when received, and restoreth it when lost.” What a fore ing shadow of martyrdom is thrown over all the Ign Epistles! What touching documents are the marty gies of SS. Ignatius and Polycarp? Can we sympath with Origen’s account of the death of Herais, who being a Catechumen, having received her *baptism by* departed this life? It was by dwelling upon such s as this that he was enabled to remain faithful in Decian persecution, “when the spirit of evil had r ously drawn up all his forces against the man,” and dark prison, the rack, and the iron collar were le finish their dire work. To the martyr was assign portion in the first resurrection, and his soul, purified fire, became as the virgin souls, who “follow the L whithersoever He goeth.”

Let us hear the testimony of S. Hegesippus on point: speaking of the cousins-german of our LORD says, “they come and they preside over the whole Ch as *martyrs* and of the kindred of our LORD, and t being a profound peace throughout the whole Ch they remained until the time of the Emperor Tra until the time that the above mentioned Simeon, the of Cleophas, the relative of our LORD, being infor against (or sycophantized) by the heretics, likewise was himself accused upon the same count before Att the president; and having been tortured for many d he became a martyr (*ἐμαρτύρησεν*), so that all very m wondered, even the president, how he lasted out, bein man of a hundred and twenty years old; and he was dered to be crucified.”

We pass from this chapter of a primitive martyrology to the mention made by S. Hegesippus of the heresies of his day. "There were different opinions in the Circumcision among the sons of Israel, opposed both to the tribe of Judah and also to CHRIST, e.g., the Essenes, the Galileans, the Hemerobaptists, the Masbothæans, the Samaritans, the Sadducees, and the Pharisees." We are all more or less acquainted with these seven Jewish sects or heresies—with the Sadducees and the Pharisees so often reproved by our Blessed Lord—with the Essenes so accurately and minutely described by Josephus both in his *Antiquities* and also in his history of the Jewish war. It is very strange, as Valesius the learned editor of Eusebius pointed out so long ago, that when S. Justin in his *Dialogue with Trypho* (sec. lxxx.) mentions them, the number is preserved, but the names are altered. S. Justin gives us the Sadducees, the Pharisees, and the Galileans, but changes the other four sects into the Genists, Merists, Hellenians, and Baptists: this latter sect in all probability corresponding with the Hemerobaptists recorded by S. Hegesippus. S. Epiphanius bears his testimony as well, to these Jewish heresies, and certainly his list approaches very much nearer to that furnished by S. Hegesippus, than to that which is given in the *Dialogue with Trypho*. For example, he records the Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, and the Hemerobaptists, while the Nazarenes can be identified with the Galileans: because when these names were afterwards contemptuously applied to the Christians the two terms became synonymous. In his narration of the Herodians and the Scribes, S. Epiphanius differs from both of the other saints, who are mentioned in conjunction with him.

It is principally, however, in the matter of the *Christian heretics* that the testimony of S. Hegesippus is of such value. How runs his fragment? "Thebuthis made a beginning secretly to corrupt it (the Church) on account of his not being made a bishop, taking his rise from one of those seven sects (which were also among the people) from whom also was Simeon whence the sect of the Simonians; Cleobius also from whence came the Cleobians; and Dositheus the founder of the Dositheans; with

Gorthæus who originated the Gorthæans; and Masbothæus who established the Masbothæans. From them also came the Menandrians, and Marcionites, and Carpocratians, and Valentinians, and Basilideans, and the Saturnilians, each having privily introduced, individually and generally his peculiar opinion. From these came the false-Christ, the false-Prophets and false-Apostles who divided the unity of the Church by the introduction of corrupt doctrines against GOD and against His CHRIST. Now a question seems naturally to arise. What was the condition of the Christian Church *before* Thebuthism, this but too successful attempt to tamper with her purity? Now there are many people, who denying the outward polity of the Church to be of divine institution, are ever asserting that during the Apostolic age itself the whole Church had sunk into grievous heresy and corruption, that her framework which was at best but clumsily arranged, soon fell to pieces altogether; so that the Church system, for which we contend as being members of the Catholic Church, had not a divine original and sanction. It is such people as these, who try to confuse the heresy which as often as it sprung up in the Church, was promptly ejected from her, with that wholesome body of doctrine and ritual upon the preservation of which to the present day her integrity depends. Now S. Hegesippus sets the matter before us in its true light, after naming these heretical sects as above, he continues, "They call the Church a VIRGIN, for not yet [whatever might be her subsequent fate] was she corrupted by vain discourses. And we must remember that this "not yet" refers us to the period when Justus succeeded Simeon as Bishop of Jerusalem. Another reference is made, (which adds much by way of confirmation to the former testimony) on the same subject, for S. Hegesippus states that till the same time the Church was "a Virgin pure and uncorrupted while "the wholesome canon of saving doctrine" was preserved free from taint. Surely there is a deep significance in this term of Virgin as applied to the Church by the prosaic S. Hegesippus. What is its use, but an echo of the imagery of still earlier times when in the glowing metaphor of the East, the Wise man spake of her as

the undefiled Dove; of later, but still of antecedent periods when Apostles recognized in her—the spotless Bride, the chaste Virgin, of her everliving and her ever-loving Bridegroom?

Our present Father is rich in *incidental* evidence, upon topics which were widely mooted in the primitive Church. One of these was the nature of our Blessed LORD's second coming in the flesh, an advent, which by many of the first Christians was looked for, as if it were to be an establishment of a temporal Messianic kingdom upon earth. The metaphorical expressions used by the first converts to Christianity tended in no small degree to foster this misrepresentation. It became incumbent upon the *Apologists* severally, to disclaim this notion of a carnal reign of the SON of GOD; opposing to the tenet, their known prayers for the safety and preservation of the Emperor; their theory of passive obedience, and their voluntary self-sacrifice of life; doctrine and practice which was quite irreconcilable with the course which they would have pursued, had they or their Divine Master struggled for a temporal rule. The notion of the *millennium*, which appears to have been entertained by many of the early Fathers, was but a reaction from the old longing, which the spiritual nature of our LORD's reign upon earth has so completely dissipated. *Papias*, a Bishop of Hierapolis, was perhaps the first who asserted that after the resurrection, a corporeal reign of CHRIST would take place; which thing, says Eusebius, he imagined that he found in the Apostolic writings, not having understood the things which were treated by them in symbols, mystically. S. Jerome states that this doctrine was received by Tertullian, by Severus, by Nepos, and in a modified form by SS. Justin and Irenæus. And to us it cannot but seem strange, that much as S. Dionysius thought of the Egyptian bishop, Nepos, and greatly as he praised his faith, his industry, and his profound study in the Scriptures, he should have been willing to admit that Nepos had embraced the opinion, that there would be at the end of the world a certain millennium of sensual luxury on the earth. Now the belief on this matter, of so early and so careful a divine as S. Hegesippus was, is of very great weight

indeed, and it is the more valuable as coming to us in an indirect form. It is contained in one of the most considerable of the Hegesippean fragments, the one which treats "Of the Relatives of our LORD." It runs thus—

"There were yet living of the family of our LORD, the grandchildren of Judas, called the brother of our LORD according to the flesh." And they were brought before the Emperor Domitian, who was jealous for the safety of the kingdom. On inquiry, however, it turned out that by their own labour on a piece of land, they realized between them but about three hundred pounds, and that when asked concerning CHRIST and His kingdom, about its nature, and when and where it was to appear, they said, "that it was not a temporal or earthly kingdom, but celestial and angelic, that it would appear at the end of the world when coming in glory He would judge the quick and dead, and give to everyone according to his works." A statement manifestly approved of by S. Hegesippus, who speaks with much satisfaction of these men after their interview with the Emperor, as of men who ruled the Churches both as confessors and relatives of the LORD; clearly intimating that their opinion concerning our LORD's earthly kingdom was endorsed by S. Hegesippus.

Another incident topic which is touched upon in the fragments which we are considering, relates to the inspired original of the Gospel of S. Matthew. That S. Matthew did write a Gospel in Hebrew is attested by the almost unanimous consent of the Fathers. And it is far from improbable, that this Hebrew Gospel formed the basis of certain heretical documents known as "the Gospel of the Ebionites;" "the Gospel of the Nazarenes;" and of "the Gospel according to the Hebrews;" all of which were cited by Origen as well as by SS. Epiphanius and Jerome. Our present Greek Gospel of S. Matthew may be an independent and an original work; yet several very able critics indeed have been able to detect far more numerous evidences of S. Matthew's Gospel, (as we at present possess it,) being a *translation* from the Hebrew, than are to be found in the "History of the Jewish War," by Josephus, which history is an

acknowledged translation of a Hebrew original—the internal evidence on this question may perhaps be said to be equal on both sides. It is the *external* evidence that finally settles the question. Bishop Papias, a contemporary of S. Polycarp, a man skilful in all learning, and well acquainted with Scriptures, says distinctly, that “Matthew composed his history in the *Hebrew dialect*, and everyone translated it as he was able.” S. Irenæus says, “Matthew indeed produced his Gospel, written among the Hebrews in their own dialect;” while Origen speaks of S. Matthew as he “who delivered his Gospel to the believing Hebrews, having written it in the Hebrew characters.” Other testimonies from the Fathers might be cited to the same effect. Now according to Eusebius, S. Hegesippus “fixes certain things out of the Gospel according to the Hebrews,” proving the existence of this Gospel and some of its peculiar doctrines. The Ebionites, a large sect of the early heretics, admitted the Gospel of S. Matthew to be the only genuine Gospel. But S. Epiphanius proves very clearly that the “Gospel of the Ebionites” was quite distinct from the Gospel of S. Matthew; and S. Hegesippus steps in, and makes mention of the Gospel according to the Hebrews, in terms quite distinct from those which are used by the other Fathers to express the *Hebrew original* of the Gospel of S. Matthew.

We take our farewell of S. Hegesippus with this one reflection: that be our loss of early Church records ever so great, and the details of the ritual of those days ever so obscure, still the Catholic Church, then as now, can be recognized by the same broad marks by which she is distinguished from all schismatic sects; and her varied features called from the successive fragments of the sub-apostolic Fathers all harmonize together; and by their harmony give us a type and pattern of her whom Scripture teaches us to call “the Bride of CHRIST.”

OUR CORNISH EXCURSION.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORNWALL doubtless anciently extended far beyond its present boundaries. About the year 927, we hear of the Cornish Britons being deprived of their territories that extended to the east of the river Exe, but in all other respects they had preserved their ancient possessions from the rapacity of the Saxons; and Howel, whom they acknowledged as their legitimate sovereign, still swayed the sceptre in Cornwall. But Athelstan now comes, determined to have his sovereignty acknowledged by the Cornish; a battle ensued at Haldon Hill, and Howel and the Cornish are beaten, and the crown of Cornwall becomes subordinate to England.

Nor was this the only way by which the ancient territories of Cornwall became lessened: there is no doubt that the encroachments of the ocean have overwhelmed vast tracts; for instance, S. Michael's Mount, the Cornish name of which, "Curreg-Lûg en Kâg," "Le Hore Rok in the Wodd," was, as stated by Worcester, "originally enclosed in a thick wood, six miles distant from the ocean." There can be no question that Cornwall was one of the first places in our island to receive Christianity, and the legend of its having remained under the dark cloud of heathen superstition until the third century, is both fabulous and improbable; since there is proof that during the whole time of its being under the Saxon yoke,—and all that could be done by the Saxons to root out the faith which "had taken deep root" was done,—Cornwall, in spite of all, still firmly maintained its independence and faith, and continued to do so for three centuries after the mission of S. Augustine. In proof of the firmness with which the British Church was then established in Cornwall and Wales, it is stated that "one theological establishment (at Bangor) had 1200 inmates, a number, considering the then population of the island, far exceeding either of our universities now." "Down to the be-

ginning of the tenth century, as we have said, the Cornish maintained their national independence against the Saxons, and their ecclesiastical independence against Rome: Rome having ever sought to ignore the British Church, to which it was an object of especial dislike, and in their efforts to throw it out of sight, or at least to cast discredit upon it, the early writers of the Roman Church suppressed inconvenient facts, and invented what they desired should be believed: and as the existence for so many ages of an independent Church was a very inconvenient fact for the usurping power that claimed to be the mother and mistress of all churches, a fabulous origin was assigned for the conversion of Cornwall, such as might warrant the inference that it received the Gospel from Rome through the medium of Ireland, and that its independence and distinctness for so many centuries after, were the result of its ingratitude and corruption." Thus is it proved, that the peaceful establishment of Christianity lasted for probably 850 years at least before the Anglo-Romish one was established at S. Germain's, when Athelstan overran the country, and destroyed the independence of its state and Church. The first Christian Cornish prince on record is "Solomon, king, prince, or duke of that country." The first Cornish martyr of note was Melianus, Duke of Cornwall, inhumanly put to death by order of his uncle, Rinaldus, with the most aggravated cruelty.

CHAPTER IX.

" For they have reached a resting-place at last,
Where for a season they might feed delight
On beauty, and in worldly care's despite
Give themselves up to nature—not in part,
But with all energy of mind and heart."

Of course the first thing the next morning, so soon as we had finished our breakfast off Mrs. Treworthy's nice bread-and-butter, and new-laid eggs, and rashers, was to get out as quickly as possible and take our bearings.

Good Mrs. Treworthy deemed it advisable to urge to allow her open-faced, civil, intelligent husband, was "home from work" that day, to accompany us on this our first voyage of discoveries, in order that he might warn us as to dangerous spots—about the "Lion's Den" for instance; where it was, as she affirmed, "fine as a slipper;" and also to point out places of local interest and name them to us.

We started from the cottage, walking like respectable well-conducted people, on the road for the space of perhaps ten minutes, at the expiration of which time we found ourselves, much to our own astonishment, perched on the hedge-tops, literally making them our footpath. From this it may be of course concluded that no trees grew there, or even bushes. One may see a sturdy thorn, a monster furze-bush, or a tamarisk tree, "*Tamarix Gallica*," here and there en route, but even these, unless in very sheltered spots, look as if a Dutch scythe had been at work on them. On the windward side, these hedges were not generally of great height, but in some of our after-excursions we occasionally found ourselves on an elevation of twenty feet or more, generally speaking, on one side only; that on which the decomposed hornblende, provincially called *marle*, had been taken away for manure. This soil is remarkably fertile, and combined with the climate causes most astonishing crops to be produced. Here, about the year 1840, one statute acre has been known to produce nine bushels of barley, Winchester measure.

It was a glorious day, the heat tempered by the western breezes, the sea lazily washing up against the richly-tinted, deep-veined rocks, wreathing the base of the piled cliffs that dipped therein, like a huge weird water-sprite, dappling in full enjoyment the depths, with tangled, glistening leaves, with shells and there a shell, or a wondrous living flower; a grown daisy, an anemone, a corrynectes, or a gammatia amongst the dark brown fronds. It is almost impossible to describe the colour, the intense, deep tone of the expanse—truly one must see it to know anything of the colouring of the sea; there near the shore it foamed

and sparkled, with a soft, fretful, murmuring sound, coiling in and out among the low jagged rocks with a lazily impatient movement, as if, after all, it were scarcely worth the trouble, and yet did not like to be restrained. Beyond, it spread out like an immense opal, glancing and quivering and changing at each moment, whilst further out, beyond in the "outer sea" could be seen crested waves, and "white sea-horses."

Our gaze wandered away over the trackless, fathomless expanse, and we thought what a sight must that have been, once seen from there on one memorable 19th day of July, in the year of grace one thousand five hundred and eighty-eight, when the "Great Invincible," so called in proud defiance, stretched out upon those waters its seven miles of crescent form; when, thanks to the Scotch pirates' good sailing, Effingham was able to get out of port and meet it. I wonder was it *there* that the huge Biscay ship, with her rich freight of broad Spanish pieces, took fire? and the two laggards that fell into the rear were the prize of the brave Devonian?

When we were in the Hebrides a few summers before, they showed us in the Isle of Mull at Tobermary, (Mary's well,) the spot where the "Florida," one of the Invincible's heavy sail, was sunk, but there its history assumes another form. The tradition is, that a daughter of the King of Spain determined to sail the wide world in search of the living prototype of a hero of engaging mien she had seen in a vision. Maclean of Duart realised in the princess's eyes the creation of her fancy. The wife of Maclean sought counsel of the Witches of Mull, who dwelt on "Benmore," and by their agency, the vessel was sunk with the object of her resentment. Really, considering all things, if the lady could but have been gifted with a glance into the future she would perhaps have been tempted to include her husband in the request, and have thus escaped her fearful adventure on "The Lady Rock," which would not, however, then have afforded Joanna Baillie a subject for her "Family Legend." I remember when we passed it, ere we came to Duart Castle—once the stronghold of the Macleans, now merely the massive ruins of a strong tower, overhanging the sea,

and tapestried with ivy, that the extreme top of the rock was just visible, just as it probably was, when a few minutes later, and her brother's rescue would have come too late. What agonising prayers! what heart-breaking moans and cries for deliverance must that bare rock have been witness to! Truly, judging from the gentleman's effigy on his tomb at Iona, he looks capable of such a dastard deed, and if the sculpture have not belied his oath to say, the Spanish lady's beau ideal of manly perfection was a strange one!

A VISION OF 1860.

I ROAM'D by the Spirit on a weekday morn,
Where the cloud-shadows swept o'er the rippling corn :
And I saw a log house, and I enter'd there,
For I knew by its tower 'twas a house of prayer.
The priest was surpliced, and hooded, and stoled ;
The worshippers young, and mature, and old ;
Over youthful features of ruddy brown
Rich crisp'd tresses of jet hung down,
While here and there, on an elder face,
Dark heathenish symbols, and forms of war,
And characters savage had scar'd their trace,
The fire's black brand, and the tomahawk's scar ;
But the light that lay in those clear black eyes
Was that in the martyr's glance which lies,
Holy, and quiet, and soft, and calm :
They sang the anthem—they chaunted the psalm—
No organ was there—but the speech they sung
Was smooth and sweet as the Tuscan's tongue.
They knelt at the prayers—they stood up at the Creed,
Like men for the truth who could battle or bleed.
And I said, as the beautiful scene I scann'd,
" Can this be the folk of a barbarous land ? "

I roam'd by the Spirit on a Lord's Day eve,
Where a city's proud turrets the smoke-clouds cleave :
And I saw a stone house, and I enter'd there,
For I knew by its state 'twas a house of prayer.
The priest was surpliced, and hooded, and stoled ;
The congregation were froward and bold ;
Their golden locks and their azure eyes
Reflected the summer of England's skies :

But the glow that sparkled those orbs within
 Was like levin fire in the summer cloud,
 In the moment that heralds the thunder's din
 Over mountain and forest rebellowing loud ;
 Then I heard, in my own lov'd England's tongue,
 Songs that in revels were well unsung,
 As cross, and taper, and lighted crown
 Before clubs and stones roll'd crashing down.
 On the pavement dash'd by a fiendish blow,
 A gentle boy lay groaning low,
 Till, while Law's tame minions stood heedless by,
 Borne off to languish,—perchance to die.
 Then I said, as the horrible scene I scann'd,
 "Can this be the folk of a civilized land?"

Aloud I said it, and flew to aid ;
 But an angel hand on my arm was laid :
 "Not yet! not yet! thy country's cup
 Needs horror more awful to fill it up :
 The prelate slack and the statesman weak
 Must stand by the prayers of her trampled meek,
 Till the time shall reach her, when vainly they,
 Or Noah, or Daniel, or Job, might pray.
 From a broken pier of a bridgeway tall,
 Maoria's rover, with reverent eye
 And awestruck heart, shall behold her fall,
 Where her proud cathedrals in ruin lie.
 The flood that has swept them stone from stone
 Has roll'd over mansion, and castle, and throne :
 The fury once pent these walls within
 Has burst o'er the land in a torrent of sin—
 Class against class, and man against man !
 Hold who may, and plunder who can !
 Till, native or foreign, it matters not,
 A sworded usurper shall wield her lot,
 And avenge yon martyr stripling's groans
 By dashing her infants against the stones."

H. T.

*Chard Vicarage,
 Monday in Rogation Week, 1860.*

The Children's Corner.

S. CHAD, OR HUMILITY.

"Oh, how beautiful! how very beautiful! do look,
 mamma, how bright it looks in the sunshine against the

blue, blue sky! Oh, I have never seen anything so beautiful in my life before;" thus exclaimed little Amy O—— as she stood, her hand within her mother's, gazing up at the delicate, tapering spires of Lichfield Cathedral. Amy had never been beyond five miles from her country home in Essex, and till now she had imagined that nothing in ecclesiastical architecture could surpass the modern brick tower, and the plain unadorned interior of the parish church at B——.

"Yes, Amy dear, it is indeed very, very beautiful," replied her mother; "but the bells have ceased ringing, if we are not quicker in our movements we shall not be in time for the service."

It would be useless to depict Amy's amazement and delight on hearing the rich-toned organ, and the sweet full voices of the choristers, and she gave a half sigh of regret as the last Amen died away in the far distance, and after a few moments of reverent silence, the dean, canons and choristers rose to depart. Very quietly and gravely Amy walked afterwards by the side of her mother, examining the different objects of interest in the Cathedral. "Now, my dear child, we really must go, or papa will wonder what has become of us," said Mrs. O——, after Amy had again and again gazed on Chantrey's exquisite monument of the "Sleeping Children," and had just come to the conclusion, that "they must have been good little children, for they looked so happy, and seemed to smile in their sleep."

"Yes, mamma, I am coming directly, but oh, do look here; I have found such a curious little figure cut out of the stone wall; oh, how odd and how old it looks! I wonder whom it is meant for?"

"That figure represents a bishop, Amy, look at his mitre, and the staff or crozier in his hand; very probably it is meant for the good S. Chad, to whose memory this beautiful Cathedral is dedicated."

"S. Chad!" repeated Amy, "what a curious name! was he a very good man, mamma? Was he as good as S. Isidore, whom you were telling Rosie about the other day?"

"S. Chad lived during the same century as S. Isidore,

and did, I believe, as much good as the pious Bishop of Seville, but if you will ask me this evening, I will read you something about him ; but now, we really must go, dear Amy, so say good-bye to S. Chad for the present !”

* * * * *

“Now, mamma, do you remember your promise ?” exclaimed Amy the same evening, as she drew a footstool towards her mother, and seating herself on it, turned her little face, bright with expectation, towards her.

“I have not forgotten, my darling ! I have just found a book, which will give a short account of S. Chad, if you like I will read you some extracts from it.” •

“Oh that will be nice, mamma, but let us sit by the window, that I may look at the beautiful Cathedral all the time.”

“Just as you like, Amy, only mind you are very attentive. But now to begin ;—

“Towards the middle of the seventh century, the see of York had remained vacant for thirty years, owing to some disputes between the Scottish Bishops, who at that time governed the Church of Northumbria, (under which name were included the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham and Yorkshire) : these disputes being at last amicably arranged, Oswy, king of Northumbria, sent for a holy Saxon Abbot from the quiet monastery of Lastingham in Cleveland, to have him made bishop. This was S. Chad, the Saxon saint, to whose memory the beautiful Cathedral before us is dedicated. When the messengers came to announce the king's behest, S. Chad showed no pride or exultation, but exclaimed, ‘God knows how unworthy I am to serve Him, but I obey His summons, and that of my sovereign !’ He went for consecration to Wina, Bishop of Wessex : at this ceremony two Welsh bishops officiated, and it was performed in the Cathedral Church of Winchester, which had just been built by Kenwal, King of Wessex. Immediately after his consecration S. Chad repaired to York, and commenced a life of unceasing activity and rigid self-denial, continually journeying about on foot from place to place, proclaiming and teaching all the truths of our holy faith, in the lowly cots and lordly

castle, mid the fertile valleys and heathered mountains of his extensive northern see.

A short time after his elevation, Theodore, Primate of Britain, arrived : he informed S. Chad that he had doubts whether he had been duly consecrated. 'If thou dost doubt it,' said S. Chad, 'I willingly resign my bishopric. I ever thought myself unworthy of the dignity, and only consented to take it out of obedience to my king :' so saying, he laid aside his mitre and robes, and dismissing his attendants again withdrew to his humble but loved retirement at Lavingham. The Primate was so struck by the saint's humility that he ever afterwards remembered him, and when the see of Lichfield became vacant, he presented him to it.

"That is all I have to tell you about S. Chad, Amy ; but now, my child, tell me what you think of him, and what you most admire in his character ?"

"Why, mamma, he was obedient to his king, he was kind to the poor, and self-denying, and—and—" Amy paused ; she wished rather to avoid the subject of humility, for though in general a docile, amiable child, she had one besetting sin, pride ; pride, that first sin of the fallen angels, which hardens so many a heart now-a-days.

"Come, Amy, is there nothing else you can remember ?"

"He was humble, mamma."

"Yes, Amy, you are right ; can you remember that text I gave you to learn the other day, and which I think is very applicable to S. Chad, and the tale of his life ?"

Amy repeated in a low voice, "Whoso exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," then looking up in her mother's face, while the hot tears rushed to her eyes, she exclaimed, "Indeed, mamma, I will try hard to be humble."

"You must pray God to make you so, my darling," answered Mrs. O——, while she folded her little daughter in her arms, and breathed a silent petition that her child might become less proud and self-reliant. Neither spoke for a few moments, then Mrs. O—— exclaimed in her usual cheerful tones, "Amy, would you like a crayon sketch of that figure of S. Chad, and of the beautiful Cathedral ? I think they would look very well in oak

frames, on each side of your mantel-piece at home; what do you think?"

"Oh, mamma, how nice it would be!"

"Well, Amy, to-morrow we will get the sketches, and whenever you look at the picture of S. Chad, pray for a holy, humble heart like his, and when you look at the beautiful Cathedral, think of that holy, happy place, to which those spires point, where the pure in heart and life, the merciful and compassionate, the meek and lowly ones shall for ever live; where the spirits and souls of the righteous, and the holy and humble men of heart, will bless the LORD, praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

E. O.

Church News.

THE most important question for us all as Churchmen in these most trying times is how best we can unite for the defence of all that we hold dear, viz. the integrity and well-being of our Beloved Church. Union with unity is strength indeed; and we must endeavour to unite and rally around the good and firm and true with unflinching courage. The first report of the Church of England Protection Society, now called the English Church Union, is published, together with a Sermon preached before the Society by the Rev. W. Gresley. This bids fair to be a valuable combination for defence, and the religious tone of the whole report is such as will lead good and thoughtful Churchmen to place confidence in the management. Above all, the work is annually consecrated by the united reception of the Holy Communion. We have only space for a short extract from this excellent sermon, and trust that the publication of the report, and the knowledge of the work going on, will attract the notice and lead to the enrolment of many hundred true-hearted staunch English Churchmen:

"It is impossible not to discern many features in the present time which bear a strong resemblance to those which preceded the outbreak of the Great Rebellion, two centuries ago, when the Constitution of our Church and State was overturned by a mingled religious and political fanaticism. By some, no doubt, it will be said, that such an alarm is needless. With a popular sovereign, and an attached people, what fear is there of a revolution like that in which the King and Archbishop were put to death, and the clergy driven from their posts? But I think, brethren, that those persons who hope to overturn

the Church, and yet bring no risk or loss to themselves, by a political convulsion, are over sanguine. At least, they go against the whole experience of history. Can they point out a time when any great religious change was ever effected without political struggles? Do they know so little of the philosophy of the human mind as not to be aware that to interfere rudely with the deep-seated religious feelings, or the prejudices of men, is apt to stir up the inner depths of the soul? And, when earnest men are moved, there are not wanting designing men who make the excitement of their feelings the instrument of their own purposes. It is true (and we have to thank God for it), that political parties have not yet gathered round the question of the Church. They seem afraid of it; and they may well be so. It is a tremendous risk to meddle with a nation's religion, little as so many superficial persons seem to think of it. But can anyone believe that this state of things will last, if the design to change the doctrine and formularies of the Church be persevered in? Are the adherents of the Church so few, or so feeble, that they will consent to part with their cherished principles without a struggle? No! it is their fear of security, their unwillingness to believe that such changes are really contemplated, their contempt of the effrontery of their enemies, which has made them hitherto too supine.

"But now to show the nature of the designs which have been formed against the Church, and the identity in principle between the present assailants and those who overturned it two hundred years ago, I would remind you of one or two facts. Our present Prayer Book, which is the embodiment of the doctrine and discipline of the Church, dates from the time of the Restoration of the Monarchy, when, after much deliberation, the old Prayer Book, which had been abolished during the troubles of the Great Rebellion, was, by a large preponderance of consent, re-established with some slight alterations. But the consent was not universal; and certain ministers, who had obtained preferment during the Commonwealth, refused to conform to the old Liturgy, which was restored, and in consequence resigned their office. Now, the object of those who desire to revise our Prayer Book, avowed by some and scarcely concealed by others, is to force upon us precisely those changes which were repudiated by the Church and nation at the last revision, so as to admit to the Church those persons who object to our present Prayer Book, and especially to the doctrine of the Sacraments and priesthood.

"But what does the proposal amount to? Simply, that for the sake of satisfying one party—those namely whose representatives in former times destroyed the Church and Monarchy—they would make such changes as would drive out the present consistent members of her Communion, and, in fact, destroy the Church again; for it would be nothing more or less. I appeal to you, my brethren,—and in doing I am appealing, at the same time, to a vast body throughout the country, in fact to all those who really know and value the doctrine of their Church,—if the doctrine of the Sacraments were changed as proposed, or omitted from our formularies, is there one here present who would not feel, that the Church so mutilated was so lessened?

the Church of the Apostles, or of Christ? that the faith so corrupted was no longer the faith once delivered unto the saints? that the religion so altered was no longer that in which he has been nurtured, and in which he hopes to die? What should we do, my brethren? what course should we adopt? if such a change took place, whither should we fly? to whom should we go? Have those persons, who have been put forward to take a prominent part in advocating these changes, ever thought of the turmoil and perplexity which they would cause in every parish, and in every religious home throughout England, if a new Prayer Book were ordered to be used in our churches? Have they considered the stir and ferment which would be called up in men's minds? the pain and grief which thousands would have to endure in being forced to abandon their parish church, where they had worshipped God from their youth up? the perplexity of men obliged to decide, for themselves and their children, whether to join some other communion, or form a free Church—for such are the questions which would immediately arise—which do in fact already suggest themselves. And are any so simple as to believe that such things could happen without great commotion, and danger to the whole fabric of our Constitution?"—Pp. 6—9.

Reviews.

Tonbridge School Chapel: Stanzas. By the Rev. Richard Tomlins, M.A.

Our readers need not to be told that Mr. Tomlins is a devout and reverential poet, and that all he writes has for its object the increase of true and genuine religion, and is clothed in verse worthy of the subject. Till lately the Tonbridge School had no Chapel of its own, and now that want has been supplied, he is anxious to make it more meet for the great purpose by securing a stained glass east window. We can therefore commend this book to our readers both on account of its own value, and the object it has in view. By the kindness of the author, we are enabled to give our readers a view of the newly built chapel. (See Frontispiece.)

The editor of *A Plea for Daily Public Worship* extracted from a Divine (Dr. Best), living in the very worst of what we are used to consider our Dark Ages, 1746, has done good service to the Church of England. In the noise of controversy and disagreement we are apt to forget that prayer is the Christian's chief weapon, and if private prayer has great promise, how much more has public prayer; and the more troubles seem to gather round us and our holy Church is the object of attack on every side, so much the more should all who can, use these means of her own special appointment. And who can tell what blessings these

prayers shall win and what evils they may avert. One cannot but think that those who look on Daily Public Prayer as a needless burden and useless form do not really believe in the efficacy of Prayer, in spite of God's assurance that the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous (or faithful) avails much—though we see no fruits we must believe these words.

The Holy Childhood of our Blessed Lord. Thirty-one Meditations. Edited by the Rev. John Sharp, of Horbury.

The writer and editor of this little work are well known to Churchmen, and have each in their way for many years been doing their appointed work among God's people. This is such a book as we should be thankful to see in the hands and hearts of thousands. Nothing is so sure a sign of life and progress as the call for, and the acceptance of, such works as these. In the words of our Church we are all "to follow the Blessed Steps of our LORD's most Holy Life,"—that is, not only to follow His example and do as He did, but to follow by meditation every event and every single particular of His wondrous life on earth: not only His death and passion, but His *whole life*, from the manger to the mount of Ascension; and we can never urge too often the fact that it is this which gives its life and spirit and reality to the Church's round of Holy Season and Service. We are in these following the steps of His most Holy Life, and showing our real love to Him thereby.

In this work we have our LORD's holy Childhood set before us for our reverent meditation—not only as a wondrous theme for thought, but as a real and practical matter brought home to the conscience and the daily life most vividly.

It is certainly no fault of the Publisher if this little work does not get widely known and valued: we have nearly a hundred pages bound in cloth for sixpence.

Trevenan Court. By E. A. B. Jersey.

This is an able and interesting tale, and it is also written in a religious and earnest spirit. The development of the two characters; of the careless and the careful Christian gentleman is admirably done, and we have no doubt they are drawn from the life. If the warning and example are kept in view by the reader which the author clearly intends, this work will do much of the good for which it is evidently written. We hope the author will continue her labours.

Erratum.—In our review of Six Lectures in Holy Week, the Rev. G. Martin was misprinted for Rev. G. Maturin.



3 Christmas Dream.

THE
Churchman's Companion.

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[JULY, 1869.]

A MAIDEN OF OUR OWN DAY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER V.

"Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It was a very happy party that circled round the tea-table that Saturday evening; Gyneth between her father and mother, Edgar on his papa's knee, and Lewis opposite, while Mrs. Deshon the very picture of grateful joy and pride, presided over the tea-equipage, taking care to move the urn a little to one side that it might not intercept her view of her son's face. He was her eldest born, and now her only living child, her mother's heart had yearned over him while absent, and was full to overflowing with the gladness of seeing him once more.

Truly her joy was not unshared by him, but his was not a very demonstrative nature; he sat there quietly sipping his tea, stroking his little son's hair from time to time, responding with ready attention to each remark of his mother's, and sometimes glancing with grave interest at Gyneth, who flushed with excitement was looking unusually animated, and wellnigh pretty. There was not about him an atom of that hearty warmth and frankness, which is popularly supposed to be characteristic of a soldier's manner; his upright martial bearing, and the dark moustache on his upper lip, were the only outward

indications of his profession: he looked unmistakeably a gentleman, and had the polished manner of one accustomed to mix a good deal in society, but his conversation savoured more of the scholar than the soldier, and he never once mentioned his regiment, or seconded in the least his wife's allusions to "our officers," "our quarters," &c. Mrs. Edgar Deshon was a pleasing, wonderfully young-looking woman, with a very sweet voice, and a graceful fashion of moving and speaking which attracted Gyneth's admiration at once. She had a great deal to say both in remark and question, but the gentleness of her tones prevented this ready flow of conversation from seeming at all overpowering, and her deferential manner to her husband and her husband's mother was as pretty in its way as the caressing, protecting fondness, which she showed towards her son and daughter. Before the evening was over she had told them all about Jeannie's marriage (which had taken place in February) the voyage to England, the arrival at Southampton, her plans for the future, and so on, and had given them a picturesque description of the beauty of Corfu, to which was appended by way of contrast a lively sketch of the horrors of the English seaport town, which was the regiment's present destination. Then came cleverly touched outlines of the appearance and character of her two younger children, Fanny and Katie, whom she had left at an hotel in Southampton, under the care of Katie's nurse, a trustworthy elderly person, "a widow of one of *our* sergeants." This last phrase and two or three similar ones called up an almost imperceptible frown on Colonel Deshon's brow, but he did not say anything and his wife talked on in blissful unconsciousness of having said aught amiss. Gyneth whose heart was longing to love and admire, was perfectly satisfied for this one night at least, and when she retired to rest at last could not sleep for thinking over all the pleasant words and looks of this darling mother, whose soft loving kisses were still fresh upon her cheek. But Lewis Grantham as he paced up and down the little court in the moonlight, smoking a solitary cigar, wore an air of anything but satisfaction, and the bent of his reflections was far from being cheerful or charitable.

"Yes, take her," he muttered, addressing some nameless person, "take her, and dress her up in furbelows, and marry her to one of 'our officers!' That little cousin of yours, the stray honourable who joined the regiment lately, or that button-maker's son with unlimited cash, who gives balls at his sole expense, 'so goodnaturedly,' and is 'positively a very gentlemanly young man!' You are just the same as ever, just as agreeable, and good-looking, and stylish, just as affectionate, and winsome, and engaging too, if there was only something in you, one might like you very much: but that you should be the wife of such a man as Edgar, and the mother of two such children as Gyneth and Lambert! it is at once marvellous and provoking; you would have done very well for some commonplace individual, but that Edgar Deshon should have chosen you is incomprehensible and intolerable." Then he became ashamed as well he might be of his own harsh thoughts. "How abominably uncharitable I am! Talk about loving justice, and then run down poor Fanny in this contemptuous pitiless way. If only I were sure she would do no harm to Gyneth! but she can't, the child has a soul of a different order, she is as deep as her mother is shallow. There I am again! what business have I to decide that Fanny has a shallow soul? and when one comes to think of it, how can one venture to call any soul shallow, seeing that each is created with infinite capacities for good, nay more, with the capacity of knowing and loving Him Who is Infinite."

He threw away his cigar, and went up to his room, thinking no more uncharitable thoughts that night. And as he passed Gyneth's door he said to himself, "Little cousin, you have the pure heart to which all things are pure; I ought not to fear that this new phase of life will harm you."

Gyneth was not at once called upon to leave the peaceful shelter of her grandmother's home. When Colonel Deshon and his wife set off on Monday morning for what the latter stigmatised as "that atrocious place Harbourmouth," they announced an intention of securing a furnished house which they had heard was to let on a

common at some little distance from the town ; “ and then, my love,” continued the lady, “ we will settle ourselves and our goods therein with all possible speed, and when we have got everything quite comfortable, we will send for you and Edgar, but I could not think of subjecting you to all the discomforts of the first weeks in a new house.”

The kind grandmamma begged that little Fanny and Katie might come to her while the “ settling” was being effected, but Mrs. Edgar declared she “ couldn’t think of such a thing, they were such noisy troublesome little chicks that she really couldn’t feel justified in quartering them on any one, dear grandmamma must come and stay with her at Harbourmouth very soon, and then she could see just as much or as little of the children as she liked.”

Though Gyneth looked forward eagerly to taking a daughter’s place in her rightful home, she could not but be glad to be left a little while longer with her grandmother ; she knew how lonely the good old lady would be without her, and could sometimes have found it in her heart to beg that she might be allowed to stay with her always. But Mrs. Deshon had made up her mind that it would not be right to keep Gyneth from her parents, and though Lewis had at one time persuaded himself, and endeavoured to persuade her, that she would be justified in doing so, she had remained firm to her own convictions. “ For you know, my dear boy,” she had said, “ I am an old woman, and cannot expect to live very many years longer, and if I were to keep my poor child all to myself while I live, how lonely and forlorn she would feel when I am taken from her, and how sad it would be for her to have to go to her father’s house as to a strange place. Besides God gave my son his children, and he has a right to have them with him when he likes, they owe more love and duty to him than to me, and I hope Gyneth will prove a good and useful daughter to him, and find out how to be helpful to her brothers and sisters. If she gets tired or ill, and wants a rest, she can come to me, and anyhow I daresay they will spare her to me sometimes. More than this I ought not to ask, for I must not be selfish, you know, Lewis.”

So when in about three weeks’ time Colonel Deshon

came to stay a few days with her, and proposed taking Gyneth and Edgar home with him, she made no opposition, and would not distress either them or their father by dwelling on the loss to herself. If when Gyneth was gone her spectacles had an unaccountable facility for becoming suddenly bedimmed, so that she was often obliged to pause in her work, if the glorious chants that went up day by day within her beloved Cathedral, lost somewhat of their harmony to her because she could no longer hear her child's voice joining in them,—at any rate she never said so to any one, and none could therefore be grieved by it.

Yet perhaps two people guessed at it, and firstly Lewis—poor Lewis, who spent his Sundays with her as regularly as ever, and was even more tender and considerate, and affectionate to her than he had been before, but who in the midst of his cheerful talk would look round sometimes as if there were something missing, and who could no more than she help paying such devoirs to Gyneth's favourite canary as surely no wee birdie ever received before, and directing wistful glances to the now unused piano, upon which Gyneth had been wont to play to them such music as they both loved. Yet Lewis by no means became addicted to melancholy; his life had many interests, and now that one was withdrawn he only threw himself more heartily into those which remained. Sometimes too when Mrs. Deshon was alluding regretfully to the past, his face would gleam and brighten with a feeling which had reference rather to the future; not the far future either to which she looked forward so trustfully, but the future of "a few years hence," years which might perhaps never come to him, as of course he owned, but which spite of that "perhaps," his hopes built upon almost too securely.

Rose Burnaby was the one other person who divined, and thoroughly sympathised with Mrs. Deshon's feelings, for bright Rose missed her more thoughtful friend very sadly, and would have willingly endured to hear innumerable histories of Japanese princes, and other out-of-the-way heroes, if so she might have still had Gyneth near her to talk with, fondle and tease. As it was she was

obliged to content herself with doing what she could console and cheer Mrs. Deshon, not forgetting to extend some slight portion of her charity to Lewis Grantham partly because she "was sure the poor man must love Gyneth so much," but partly also it must be confessed because the barrister was very amusing, and little Mrs. Rose who was rather dull without her friend, was greatly in want of amusement just then.

Meanwhile Gyneth was becoming domesticated in her new home, a very different place in many respects from the one she had left. The house was what advertisements call "A genteel and commodious villa residence" and its lofty rooms, large windows, broad staircase, spacious well-aired hall would have delighted the heart of a sanitarian, and certainly abundantly justified the advertiser in his choice of the word commodious. The gentility was not less palpable, but might better have been dispensed with, especially as displayed in wretched Grecian urns, and affected stone nymphs supporting the roof of the entrance-porch. Gyneth's fastidious taste was horrified at the first sight of these adornments, she was quite grateful to Edgar for making faces at them, and to her father for saying with his quiet smile, "Well, see we have to submit to live in a pseudo-Gothic house with pseudo-classic ornaments; it requires some amount of philosophy, doesn't it?"

But the sunny drawing-room fragrant with flowers, strewn with foreign knick-knacks which the Deshons had collected in all parts of the world, looked most agreeable and inviting, and the view from its windows of the open common, and the blue sea beyond, was much pleasanter than anything Gyneth had ventured to expect "that atrocious place, Harbourmouth." Well might Mrs. Deshon congratulate herself on having found such a pleasantly-situated house, and sigh over the fate of some of the captains' and lieutenants' wives, who were obliged to resign themselves to inhabiting the military quarters assigned to them within the town. She was alone in the drawing-room when her husband and children arrived, and in answer to Gyneth's eager inquiry for Fanny and Katie, replied that she had asked Lambert, (who

just come home for the vacation,) to take them for a walk, and that they had not yet returned.

"They will be back very soon," she added, "for it is nearly half-past six now, and our dinner-hour is seven. Will you like to come up stairs, my love, and take off your bonnet?"

Gyneth assented, and was soon installed in a large, comfortable bedroom, the grand attraction of which was a fire-place ornamented with dolphins. *Why* dolphins, she could not determine, and was glad to turn from the consideration of their extreme inappropriateness to look at a pretty water-colour drawing of one of the Corfu churches, which hung over the mantel-piece. "Is that one of Jeannie's sketches?" she inquired of her mother, who was leaning against the window-frame, fanning herself with a quaint fan of coloured straw, which awakened Gyneth's reminiscences of the West Indies.

Mrs. Deshon turned round to look. "Oh, no, that is one of mine, it is the church of the Ascension, near Castades; I have whole portfolios of sketches which I can show you if you care for them. Jeannie draws very nicely, but she is sadly lazy about it, I don't think she finished more than two sketches the whole time she was in Corfu."

"Do any of the others draw?"

"Only Lawrence, Lambert cares very little for accomplishments of any sort, and as for Fanny, old nurse says truly that 'all her fingers are thumbs;' she can do a great deal with her head, but nothing with her hands. Lawrence used to draw famously, I hope he will bring me some sketches from Bonn, I do so love Rhine scenery, and he has taken some nice excursions to Coblenz and the Drachenfels, and so on lately, so his portfolio ought to be full."

"He is coming home soon, is he not? I do long to see him."

"Yes, we expect him to arrive in about a week or ten days from this time. Papa has decided to let him try his chance at the next competitive examination for admission to Woolwich academy. He is the lowest admissible age, sixteen, but he is so clever I think he is nearly sure to succeed, and his foreign education will be a great

advantage to him. I do believe he is more French than English."

Gyneth thought that rather a doubtful advantage, but she said nothing, and began her toilette for the evening.

When she pronounced herself ready her mother looked at her with a fond yet anxious gaze. "I wish we could put some roses into those pale cheeks of yours, my love," she said, "we must try what sea-breezes will do, but in the meantime I really must not let you wear such colourless dresses, they make you look even paler than need be. A brighter colour would be far more becoming to you than those light blues and browns."

"But I am of Jenny Wren's mind, mamma," objected Gyneth smiling, "and indeed my paleness is no sign of ill-health, for I am perfectly well, so please do not be unhappy about it."

"No, I shall not be unhappy so long as you *are* well; but I don't see why you shouldn't *look* well, too. I like to see my children looking bright and bonnie, Jeannie was a very rose for bloom."

"Yes; but please, dear mamma, you must not expect me to be like Jeannie in any way," Gyneth answered serenely and sweetly, "I can't be pretty, or loveable, or charming, I know that quite well, though I will try to be and do all you wish in other ways."

Oh, how the sensitive heart trembled beneath that outward calmness! and what a relief it was when her mother drew her up to her and, kissing her fondly, said, with a smile, "My dear child, we mothers don't make odious comparisons, or expect our daughters to be all of one pattern; you are quite charming enough in *my* eyes, and in papa's too."

If Lewis Grantham had seen the beautiful look of tenderness in the mother's face just then, would he have still said that there was nothing in her?"

"I think it is almost time for us to go down stairs," said Mrs. Deshon, as she fastened a spray of rich red rosebuds in the front of her daughter's dress, "our little cousin, Anthony Waller, is going to dine with us to-day, I was sure you would not mind him, for he is such a very nice boy, and papa promised his mother that he should

be with us as much as possible. She is so very particular about his not getting into the foolish ways of the fast young men of the regiment."

'Little Cousin Anthony' was Lewis's 'stray honourable,' and an utter stranger to Gyneth, so she asked rather timidly if he were really only a boy.

"Oh yes, indeed, that is to say, he is about nineteen, and such a simple creature, you will feel at home with him in a minute. Ah, my darlings, is that you?" as a tall girl of thirteen, and a tiny maid of four, came rushing eagerly up the stairs,—“don't quite annihilate us, please, and don't keep sister Gyneth more than one minute, for I hear Ellis announcing that dinner is ready, and papa doesn't like to be kept waiting. You may come down to dessert, you know. A vehement hug from Fanny, a little soft kiss from Katie, and Gyneth was obliged to pass on, wishing very much that dinner were not a necessity, or that something would call her unknown cousin away before dessert began, so that her first efforts at acquaintance with her sisters might not have to be conducted under the eye of a stranger.

She was glad that Lambert met her at the drawing-room door, and his brotherly greeting was very pleasant; little as she had seemed to know him before, her feeling towards him now was almost familiar, compared with the strangeness which she felt with the others. Her father quietly presented Mr. Waller to her, and judging by his inch of forehead she thought her mother's description of him 'as a simple creature' might be very true in *one* sense, but he was older looking than she had expected, and had rather a supercilious manner, so she felt somewhat alarmed by him, and was glad that her place at dinner was not next to him. She sat at her father's right hand, and beside her was Lambert, to whom she found she could talk quite comfortably about Cambridge and her grandmamma, and Edgar's improved looks, while her mother did the agreeable to the formidable 'Cousin Anthony.'

Thus the dinner passed quickly, and with the dessert came the children, first Edgar, leading little black-haired Katie by the hand, then Fanny, tall, wild, and awkward, and looking very much inclined to run away again.

Edgar and Katie trotted round to Mr. Waller, Edgar shake hands with him demurely and silently, Katie climb upon his knee, and say coquettishly, "How many sugar-p'ums will doo dive doo 'ittle pusay-tat?" Fan nodded a rather uncouth greeting to him from across the table, and then subsided into a chair which Lambert had placed for her between himself and Gyneth. She had a fair complexion tanned by exposure to the sun, curly brown hair that would not lie smooth, a wide mouth, and eyes which, though both very blue and very bright, were rather small than otherwise. So were Katie's, which shone like two round black beads as she lifted them with her roguish, baby smile to Mr. Waller's face, but she was rather a pretty little child notwithstanding, and there was something very droll and piquant in her tight black curls, saucy little nose, and button-hole mouth, with a glimmer of small white teeth. But, oh, how immeasurably superior Edgar seemed as he stood with his air of graceful, childish dignity by Lambert's side, his gaze turned lovingly on his brother's face, while his little soft voice might be heard replying, with grave politeness, to his mother's offers of strawberries, currants, &c.

"Well, Fan," said Colonel Deshon presently, "you will be quite happy now you have got your brothers back and a new sister besides."

"Lambert says he'll teach me Euclid!" exclaimed Fanny in a voice which had the unenviable notoriety of being the only inharmonious one in the Deshon family.

"Indeed! Lambert, you will have enough to do in your vacation if you undertake Fanny as well as Edgar."

"Gyneth can teach Edgar," said Fanny, "I want to have Lambert all to myself."

Edgar's face darkened, and he seemed about to protest against this monopoly of his Bertie, but Lambert smiled at him so reassuringly that he changed his mind, and held his peace.

"I suppose," drawled Anthony Waller, "Fanny does not agree with those people who think that ladies should never display their learning; my sister Grace would be—aw,—quite indignant if any one accused her of understanding Euclid."

"That's just like that stupid piece in 'Contes à ma Fille,'" said Fanny, "where it says if a woman is learned it should be her first duty, her greatest care, to conceal her learning from everybody." Now I think that's humbug!"

Mrs. Deshon raised her eyebrows, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and glanced comically at Lambert. "I hope you will teach something besides Euclid," she said.

"Yes, it's rather a case for the 'twopence extra for manners,' isn't it, my pretty pussy-cat?" smiled Anthony to Katie.

No one appeared to resent this remark of his, though to Gyneth it seemed slightly impertinent. Her father looked absent and unheeding, Mrs. Deshon amused, and Fanny perfectly unconscious, only Lambert's face was a little drooped with an expression resembling *shame*.

Gyneth was glad for his sake when the dessert was over, and Fanny safe in the shelter of the drawing-room; she tried to make friends with her; but received such odd brusque answers as made it difficult to proceed, and when presently she turned away to play bopeep with Katie, Fan, as if glad to be released, darted off to a corner of the room, and seizing on Helps's 'Spanish Conquest,' pored over it till the gentlemen came in to tea, when, at a hint from her mother, she retired for the night. Music and general conversation passed the time till half-past ten o'clock, and then the young officer departed, and Gyneth very weary, and in a maze of puzzled thoughts, followed Fan's example, and retired to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

"Non si deve dar tanto a Pietro,
Che Paolo resta indietro."

Italian Proverb.

WHEN Gyneth descended to the dining-room the next morning at eight o'clock,—the time which her mother had named as the family breakfast-hour,—she found no one there, and the preparations for the meal had reached no further than the laying of the table-cloth. She was

Edgar and Katie trotted;
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am afraid you w-
breakfast."

mamma soon be down?"
an early parade, and will most li-
ness-room. We are always very p-
her rogu- as at home, but on the mornings he
rather a man-servant declines to favour us with
was s- lock breakfast; indeed, I think he rather
curls the necessity of our having any at all."
gli- "I wonder mamma submits to such domestic tyrann-
s- said Gyneth, smiling.

Lambert made no answer, and his face was provok-
unreadable, so she continued,

"I think I may as well begin my letter to g-
mamma, then; will it disturb you if I write at-
table?"

"Not in the least, I will clear a place for you;"
while she fetched her writing-case, he moved his b-
on to a chair, placed another for her, and finally ran
to his room to fetch a bottle of ink to replenish the
stand, which was found to be empty.

Gyneth had a great deal to say in her letter, though
was not yet twenty-four hours since she had parted
her grandmother, and she wrote on steadily, without
raising her eyes, till at length the noise of some-
whisking against the window-pane made her look up.

The something was a piece of honey-suckle, and
was Mrs. Deshon who had thus attracted the no-
of her two students, as she called them. She looked
very bright and fresh in her delicate morning-dress,
among the folds of which little Katie was making
lieve to hide herself in hopes of tempting Gyneth to
other game of peep-bo. Both mother and child had their
hands full of flowers, and had apparently been making

garden, which was
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Mrs. Ellis.

prosecuted for cruelty.

being all this time. I wish you

and tell him to make haste, Lambert;

what you say a little, I think, for he never uses
 to be quite so unpunctual before you went to Cambridge."

She wandered away into the garden again, and Lambert rang the bell as desired. But no Ellis appeared, and after waiting a few minutes he rang again more peremptorily, after which the old man bustled in, muttering something about the cook keeping such a bad fire, that he couldn't get the water for the urn to boil. Lambert's orders were given in his mother's name, but so decidedly that they admitted of no rejoinder, and when the old servant had left the room, Gyneth playfully congratulated him on his triumph. Cups and teaspoons began to rattle in the dining-room, and presently the hissing of the urn was heard, upon which Lambert rose and went to make the tea, as if it were the most natural office in the world for him to perform. Fanny and Edgar made their appearance at this moment, and were sent to call their mamma, without any comment being made on their coming down so late; a great relief to Gyneth, who had been fearing that Edgar's unpunctuality would bring him under the ban of Bertie's displeasure. Poor Gyneth! she could not quite get rid of her preconceived notion that Lambert was over particular, and inclined to domineer, and she watched tremblingly for any signs of harshness towards Edgar, not knowing how she should bear to hear any fault found with the darling little brother, whom—child as he was—she revered as almost perfection.

The mamma and children returned together, the servants were summoned, and Mrs. Deshon read a psalm and a short prayer. Then breakfast commenced, and while Lambert provided his mother and sister with eggs,

turning away again, when she saw that a door which led into an inner room was open, and going in, she discovered Lambert seated at a little table which was drawn close to the open window, and upon which stood a pile of very formidable books.

He came forward to wish her good morning, and observing her air of surprise, added, "I hope you are not very hungry, Gyneth, for I am afraid you will have to wait a little while for your breakfast."

"Won't papa and mamma soon be down?"

"Papa has gone to an early parade, and will most likely breakfast at the mess-room. We are always very punctual when he is at home, but on the mornings he goes out our old man-servant declines to favour us with eight o'clock breakfast; indeed, I think he rather questions the necessity of our having any at all."

"I wonder mamma submits to such domestic tyranny," said Gyneth, smiling.

Lambert made no answer, and his face was provokingly unreadable, so she continued,

"I think I may as well begin my letter to grandma, then; will it disturb you if I write at this table?"

"Not in the least, I will clear a place for you;" and while she fetched her writing-case, he moved his book on to a chair, placed another for her, and finally ran to his room to fetch a bottle of ink to replenish the ink-stand, which was found to be empty.

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tour of the garden, which was well cultivated, though not very large; their early walk had given them an appetite, and their errand to the window was to inquire if breakfast were ready. Gyneth peeped into the dining-room, and announced that there was a loaf, some plates, but nothing more.

"Oh, dear, that tiresome Ellis!" said Mrs. Deshon, "he ought to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals, keeping us famishing all this time. I wish you would ring the bell and tell him to make haste, Lambert; he *does* mind what you say a little, I think, for he never used to be quite so unpunctual before you went to Cambridge."

She wandered away into the garden again, and Lambert rang the bell as desired. But no Ellis appeared, and after waiting a few minutes he rang again more peremptorily, after which the old man bustled in, muttering something about the cook keeping such a bad fire, that he couldn't get the water for the urn to boil. Lambert's orders were given in his mother's name, but so decidedly that they admitted of no rejoinder, and when the old servant had left the room, Gyneth playfully congratulated him on his triumph. Cups and teaspoons began to rattle in the dining-room, and presently the hissing of the urn was heard, upon which Lambert rose and went to make the tea, as if it were the most natural office in the world for him to perform. Fanny and Edgar made their appearance at this moment, and were sent to call their mamma, without any comment being made on their coming down so late; a great relief to Gyneth, who had been fearing that Edgar's unpunctuality would bring him under the ban of Bertie's displeasure. Poor Gyneth! she could not quite get rid of her preconceived notion that Lambert was over particular, and inclined to domineer, and she watched tremblingly for any signs of harshness towards Edgar, not knowing how she should bear to hear any fault found with the darling little brother, whom—child as he was—she revered as almost perfection.

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toast, and butter, Fanny made a vehement onslaught on the loaf, and cut off a hunch strongly suggestive of ploughboys, which she proceeded to devour with a corresponding allowance of marmalade. Katie declined the routine of a place and plate of her own, and peregrinated round the table like a veritable pussy cat, begging for "someking nice," and finally settled on the half of Edgar's chair and amused herself with stealing his tea, and Lambert's bread and butter. Mrs. Deshon inquired affectionately how Gyneth had slept, and whether she had found her room comfortable; then turned to discuss with Lambert an account she had heard the day before of a governess whom she thought of engaging for her younger daughters. After breakfast she went away for a few minutes to order the dinner, but soon returning, carried off Gyneth with her to the drawing-room, to show her some portfolios of sketches. They were very pretty, and pleasant to look at, occasionally a little unnatural, or, as Mr. Ruskin would say, "untrue," but on the whole very well done, and indicative of both talent and industry, though not of the highest order. Gyneth much enjoyed looking over them, but even while apparently engrossed in examining some lovely views of Trinidad and Santa Lucia, she could not forget that the three children had been left to their own devices, and would probably interrupt Lambert in his studies.

"What do Fanny and Katie generally do in the mornings, mamma? Could I help them in their lessons at all?" she inquired at last.

"Why Katie has scarcely begun to learn anything yet, she is only four years old, you know, and Fanny has had no regular lessons for some time; I daresay Lambert will teach her something; at all events, the children are quite safe with him, he will not let them get into mischief."

"Yes, only—I thought Lambert liked to study in the morning, he seems to wish very much to—" "Distinguish himself," she was going to say, but it struck her that that was not exactly Lambert's aim, so she changed it for, "to get on at Cambridge, and take a good degree. I was going to ask you if you would like me to go on teaching Edgar as I have been used to do, or whether you

thought Lambert would rather have him in his own hands again while the vacation lasts."

"Oh, my love, I don't know I'm sure; if I get this governess that I am thinking of, I hope she will be able to undertake Edgar, as well as Fanny and Katie; in the meantime, Lambert and you can settle it between you, as you like best, only pray don't overtask yourself. I always think children's lessons a terrible penance, and Fanny *will* have everything explained to her, and asks question after question till one feels hopelessly bewildered and ignorant. I am positively quite afraid of her."

"Ah," she continued, as Gyneth was replacing a sketch which she had just examined in the portfolio, "turn that round, my dear, there is something on the back; a little etching I did from fancy, years ago, before you were born. See, it is a scene in Scott's 'Bridal of Triermain,' there is Sir Roland de Vaux asleep, and there is his vision, the maid with 'her heavenly brow,'—

' With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step, and her angel air,
And the eagle plume in her dark brown hair.'

You know you were christened 'Gyneth,' because of my liking for this heroine of Sir Walter's, don't you?"

"I think grandmamma once told me so, but, dear mamma, do you mind my saying that I don't much admire my namesake. I think she was very vain and cruel, for all her sweet looks; and I cannot forgive Sir Walter Scott, for having made King Arthur, 'the stainless king,' so bad."

"Ah, I almost forget the story now, but I remember thinking the poetry very graceful and pretty. I was always so very fond of painting and music, and poetry, and all that sort of thing, and—by-the-by, that reminds me, I wish you would play me some of your pieces, dear, that was a very beautiful air of Beethoven's you played last night, but papa doesn't much care for that style of music, he likes Italian airs, or something lively, a march, or a galloppe, for instance."

"I should have thought papa would have liked scientific music best," said Gyneth, in some surprise.

"Yes, but it is not so ; grave people do not always like grave music, and, moreover, papa has not much musical ear, he likes a regular *tune* better than the subtle melody of Beethoven or Mendelssohn. Let me see what music you have."

Gyneth brought her pieces, and ranged them in order on the table.

"A selection from Bach's 'Passions-musik,'—ah ! I have been told that is very fine ; Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,'—why, this is nearly all sacred music, except,—yes, I see there are some sonatas, and Mendelssohn's 'Lieder,' and so on ; all very beautiful, but not likely to be much appreciated in ordinary society. Who chose your music for you ?"

"My music-master, who is the organist at the Cathedral, chose a good deal of it. Then those pieces of Mozart's were grandmamma's, and I learned them because she liked them ; and Lewis brought me a good many things, all that music of Bach's, for instance, he had heard it in London, and thought it so beautiful."

"And what do you like best yourself, my love ?"

"Oh, I scarcely know, it is all so glorious ! but only an orchestra could do justice to some of it, and I cannot even make it what it might be made on the piano. Lewis says I mangle some of the most exquisite parts."

"And I suppose you think a great deal of his opinion." Mrs. Deshon spoke rather mischievously, but the great grave eyes that were fronting hers, did not droop.

"He has very good taste in music," Gyneth replied, "and has heard all the best performers, so of course his opinion is worth having."

"And you are not offended at its unflattering nature ?"

The eyes became luminous with mirthful wonder.

"Offended at the truth ! Mamma, do you really think I could be so silly ? Why criticisms help one so much."

"What a dear little oddity it is !" thought Mrs. Deshon ; aloud, she only said, "I think your cousin must be rather a harsh critic, you seemed to me last night to play remarkably well. I wish you would let me hear some of these pieces now."

"Willingly," and Gyneth moved to the piano, select-

ing Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' as being almost the liveliest piece in her possession. Certainly she did not mangle that, her touch was at once clear and firm, her style both tasteful and spirited, it was rather hard that her reward should be, "Thank you, dear child, you really play wonderfully; what very correct time you keep; you would play dance-music well I am sure; I will get some waltzes for you to try."

"Do you wish me to learn that style of music then, mamma?" said Gyneth slowly.

"Yes, your papa likes it, and we must get some opera airs, Anthony is very fond of them, he used to listen so intently while Jeannie and I played some airs from the 'Trovatore,' which we had arranged as a duet. I dare say you would play those almost at sight; I will go and look for them, and in the meantime just try over this galoppe, our bandmaster sent it me the other day, but it looks so difficult, I have not had courage to try it."

Gyneth took it, and turned obediently towards the piano, but after playing enough to satisfy herself that the difficulty was only in her mother's imagination, she left off, folded her arms on the music-stand, and leaned her head down on them.

Lambert's voice roused her, "I'm afraid you have a headache," he said in a tone of concern.

"No thank you; if it is anything it is the temper-ache, but I hope not quite that either. Mamma has left me this galoppe to learn, and she is going to get me some sets of waltzes, and so on; now I have an inveterate dislike to that sort of music."

"But that doesn't matter, does it? at least—I have made a very rude speech, but I mean in learning accomplishments one's great wish is to give pleasure to one's friends, and if papa and mamma like light gay music best, it is quite worth while for you to learn that, as well as the graver sort which you might yourself prefer."

"Worth while to spend one's time learning frivolous jig-tunes which have no real music in them, which can never do for us what good true music does—lift one's heart up, give one a feeling of aspiring, getting into a higher atmosphere where all is beautiful and harmonious!"

"Not many people feel that."

"But why don't they? How can they help feeling it?"

"I don't know, but as a fact many people prefer that inferior style of music which you despise, and I am sure you would rather please others than yourself."

"But if they did not always content themselves with polkas and such things they would learn to like the higher kind of music in time."

"And you wish to put them through a course of training? But Gyneth, wouldn't it be better to experiment on some one else than on papa and mamma?"

He spoke half playfully, but she divined his meaning. "You mean," she said, colouring, "that I ought to respect their tastes even if I cannot sympathize with them. Well, good-bye then to my own dear pieces," and she began collecting them together.

Her brother still lingered by her, once or twice half opened his lips as if to speak and closed them again, but at length said abruptly, "It will not be good-bye to the higher atmosphere, self-denial from a right motive brings one into the highest atmosphere of all."

"But it seems so hard to deny one's *best* tastes, and music, true music, seems one of God's most beautiful gifts to men, it refines one, does one good every way, and sacred music gives one as it were a new way of expressing praise to Him, sometimes almost more truly than one can do in words."

"But not more truly than in *deeds*, the sacrifice of self to Him, to what He has made our duty, must be the truest service we can render."

His tones were very low and almost sad, but the words seemed to come from his very heart.

"I see, only,—Lambert, did you ever care very much for art in any shape? music or painting or poetry? If you had, I don't think you would talk quite as you do."

"I scarcely know," he said hurriedly, "I think I could have cared very much for all these once, but I feared—perhaps foolishly—that there was danger in them. So many in loving art think only of the human instrument, and forget from whom these wonderful powers come."

"Fra Angelico did not forget, nor Michael Angelo, nor Dante, nor Mendelssohn, nor countless others. I believe that writing poetry, and composing music, and painting pictures in a religious spirit, is doing work for God in reality, though not perhaps so plainly as teaching ragged children, and making clothes for the poor. And those who spread abroad these noble paintings and poems, and who interpret to the best of their power this beautiful music, are doing something too, though of course much less; that is my theory."

Lambert seemed thoughtful. "I like it as a theory," he said presently, "and if we could always remember that the beautiful things 'which through men's souls are conveyed into their cunning hands, come from that Beauty which is above our souls,' as S. Augustine says, I don't suppose there would be any danger to ourselves; but we must remember that it is not everybody who can feel that these things *are* beautiful, and I suppose we ought to beware of wasting our efforts in trying to make people appreciate the higher merits of art who have not the natural faculty for doing so, and really require something else from us."

"Want us to play them waltzes in short," said Gyneth.

"Yes, that perhaps among other things," he answered smiling, "grandmamma and Lewis liked to hear your more beautiful music; they understood it, and I daresay it did them good; *we* do not understand it, so you are going to do us good some other way I suppose."

"But Lambert, I don't believe that *you* care for polkas."

"Did I ever say so? but Gyneth, have you constituted a new order of merit to consist exclusively of people who properly despise dance-music?"

She laughed good-humouredly, though at her own expense, and dashed suddenly into the opening bars of the galloppe, pausing however to say, "I give you fair warning that you are going to hear 'a very pretty thing indeed sang (or rather played) lamentably,' as Shakespeare has it, so you had better take instant refuge in flight."

"I must, though not for the reason you assign, for I only came up for a book for Fanny, and ought not to have stayed so long."

"Oh I wanted to ask if I could not help you; let me teach either Edgar or Fanny, it is not fair that you should have both."

"Well we will settle about that by-and-by; at present you have your galloppe to occupy you. I have sent Katie to the nursery, and the others are very good."

He departed, and as Gyneth went on with her practice, she pondered much over him and his sayings. "What a strange boy he is," she thought. "I never saw or imagined any one like him, it is easy to see that he has lived at home nearly all his life, and taken his ideas from books, but how odd that he should be so ascetic; I don't think any of the others are so, and I am sure Lewis is not. I never heard of his having any other friend but Lewis; it must be from books that he has learned to think he ought to deny himself even innocent gratifications, as I am sure he does. Lewis would call that morbid, and perhaps it is rather, but I do admire Lambert's way of thinking always of other people, and making his own tastes, and wishes of no consequence. If I could only be like that, instead of so selfish and self-pleasing! But oh I wish I knew what Lambert really cared for, that so I might be able to give him some enjoyment; if he had said he cared for sacred music I would practise it when no one was by, and play it to him when we are alone together, but I never heard him say he cared for anything. I shall play my pieces over now and then, so as not absolutely to forget them, and some day I hope I shall have grandmamma to play to again; in the meantime I must learn what pleases papa and mamma; how could I be so naughty as to complain? I deserve that Lambert should think badly of me, as I daresay he does."

Unconsciously she was learning to hope for Lambert's good opinion, and she was beginning to wonder less that his very slightest expression of displeasure should grieve Edgar so much. She set much more happily to work at the dance-music, because he had represented her doing so as a duty, and took so kindly to the airs from the *Trovatore*, that she seemed to play them by intuition.

When the bell sounded for lunch, it found the mother and daughter in the midst of their duet, and Colonel

Deshon coming in, stood listening, and beating time upon the mantel-piece, observing with a well-pleased air that Gyneth played even better than Jeannie. Anthony Waller joined them at luncheon, and when Mrs. Deshon proposed a drive into the country, asked permission to ride beside the carriage, that so he might 'enjoy their agreeable society.' Gyneth would gladly have dispensed with his attendance, but as her father and mother acquiesced, she could of course make no objection, so Anthony accompanied them, and rode from side to side, talking now to her and now to her mother, and presenting them with bouquets of hedge roses and wild honeysuckle, which had been gathered under difficulties, as his fiery chesnut steed had a profound objection to standing still. He was in high spirits, and his manner was less affected than on the preceding evening, so Gyneth began to feel more kindly towards him, and they chatted together in cousinly fashion for the last half of the drive. But when they arrived at home, Gyneth's gaiety was damped by the sound of a crying voice, which she knew to be Edgar's, proceeding from the dining-room. She ran to him at once, and found him sitting on his papa's knee, apparently detailing some very mournful history, for his words were interrupted by sobs which he scarcely attempted to check, spite of Colonel Deshon's admonitory, "My dear boy, you really must stop crying, there is no need for all these tears."

"What is the matter, papa?" inquired Gyneth in dismay, "is Edgar hurt?"

"His cheek has been bruised by a stone, but Lambert has been bathing it, and it is better now; I think he is more frightened than hurt."

"Oh, it isn't that, papa," sobbed Edgar, "but Bertie says I am a coward, and I hate to be a coward, and I hate that Bertie should think me so."

"Well, never mind, you will show Bertie that you are not a coward by behaving very bravely next time you are hurt, won't you? I can't have you taken into the town any more though," he added *sotto voce*.

Gyneth was all anxiety to hear how the accident had happened, and from Edgar and her father together, she

gradually learned that Lambert had taken Edgar with him to see Mr. Weatherhead the rector of the parish, that Mr. Weatherhead had taken them both to see an Industrial School for boys which he had lately established, and that while they were passing through a low back street which led to the school, some ragged children had run after Edgar and the rector's little son, who were walking some way behind the two gentlemen, and had thrown stones at them.

"Lambert should have kept Edgar close to him," said Gyneth. Edgar hung his head, and presently came a sobbing admission, "Bertie told me to keep up with him, and waited for me once or twice, but Mr. Weatherhead walked so fast it tired me, so I got behind again."

"Then if you had done as you were told this wouldn't have happened, you see, Edgar," said Colonel Deshon, "was little Weatherhead hurt?"

"Yes, a stone grazed Horace's hand, and another made his lip bleed, but he only laughed, and Bertie said I ought to be ashamed to see how much braver he was than I."

"Bertie is harsh," thought Gyneth, but she had sense enough to refrain from even hinting so to Edgar, and a moment after Bertie himself came in.

"Well, are you better now, Eddie?" he inquired, cheerfully.

"Yes, I think it is no longer the outward wound that is the cause of grief," said Colonel Deshon, smiling, "but your forgiveness seems to be required, Lambert, to set matters right within. Edgar is very penitent for his want of bravery."

"I am myself the most to blame," said Lambert, "I ought to have looked better after him."

"Oh, nonsense, you couldn't be expected to run after him like a nursemaid, he ought to have kept close to you as you told him; but I think for the future you had better not take him into the town, at least not further than the High Street, there are plenty of good walks to be had without going near the town, which really is not a fit place for children. When anything takes you there you can leave him to go out with his sisters."

Lambert assented respectfully, but Edgar's face was piteous, and when Colonel Deshon left the room, thinking that he had benefited his little son by this judicious arrangement, there came a fresh burst of sobs even more bitter than before.

"Yes, I am very sorry, Eddie," said Lambert, compassionately, "but you must try to bear it well, and perhaps I may not need to go into the town very often."

"And when he does we can walk across the common with him, you know, Eddie," said Gyneth, "so you won't lose him for very long; don't cry so, my darling; do say you forgive him, Lambert."

"There is no need for formal pardons between brothers," said Lambert, with a look of amusement, "there has been too much tragedy already. 'Come, cheer up, Eddie, you are making sister Gyneth quite unhappy.'"

"Edgar, my pet," said Mrs. Deshon, putting her head in at the door, "the nursery tea is ready, and I want you to come with me to the store-room to fetch some honey and biscuits to make a treat for you and your sisters."

She took no notice of his downcast face as he approached her, but put her arm round him and led him away, talking gaily to him about some little plan for surprising the sisters, in which he was to be her assistant. She had heard from her husband that the poor child was in trouble, and had devised this way to cheer him, for she had as great a horror of "tragedy" as Lambert, and was very fertile in contrivances for turning tears into smiles.

Gyneth was not quite satisfied, and the glance she turned upon Lambert as she passed him was full of unconscious reproach.

"You think I have been cruel to Edgar," he said, still looking amused.

"I don't want to think so," she answered deprecatingly, "but it seems rather hard that he should have been scolded when he was hurt and frightened."

"Did anybody scold him?" inquired Lambert in surprise, "I thought papa was doing his best to comfort him, and all that I had said to him was that I was sorry

he was such a coward, and that I wondered he was not ashamed to make so much fuss about his bruise, when Horace Weatherhead set him such an example of bravery."

"That 'all' was a good deal to such a sensitive child as Edgar, I am not surprised that he was grieved by it, you can't think what an influence your lightest words have upon him."

"I must take more care what I say to him then," said Lambert, quietly, "do you know that it is time to dress for dinner?"

"Is it? I will go, but—Lambert, I beg your pardon if I have seemed to find fault."

He smiled as he had smiled when she asked his forgiveness for Edgar; "I don't see that you have any need to apologise," he said, "pray say anything you like to me."

Gyneth felt as if she had been making herself ridiculous, and hurried away. Decidedly she never could love Lambert as she did her other brothers and sisters, and she should never be able to get on with him, never! very likely it was her own fault, she was quite ready to admit that, but she really didn't know how to manage better.

She came down to dinner looking rather sad and weary, but soon got interested in a discussion, which was going on between her father and brother about the education of the people, and of soldiers in particular.

"In this place where so many low temptations surround the men, we must be doubly careful to try and raise their minds, and give them an interest in better things," said Colonel Deshon. "I must make out a list of new books for the regimental library, perhaps you can help me to some, Lambert? Parry's brother-in-law, who is staying with him, has very kindly offered to give a lecture to the men on General Havelock's life and character, but I have not quite consented to his doing so, I am afraid it would be after the pattern of platform oratory, the real subject almost smothered beneath the amount of morality pinned to it."

"And the most inapposite texts quoted perpetually throughout," said Mrs. Deshon, "at least if Mrs. Parry's brother is anything like Mrs. Parry herself. Pray don't consent to it, Edgar."

But Colonel Deshon was looking towards Lambert, who, however, said nothing.

"Have you ever had lectures for the soldiers before, papa?" inquired Gyneth.

"Once or twice in Corfu, and they answered very well, but everything depends upon the lecturer. What do you think the little Contessa has proposed? That we should have concerts, at which some of the men should sing, the band of course doing the instrumental part. I was quite beset in the mess-room this morning with Parry on the one side proposing the lecture, and Ross on the other urging his wife's idea of the concerts; however, I contrived to escape without giving a definite answer to either."

Here was a charming opportunity for Gyneth to propound her ideas concerning the elevating influences of music, but she was too shy to take advantage of it, and only said, "Do you mean to say yes to the concerts, papa?"

"I must think about it, and hear exactly what Mrs. Ross's plan is. She is coming to call upon you, Gyneth, her husband told me."

"We must get her to sing Gyneth her 'Song of Liberty,'" said Lambert, "I believe Italian bravuras are considered her forte, but she puts all her heart in her national songs."

"She is the Contessa, Jeannie's friend, is she not?" asked Gyneth.

"Yes, only now transformed into Mrs. Alban Ross," replied Mrs. Deshon, "she is the most fascinating little creature possible, we are quite glad to have her in the regiment."

"I didn't know she had received a commission, Fanny," said the colonel, with just the slightest, sweetest smile on his grave mouth.

He laughed at her own inaccuracy, saying, "I am sure some wives love their husbands, no one would desert, whereas I am unmistakeably

I been very regimental to-night,

my dear," rejoined the husband, twirling his mou with rather an injured air, whereat the wife laughed a light musical laugh, that might have been a child merriment.

The children came into the drawing-room after c but Edgar soon deserted the ladies, and joined his and brother, who were sitting out on the lawn. G could see him from the window, seated between th gentlemen, and looking as happy as possible ; p then Lambert had not made him so miserable as s fancied, after all, the tears might have been hal mere fright ; she began to think she had made a mistake in accusing Lambert of cruelty.

For surely she ought not to have let her tend for one brother make her unjust towards the other

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

"O God, the Protector of all that trust in Thee, without Whom n strong, nothing is holy ; Increase and multiply upon us Thy merc Thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things t that we finally lose not the things eternal : Grant this, O Heavenly f for JESUS CHRIST'S sake our Lord. Amen."

O God, Protector of the weak,
Who trusting wait on Thee,
We now Thy gracious blessing seek,
Our sure defence to be.

Without Thee nothing can be strong,
Nor any creature pure ;
To Thee for life all beings throng,
By Thee all things endure.

Increase and multiply in us
Thy mercy and Thy grace,
All evil to resist, and thus
To run the Christian race.

Suffer us not to turn aside
Where earthly pleasures shine ;
Though pain and care our path betide,
Still keep us ever Thine.

Be Thou our ruler, Thou our guide,
 And our indwelling strength;
 Almighty power with us allied,
 To bring us home at length;

Home, through the grace of CHRIST our LORD,
 Home to our Heavenly joy,
 To praise our GOD with sweet accord,
 In love without alloy.

E. H.

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"LORD of all power and might, Who art the Author and Giver of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of Thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen."

LORD of all power and might,
 Dwelling in eternal light;
 Source and spring of ev'ry good,
 Giver of our daily food;
 Author of the life within,
 SAVIOUR from the might of sin,
 On Thee we call, to Thee we pray,
 Oh! hear and answer us to-day.

Look on ev'ry sin-sick heart—
 Healing balm, O LORD, impart!
 Our rebellious spirits tame
 With the love of Thy dear Name:
 True religion bid increase,
 Grace and mercy, love and peace;
 On Thee we call, to Thee we pray;
 Oh! hear, and answer us to-day!

Feed our souls with bread divine,
 We are weak, but we are Thine;
 Thine by Thy indwelling pow'r,
 Nourish us from hour to hour!
 By Thy mercy's boundless store
 Keep Thy people evermore;
 On Thee we call, to Thee we pray,
 Oh! hear, and answer us to-day!

E. H.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(Continued from Vol. XXVII. p. 429.)

49. WHAT DOETH THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE BUT THAT THOU SHALST DO JUSTLY, AND TO LOVE MERCY, AND WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD? Micah vi. 8.

Nothing else? Is not faith required? Yes, surely, for without faith it is impossible to please God. But faith is herein implied. None can walk with God who does not believe in Him. None can walk right humbly with Him without a right faith.

But is not conversion necessary? or repentance? Yes, to those who have turned out of the way. These must convert or turn back. But these words of Micah are rather spoken to those who need no repentance; who have not forsaken the LORD.

Oh, my soul, if this is required of such as have not departed from grace—what of those who have? First repentance—and still repentance. To repent, turn—to do justly and repent—to love mercy and repent—to walk humbly with thy God and repent. Is it so with me? Am I striving to do not only the blessed work which I should have to do, had I never fallen—but still to do this and along with it that other work which my own sinfulness has entailed upon me; the undoing what I did in the days of wickedness—and yet a third work, the making up for what I have neglected.

Oh, LORD, had I never sinned I should have needed Thy grace. How do I need it now! Have mercy on me.

50. WHEREFORE SHOULD I FEAR IN THE DAYS OF MY WICKEDNESS: AND WHEN THE WICKEDNESS OF MY HEEL COMPASSETH ME ROUND ABOUT? Ps. xlix. 5.

Behold, I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin did my mother conceive me. Do I duly reflect on this? that for some hours (days, weeks, &c.) from my birth I was unclean; sinful, a child of wrath. Let me think of this.

Then the ready mercy of God washed me from that in the waters of Baptism. I was a new creature; all sin

original and actual being done away by the blood of my SAVIOUR. Let me reflect on this also.

Still the wickedness of my heels compassed me about. The infection of my evil nature did, and doth still, remain, so that there is a continual struggle within me. My days are days of wickedness. Have they not been much more so than they need to have been? I was too much led and bound with the chains and fetters of my sin, I could not walk freely, and even yet am I suffering a spiritual lameness.

I have, surely, wherefore I should fear. Yet wherefore? What sin is it that most clogs my steps? on which side do I halt most? Oh, LORD, not only show me that I am lame—but show me where I am. Show me wherefore I should fear.

51. HOW SAY YE TO MY SOUL THAT SHE SHOULD FLEE AS A BIRD UNTO THE HILL? Ps. xi. 1.

How say ye? With what intention and design? Who say it? then I shall know how ye say it? Who? is it my spiritual foe, my tempter? If so, then in the name of JESUS I bid thee depart. I have listened to thee too often already, and am resolved by Divine grace never to obey thee again.

Is it my good angel that calls me to the hill of safety, that bids me flee away from sin and temptation and be at rest? Oh that I had wings like a dove! Oh, JESU, to Thee would I fly; Thou art the Rock in whose cleft I would hide me; Thou hast given me the wings of love, let me use them to fly to Thee.

But how shall my soul flee to this mountain? The bird that would fly upward must look upward. To my SAVIOUR I will look—hitherto have I not looked downward too much? My mountain is high—its top is in Heaven. My SAVIOUR calls me—He is there. Him will I follow. He hath ascended on high. With Him will I ascend. My soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. To GOD alone be all the glory.

52. WHY SHOULD A LIVING MAN COMPLAIN, A MAN FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF HIS SINS? Lam. iii. 39.

Often have I punished others for faults against Let me consider. Such a person spoke evil of me (or . . . and I was exceedingly angry (or . . .) Can I complain then if I am punished for my sins?

Did I not inflict, or wish to inflict, too heavy a vengeance on such a one? Yet what punishment can be too great for my sins against God? Consider too much worse it is to sin against God than against man. Against my Creator, Preserver, Benefactor. Against my SAVIOUR Who died for me. Against my Guide and Comforter Who liveth in me, and in and through Whom I live.

Why then should I a living man complain if I suffer never so much in this world? I am living—I deserve to die. The LORD and Giver of Life spiritual and natural is yet with me. I deserve to have lost Him.

I will not, I dare not utter a breath of complaint that will bear the indignation of the LORD. I will thank Him for every chastisement as a mark of His love. I am a living man—I trust that I am *really* living. Let me live unto Thee, O LORD. Let me not live but for Thee.

53. IS NOT MY WAY EQUAL? ARE NOT YOUR WAYS UNEQUAL? Ezek. xviii. 25.

Thus saith the LORD—and to me He saith it. Let me then consider His way and my ways.

His way—one of uniform never failing love and mercy and watchful guidance. From my youth up until now—and long before I was born, was His Providence preparing mercies for me—and still will this His wonderful way continue its unchangingness.

But my ways—how many of them! I know not well to consider first. Sometimes leading me in one direction, then suddenly starting off in another. Sometimes running a little while along with God's way—then soon turning aside like a broken bow.

What way—of carelessness, of ambition, of lust, of vanity, of indolence, of dishonesty, of selfishness, of schism, of effeminacy, of vice, of self-righteousness, of devilishness, of malice, of hypocrisy,—oh, what thousand of ways, yet all leading to one end—perdition! In w

have I wandered? Am I going in any one of these now?

Show me Thy way, O LORD, that I may walk in it. Let me hear the voice of Thy Blessed SPIRIT calling me back into it, if at any time I am inclined to turn to the right hand or to the left. And give me grace to obey the voice at once. Make my way henceforth equal as Thine own.

54. CAN THESE BONES LIVE? Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

The prophet saw a vision; a valley full of dry bones. By the power of GOD, sinews, flesh and skin came upon them; and breath came unto them, and they lived.

GOD revived me a dry bone—and I have tried to enliven others. I have tried by warning, example, prayer, entreaty, and many other ways to lead others to the same blessedness as myself, especially (———). But it seems in vain. They are dry bones—can they live? I know man was but dead earth at first until GOD breathed into him the breath of life and then he became a living soul. But can such dry bones as ——— live? Oh, LORD, Thy power is indeed almighty, and Thy mercy is infinite. Thou canst revive others as Thou didst me.

Yet must I leave them? The prophet prophesied and went on—at length a noise—a shaking—the bones came together, the sinews, the flesh, the skin. Yet still there was no breath.

Then as commanded, he prophesied to the wind—and as he prophesied, the breath came—they lived, they stood up an exceeding great army.

LORD, what wilt Thou have me to do with regard to these whom I commend to Thy quickening mercy? I will do it, and wait Thy time.

55. WHY WILL YE DIE? Ezek. xviii. 31.

“Willing to die,” a common expression—often used even by those who know not what death is. They think that death is merely a termination of sorrow, suffering, &c. Surely it is more, much more than this. Do I think of death? What do I think of it?

But there is a death eternal. Why will ye die eternally?

It was spoken to Israel—God's people. I cannot see among the nominal Christians around me multitudes who seem determined to die the spiritual death. Why will they die? They have not time for anything else. They want to enjoy life. They must prove against old age. They are young. They are happy. They are miserable. They do not believe. Such a few of the reasons why men will die. How absurd, mad is every one of them!

How is it that I am not guilty of such madness? Was there never a time when I went on resolutely in path to death? What changed me?

How intreatingly does the ALMIGHTY reason with Israel,—Insulted Majesty,—intreating the obstinate rebels!

And was He not as merciful to me? How did I turn His Love? How do I?

ODD LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S MINUTES AND MEMORIES.

THE SWAN FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

How strange it is that at times one helplessly thinks and thinks of a particular person or persons, and for weeks continually-recurring remembrance we can give no reason or account. And stranger still that when this happens to us, very often the person thought of in some way or other appears in their own proper person. "Mesmeric influence," is the courteous reply now-a-days, with which you are supposed to sit down satisfied, and ask no further questions; although the very words suggest fresh curiosities, doubts, and inquiries.

Is it mesmeric influence, I wonder, that causes the occurrence of the same phenomena with regard to the

long ago removed from us by death? Suddenly, and without any connecting cause, one forgotten for years becomes very present to us even in feature and voice. We think over the long-past passages of our life together, and wonder at our own hard-heartedness, in forgetting for so long a period. For my own part, I am inclined to think that at such times our particular part in the coming of CHRIST's kingdom may be the prayer of the remembered one at rest. May not the same spiritual bond be the explanation too among those yet with us in this life? Be that as it may, night and day my head had been running on the sayings and doings of Clara Gosling, one of the eldest of the first set of girls I found at Hawthorne Home when I first presented myself there as a scholar. All the old jokes over her name, which one may be sure would become patent among school-girls, forced themselves through a "parade" whereof I was "reviewing officer;" until there arrived before me the blank space after she left school, the letters at regular intervals, odd and self-condemning as usual, but very affectionate and warmhearted. Then came in due order the visit of the boisterous Louisa Goodhart to the Misses Hawthorne's. Louisa Goodhart and Clara Gosling left school at the same time, about the period when I became a lodger, (instead of a pupil) with the Misses Hawthorne.

How vividly that first dinner-hour after Louisa's arrival reproduced itself! Louisa's violent hand-clapping; my responsive start, Louisa's loud laughter; Miss Hawthorne's gentle disapproving shake of the head, with, "Louisa, my dear, you are not altered yet, will you ever become more gentle?" Louisa's unrestrainable fun, as she cried, "Miss Stanwell, your dear pet Gosling has beaten Christian Hans Andersen's little ugly duck out and out! she has turned herself into a swan! You know when we called her 'a grown goose,' you always said 'you were sure she would turn out well. So now you see you are a proved and true prophetess.'"

"What do you mean, Louisa?"

"Why, you dear dummy! Miss Gosling cannot any longer be a goose, seeing that she is now a Swan!"

‘Miss Clara Gosling, to Mr. James Edward Swan!’ Do you see?”

“Yes, I understand now. You mean to tell me Clara has married a Mr. Swan: but how odd that she should never have written to tell me of her engagement!”

“Oh, you simple Stanwell!” cried Louisa, with another vulgar burst; “do you not perceive she must have been too busy cackling to her Swan, about the important change from goosehood to stately Swandom, even to make use of one of her own goose-quills!”

Perhaps I am hard on Louisa. I confess I never liked her. She jarred on all my nerves; I rejoiced when she left the room, in the way one does at the cessation of an east wind.

About two years after Louisa’s visit, I received a letter from Mrs. Swan, in which she gave me a lively description of her first dear little boy, and spoke warmly of quiet happiness with a good and sensible husband. Mrs. Swan, however, did not call her little boy “a cygnet!” I really detest that kind of stupidity,—common-place vulgarity! at least it appears so, to an old maid like me.

Nearly twenty-three years have passed since that letter arrived, and I have heard nothing more from Mrs. Swan.

Louisa Goodhart went to Russia as a governess. Her father was a merchant engaged in the Russian trade. He failed, and Louisa (the only person I knew living near the Swans,) went out, as I have said, to superintend the education of the family of one of her father’s Russian correspondents, and as far as I know, has never returned to England. Poor girl! I wonder if that boisterous laugh rings as of old, or have trial and sorrow toned her spirits down to the Hawthorne standard of gentleness.

Incidentally, I once heard that “Mrs. Swan had a large family,” and that was all. My surprise then may be imagined, when among the letters of the day, I found the following:

“*The Swannery.*

“Dear, dear old friend,

“Through my long silence I have never forgotten you. Often have trouble and anxiety goaded me to wish back

again my school days, unquiet as they often were! But the cool shadow of your quiet, steady championship, refreshes me even now to think about, like the remembrance of an oasis in the desert.

"Ours has been an uphill game in life. Family cares, family troubles, unlooked for difficulties, have given me nothing pleasant to communicate, and indeed little time to do so, had I been so minded. And I was not: I am still very proud. Alas! when hard work, and a life often bordering on privation was my lot, I did not care that you or any one should know it. Besides, the wretched necessity for keeping up appearances, that besets a struggling lawyer, made it no part of a wife's duty to complain. So I ate my own cankering cares. I cannot say I have thriven upon them. But at length the sun has broken through the thick clouds, and shines upon us most abundantly. Come and see!

"We possess, (for the first time in our lives,) a large house for a large family, and have a large supply for our large necessities. *Spare beds*, dear Miss Stanwell, one, two, three, &c. ! Dear me! 'a spare bedroom,' has been nineteen years' wishful hope. My chief experience as to 'beds' has been a too intimate acquaintance with very spare blankets! But now—oh, what a change! Come and see!

"My first desire after getting quite settled in our new abode, was to have my dear old school-friend for our first visitor. The Bristol and Exeter Railway will put you down at Cumbertown Station, three miles from our house, and we will send to meet you.

"Come without delay to your long silent but ever affectionate friend,

"CLARA SWAN."

"Humph!" thought I, "Louisa would say she has been a long time getting into a veritable Swan's nest."

However, I resolved to go, and wrote to fix next week for my visit. I have taken care to leave the termination of my visit uncertain. I shall like to see how the land lies.

CHAPTER II.

HERE I am then, comfortably ensconced as Swan's guest for an indefinite period! It is truly a large house for a large family."

What a roomy, comfortable, indescribable, ugly red-brick pile it is to be sure! Yet in spite of this truly a place to be proud of.

It looks as if everybody to whom it may have belonged for a couple of centuries past, must have had plenty of money and plenty of children.

Not one of its many owners could have had the notion of good taste or congruity, much less the ability to improve the house as a whole.

Half a dozen windows in as many directions, disagree as many remembered nurseries.

In one part, some one who had a taste for French windows, in order to make a new drawing-room, threw two rooms into one out of a projection effected by a former owner, but did not think it worth while to alter the old-fashioned leaded lattice above, opening within a few inches of the top of the said windows, which were evidently thrown up as high as could possibly be made for the sake of the room below. This intrusive little projection almost shuts in a fine old-fashioned bay window which I imagine to have been one of the original "parlour rooms" of the house: now, however, used as a general sitting-room for the children whenever they wish to pursue any occupation together.

In the same way the whole house is jumbled together into a kind of orderly disorder.

Doors open on the gardens in most unexpected directions. One finds small lobbies and long passages in all directions. One passage seemed made for no purpose ever but to lead to a little, bright, cupboard sort of room with a balcony, from which a double flight of stairs ascends to the garden towards the fish ponds. The room called the Balcony Room, the window is so large in proportion to the room, that one side appears very

composed of glass. It positively made me shudder, it seems a sort of house-breaker's-way-made-easy.

There is another curious room on the ground floor, into which you positively descend by five steps! One supposes it must have been made by some one who had a liking for living in a vault. One of the young Swans, a schoolboy, told me, "it was a jolly place for him to learn his lessons in, there was nothing to take off his attention."

Mrs. Swan tells me there are legends innumerable attached to the house, relating to those who built here and there additions to this curious old pile, and about the special purposes for which they were made.

Meanwhile the present effect is to provide every possible convenience and indulgence for the various tastes and pursuits of a large family.

For my part, having a choice given me of three differently situated rooms, I eschewed antiquity and romanticity, and chose the most modern room of the three; that on the one side of the house not surrounded by gardens, and looking across the hills seaward. It had brick walls, honest sash-windows with shutters, and Venetian blinds. (I like brick walls because the mice do not run about between them in the night; shutters, because one *feels* safer when they are fastened, and Venetian blinds, because they keep one's room cool in the summer.)

Several acres of ground are laid out in gardens to this house. The gardens wear the same character as the house. An old-fashioned close-clipped yew hedge separates a high terrace walk from a modern geometrical flower garden. Descending from the terrace walk by a winding and steep declivity, through a sort of wilderness of furze, bramble, wild rose, and here and there a larch or Scotch fir, you suddenly turn an angle, and come upon three big, square, ugly fish ponds, communicating one with another by sluices. Each has its own peculiar weeping willow, but even these graceful trees are somehow so placed in the wrong position, that they only have a disfiguring effect, and produce a dismal shade over the dark still water, facing in doleful perspective the house-

breaker's-a-way-made-easy chamber, I have previously mentioned.

I am not in the least an imaginative old maid, yet the whole place, shut in as it is, on one side by the bay, on the other three by high hawthorn hedges, and so approachable by the angle I have described, (or from the Balcony Room,) suggested frightful images of suicide and murder! I felt as if I could not believe that that spot had once been the favourite resort of one of our brightest and gayest maidens of eighteen! (Surely she must have been crossed in love!) Mrs. Swan, however, assured me that if I came here in the spring, when the hawthorn hedge was white with blossom, and the deep green of the willows contrasted with the grass, which she said) that old crab tree in the corner, is a most bright faint pink, hanging its large branches even to the ground,—see it then, Miss Stanwell, with a bright sun, sunlight glancing on the water, and you will wonder at the impressions you have received this autumnal afternoon. Perhaps so! and certainly it is both a curious and interesting garden. Possibly one ought rather to call it a large an extent "grounds," but "the garden" it has always been called hitherto, probably following the fashion of the first owner, whose "garden" must have been much more circumscribed dimensions than that which Mrs. Swan now rejoices in.

It gives one a very odd sensation to walk about in "the garden." One feels as if every succeeding possessor had contented himself with finding a place for his own fancies, and left those of his predecessor untouched.

There is a dreadful incongruity about the place, yet this respectful attention to the tastes of those past away is very pleasant, thus at one and the same time like all you see and feel provoked with yourself for taking such an offence to your good taste.

Beyond the gardens lies a considerable wood of various trees, but oak predominates. This occupying a large ground, forms an agreeable object from most of the windows of the house, some angle or other of those various tinted trees presenting itself on three sides of the bay. Beyond this wood again stretch ten large fields,

arable, some pasture land. The whole of this property was left to Mr. Swan by his godfather, to his great surprise and no less delight.

The old gentleman was possessed of very large landed estates, besides much funded property, and none of his married children having any family, he said, "This home has always held a large family, it is the very place for a dozen young people. My godson Swan has lots of them, and I don't believe his practice is enough to provide for them, so Swan shall come here." Accordingly the Swans are there, and a very good thing it seems to be for them.

Now, if the house be odd, and the garden peculiar, both appear to me to be particularly well matched by the Swan family.

Mr. Swan himself is very peculiar, and every child appears to be a thorough bred Swan too! I do not mean any pun. I am a very matter-of-fact old maid, and hate all that kind of thing.

But I must wait a little to see more of them all, before I commit my opinions to paper, lest my first impressions should be as incorrect as Mrs. Swan declares they are of the fish ponds in the garden.

Poor Mrs. Swan! Had I met her elsewhere, I should have passed her as an utter stranger. Yet every day's intercourse seems to bring out through the faded shrunken mask, (that my well-remembered Clara appeared at first sight to wear,) the old familiar features and expression. She says she should have known *me* instantly anywhere, that I am simply older, not altered. She wonders that I wear a cap, and try to make myself look an old woman. It was very right for her to do so, with sons and daughters marrying, &c.

Poor Mrs. Swan! how her dear worn pale face lighted up under those dark willows by the pond, and how grateful she looked, as she said, "Oh, Miss Stanwell, when kind old Mr. Hopley used to bid me 'to bring the children whenever I liked, to wander about the gardens, eat fruit, and enjoy themselves,' how often have I sat here with them making daisy chains, and dandelion fetters! But had the idea been proposed to me that it ever would be really *our* own, it would have seemed too preposterous a fairy tale even to listen to.

"It is an added joy, too, that the rest of the family prove their father's bequest. They are very rich, and they are likewise very generous and good!"

"We had many invitations to visit different members of the family, at different times, for my husband knew them all, of course, from boyhood, but we were too poor and too busy for visiting, (though we did that exactly) and I think they understood our position and always called to see us at Cumbertown whenever any of them on a visit to their father."

"Was there no Mrs. Hopley then?" I asked.

"Not for the last ten years. Mrs. Hopley was ten years older than her husband, and an extremely beautiful woman: but Mr. Hopley lived to be eighty-nine, and she died at the good old age of eighty-four."

This house of the Swans is about three miles from the next town, where Mr. Swan has his office, and is alone for several miles round, with the exception of six cottages which are dotted here and there on the skirts of the wood by the road side. This road runs between the wood and Mr. Swan's fields, till in about eight miles it nears the sea-shore.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

It was a bright summer's day and a fair scene. A little cottage covered with roses stood in the middle of a garden full of flowers; in the corner of the latter was a tempting shady bower; in it sat a lady dressed in white. Her white hair lay smoothly beneath a widow's cap. Her traces of great beauty were to be discovered in her eyes, and no one could look without loving, on its sweet and full expression. She was now smiling as she looked on the fair face of a young girl who sat at her feet.

"Now, my Ada, tell me," she said, "what you want to know."

"I want you to tell me, dear Mrs. Dalton, how

manage always to be so happy. You live alone with no one but me to love. You are very delicate, and have no one but your maid to nurse you. Mamma says you have had many trials, and yet you are always cheerful and always ready to be bothered and to hear my troubles and to advise and help me; while I, who am quite well, and have mamma and papa and my brothers and sisters, and all I wish for, am often miserable and discontented with all the world. How can this be, dear Mrs. Dalton?"

"I think I can account for it, dearest," said she, "there is but one true path of peace. And I am thankful to say I have found it."

"Oh, I know what you mean. You are good and religious,—but I can't see how that is to make such a very great difference. Do you think, dear Mrs. Dalton, that young girls like I am are ever very good?"

"Oh, my love, do not talk in that thoughtless way. Alas! I very much fear that many young girls do forget their baptism, its blessings and vows. Often have I heard it said 'Oh, when I am old I will repent.' People who speak thus, consider, I suppose, that they may choose their own time to do GOD'S work. After they have enjoyed to the full the pleasures of sin and youth, then they will give their blighted hopes and affections to their Maker. Do they forget that at their Baptism they were made the temples of the HOLY GHOST? Do they forget that their foreheads were marked with the holy Sign of the Cross: by which Sign they swore to be CHRIST'S soldiers and servants, and to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil? Do they forget that then the garment of original sin was taken from them, and in its place they were given a snowy, spotless robe, washed in the regenerating waters, which they vowed to keep pure and unsullied by the aid of the Blessed SPIRIT then given them? How will they dare years hence to come before the ALMIGHTY and say, 'Here, LORD, is the robe Thou gavest to me, which I have covered with stains. Thou sentest to me also Thy HOLY SPIRIT, but I would not listen to His warning Voice, and now my ears have become so dull that I cannot hear—all this because I preferred the joys of the world to Thee. Now I am old

and in sorrow, and I would fain turn to Thee, but I know not how, for the HOLY SPIRIT has left me, and I cannot move for the dirt and stains that clog my baptismal robe.' The Cross can never be obliterated from their brows, though it may be covered and hidden and almost washed out, and the grace once given may perhaps never be quite taken away, though choked up and unfelt through sin. God also is very merciful and long-suffering, so He might at the voice of their prayer turn to them again, and renew the grace that is in them. But how can they tell that they will have the power to pray? They are unable of themselves to help themselves, even to pray, and if they go on long in wilful sin, they will get so hardened that they will be unable to feel the SPIRIT'S aiding power, besides, how can they know that God will not cut them off in their sin, and then, my child—oh, I shudder to think of the consequences.

"I promised you once to tell you the story of my children—I will do so now. It will show you how children much younger than you loved their SAVIOUR and tried to walk in His steps. Had it not been so, had I not the full assurance of their happiness, I could not be as joyous as I now am,—you ask me how I am happy, I will tell you the secret. I know that this is not my home—in sickness, and feebleness, I remember that I am fast going to that blessed place, the rest of my Redeemer, and where my loved ones are gone before. I am never lonely—for besides knowing that CHRIST is ever with me, and the guardian angels around me, I believe in the Communion of Saints. I believe that in prayer, and above all, when I join in the holy Eucharist that I am linked with them and I look in hope for the time when I shall be perfectly united with them before God's throne never more to part."

"Oh, dearest Mrs. Dalton!" said Ada, "don't talk in that way,—don't talk of dying; what should I do without you? You are the only person who ever tried to lead me in the right way."

"I don't think I shall be long with you, dear child," answered Mrs. Dalton. "I would fain, if it were God's Will, remain with you till I had seen more fruits of

grace in your heart and life, but I am content to leave you in God's Hands; He will draw you to Him in His good time. Now for my story."

"It would be very kind of you to tell it to me,—nothing would interest me so much as to hear it. But dearest Mrs. Dalton, are you well enough to-day? You look so pale, and tears are in your eyes.

"Thanks, love," said Mrs. Dalton; "I am very well to-day. It would please me much to tell you about my little ones; it was not a thought of them caused my tears to flow. Now sit down beside me, and let me put my arms round you, and when you are tired of hearing me talk say so." She then began the following story:

"You know, perhaps, that I was married early, I had lost all my relations before, and the nature of my husband's business took him much from me. I often used to feel dull and lonely; soon, however changes came over the dreary house, little voices were heard in the rooms, and little feet pattering about the passages. Two darlings had been given me to cheer my heart. At the time about which I am going to tell you my first-born, Bertie, was six. He had ever been a sickly child, and during the first few months of his life he was not thought likely to live, his little feeble cries went to my heart. Maybe it was a mother's fancy, though others noticed it as well as I did, that after the Holy Sign was marked upon his forehead the cries abated. He would lie hour after hour upon my lap,—his large, wistful eyes open, and a sad expression of pain upon his baby face. It was no mother's fancy, that the first thing he noticed was a little Cross I always wore. I often held it before him, not as a toy, but that I loved to accustom his eyes to it, even before he could understand its holy lessons. One day I was doing this when suddenly a look of intelligence came over his face; he raised his little hand as if to seize it, and sweetly smiled; it seemed as if he then took up his cross to carry it after his SAVIOUR. Till he was five, he suffered much, and he never seemed like other children. The amusements of youth were denied to him, but a far greater joy he had from the first. How he realised the presence of his SAVIOUR! his whole little life was spent

in serving and loving JESUS. I believe he kept his baptismal robe nearly unsullied. I do not mean to say that he never felt tempted to sin. His great temptation was to get fretful and irritable. Perhaps after a long night of sleepless suffering, wearied out with pain, he would cry and give pettish answers to my questions. I would sit on his little bed, and put one cool hand on his burning brow, and with the other draw out my Cross, and remind him of the Crucified, who bore such agony for him, and of the token on his forehead, making him a soldier in CHRIST'S army, and I would tell him how soldiers considered it an honour to receive a wound while fighting for their king and country; how much greater honour must it be then to suffer while fighting against the enemies of CHRIST. Then my darling would smile again and would put his little thin arms round my neck, and would say, 'Oh, yes, dear mother; it is very good of JESUS letting me have my cross too. How could I be so naughty about it when I ought to be glad? Ask JESUS to forgive me, mother.'

"It was not often I had to remind him of this, it was usually his part to remind me, for often burning tears would start, and impatient thoughts would come when I saw my sweet one in such agony. Dear child, notwithstanding his suffering and feebleness, I often had it in my heart to envy him for his full confiding faith and trusting hope.

"Now I must describe to you, Nelly, my bright bonny bird. Though a year younger than Bertie, she was far larger and taller. She was a lovely child. Who could help admiring her great black eyes and long jetty curls, her sunny bright smile, and sweet joyous voice? She was her father's pet, and he was her idol. She was the only person who dared take liberties with him: she used to climb upon his shoulders, and pull his hair, and play games with him, while Bertie stood looking wistfully on, longing, but not daring to do the same; not but what I believe Henry cared for his boy, but he did not understand him—he loved Nelly's brave independent spirit, and rather despised Bertie's timidity. It was a very sweet sight to see Nelly's love for her weakly bro-

ther. I believe she thought he was perfection. How gently she helped him with her greater strength when required. When there was a stile to cross, or a stony piece of road to go over, she gave him her hand, and assisted him so tenderly, while Henry stood perhaps and laughed, saying, 'That's right, Nelly, my boy; take care of sister Bertie.' There was a great deal very noble in Nelly, still I had some trouble with her. I saw in her the germs of my own temper, and I was resolved to correct it in time. She much loved my cross, but perhaps she had not the same venerating affection for it Bertie had; still a sight of it, or to be reminded of any of its lessons would check her instantly in her worst fit of temper or in her wildest spirits.

"'So, dearest mother,' said Nelly to me, one morning, 'At last I have gained it, and grown good.'

"I had a year before promised my two children a little cross like mine to wear round their necks, if they went a whole month, without doing one foolish naughty action. The first month Bertie won his, but Nelly, by some little naughtiness, afterwards deeply repented of, forfeited her's. When I was about to give Bertie his, he said, 'No, mother, please let me wait till Nelly can have her's. I should much rather.' And so he waited twelve long months, and at last the day came when they were to get their treasures. I held them out, one to each. Bertie took his reverently. Nelly seized her's, and gave a shout of joy. 'Now, I shall always be good that I have got the Cross.'

"'Children, come here to me,' I said, and when they had drawn themselves close to me, I continued,—

"'Now, Nelly, tell me,—what is that cross made of?'

"'Gold,' said Nelly.

"'And do you think there is any particular charm or virtue in the piece of gold?'

"Bertie (after thinking for some time).—'No, I suppose not, mother.'

"'Then what use can it be to us?'

"Bertie (reverently).—'To remind us of the Crucified.'

"'Yes, that is the first reason. When we are tempted to sin we are reminded of His great love in dying for us; when we are in pain, of the far, far greater pain He bore

for us. I do not in general like comparing so solemn a thing to anything of the earth, but as I want you clearly to understand I will do so now. Suppose I was to go away from you, and I was to leave you a picture of myself, would you not look at that picture often? and if you were about to do anything of which you knew I should disapprove, might it not hinder you from doing it to glance at the picture of me? It would not be the piece of paper which would stop you, but the remembrance of me conveyed to your mind by the picture: so, (if I may reverently say it) it is with the Cross. The piece of gold would not prevent you sinning, but the remembrance of CHRIST brought to your mind by a sight of a likeness of that Cross on which He was graciously pleased to die. Then, little ones, you know we have a cross to bear after CHRIST; some of us have a big one, some a little one. We must walk in CHRIST's steps, so of course we have our cross. All sorrows are part of our cross, and all pain and sickness: we must not only bear our cross patiently because we must, but we must bear it joyfully, feeling that CHRIST bore a harder one, and that CHRIST gave us ours to carry in love. So of this cross too, my darlings, I hope the little gold one will remind you. In your little sorrows, Nelly, for I am thankful to say you have only had little ones as yet, and in yours, my Bertie, and in your sad fits of pain, ever remember it is part of your spiritual cross; and that as CHRIST did not shrink from drinking every drop of His bitter cup, neither must you shrink from bearing one part of the light cross He lays upon you. There is one other Cross we are to be reminded of, Nelly, what is it?

"Nelly.—'Of the cross in our foreheads.'

"'What was the Cross put there for?'

"Bertie.—'In token that hereafter we shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of CHRIST Crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue CHRIST's faithful soldier and servant unto our life's end.'

"'Well remembered, dearest. Thus the cross you will wear will remind you of the promises you made through your godfathers and godmothers, and that each time you

do not struggle against sin you break a solemn vow. It will remind you, too, that you were made holy then, and that each time you sin you show yourselves unworthy children of your heavenly FATHER. These three things I want you to be reminded of, but as I said before, your little cross can do no more than remind you, it is only a sign, a symbol, of course you know it is a holy sign. I need not warn you never to play with it, but to treat it reverently, remembering that it is the token of our salvation. And now, darlings,' said I, 'it is time for morning reading, and we gathered round the table. I was reading the Lesson for the day to them, the 25th chapter of S. Matthew. I noticed that Bertie looked very grave, and when I had done he burst into tears and said :—

"'Oh, mother, that is what will be said to me. I never clothed the naked, or visited the sick. Oh, mother, mother!'

"'Bertie, dear,' said I, 'it has not been in your power to do any of these things; you are but a little boy, and we are not rich, still there are many things you can do to show your love to CHRIST. Anything you can do for CHRIST's poor is done as it were unto Him; even a cup of cold water given in His Name will have its reward. You shall come with me to-day when I pay a few visits, and perhaps you will find something to do—'

"Here I was called away on some of my household duties, and my children went to play, and soon their merry laughs sounded through the house. In a while I remembered a hole there was in Bertie's cloak, and I sat down to mend it; the children were in the next room, and tired with playing were sitting down to rest: I overheard Nelly saying:—

"'Then there is my beautiful new frock, that I was to wear next Sunday, I might give that to Mary Long, and my new hat to Sarah Martin, and my shoes to that little beggar girl who was here the other day.'

"'But,' said Bertie, 'they are not our things, they are mother's, she bought them.'

"'Oh, dear! oh, dear! what can we give then? Oh! I know. You remember Farmer Boddy who sits before

us in Church, he has got no hair at all on the top of his head ; now I could cut off some of my curls, that father says are so pretty, and give them to him, that would be clothing the naked, would it not ?'

" 'But,' said Bertie, in a tone of perplexity, 'how could he put them on? They would not grow on his head, would they? I think we had better ask our mother.'

" 'And think how funny my black curls would look in the middle of his white hair.'

" My hole being mended I called my laughing children to put on their things, and soon we were on our road to the village, my little ones running on before. As I gazed on them a feeling of joyfulness seized me, and I thanked almost aloud the Giver of all good things for His great mercy in giving me my treasures, and in restoring the health of my boy. Soon we came to the house of a poor blind woman, whom I went to read to as often as I could. When we entered she joyfully seized my hand. After I had inquired for her health, I said :

" 'I am much hurried this morning and have some business to do in the village, but if you will let me I will leave my children with you, Nelly will sit very quiet, and Bertie will read you a chapter.' And so I left them, and when I came back I found that he had read to her, and that now they were telling her all about their crosses, and why they wore them, and in their sweet artless way, were saying far more than I could have said. When we wished her good-bye, Mrs. Benson said ; 'God bless you, darlings ; you've done me a world of good. Come again some day soon, and be eyes to me, won't you ?'

" 'Oh ! I should so much like it if my mother lets us,' they cried.

" Our next visit was to a poor woman in great distress. She lived in a most wretched hovel, one tiny room for herself and her sick daughter, and several little children, and this too she must leave, for she could not pay the rent, she must take her dying child to a little stable in the bleak November air.

" 'Oh, Mrs. Dalton,' she said ; 'it is *very* hard. I have toiled at my sewing till I have lost my health and dimmed my eyesight, and now I must turn out of even

this little place ; I should not care, but it will kill these poor little ones.'

"Then I reminded her of the Blessed SAVIOUR, Who while on earth had not where to lay His Head, and Who now could feel such sympathy for her, and the thought of Him seemed to comfort her.

"Ah, yes, it is ungrateful to forget that, and I have much to be thankful for: Suzy is far better. I hope soon she will be well; don't you think so? her cough has quite left her,' and the mother gazed anxiously into my face. Her cough left her! alas, well I knew that fatal symptom. Instead of answering I turned to the poor girl, whose hollow eyes and emaciated frame but too surely told their own tale.

"Do you think,' I said gently to her, 'that you are getting well?'

"Oh, no!' she answered, 'I know I am not. I know I have had my call, and I am glad to go, except for leaving poor mother, and oh! I dread the dying, it will be so fearful.'

"A soft voice at my side said; 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' It was Bertie's, I think he said it involuntarily, for it was unlike my timid boy, and when we looked at him he started and blushed.

"God bless you,' said the girl, 'for reminding me of that, you dear little boy. Oh, no, I *won't* be afraid, for I know He will be with me.'

"Here I rose, for I saw it was beginning to rain. I had been looking attentively at my dress, it was old, but I thought I might have it cleaned; so I took out a few shillings which I thought might help her. I felt something slipped into my hand, it was Bertie's shilling, Nelly's soon followed. They had for some time been hoarding up any pence they got, and having at last collected twelve each, their father gave them in exchange, a bright new shilling, of which they were extremely proud. I whispered to them: 'Are you sure you won't regret it afterwards?'

"No, no, let us give it, we don't want it,' they cried.

So a third time God's blessing was invoked on my children's heads by one of CHRIST's poor. It is my consolation to think that they did the little they could that day; I humbly trust that inasmuch as they did it unto the least of these CHRIST counted it done unto Him. We ran home fast, for the rain began to pour. When I was taking off his things, Bertie said to me, 'That is another time, mother, when we need the Cross.'

"When do you mean, my boy?"

"When we are going through that dark valley, mother."

(To be continued.)

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER XIII.

As Mr. Weston was returning home on the following Tuesday, he was rather surprised at being stopped by David Collins, who usually kept out of his way, although he attended regularly the lectures on common subjects given in the schoolroom. The request for a book to help him in studying and understanding the subject of Mr. Weston's late lecture, was soon made and granted, David accompanying the clergyman to his house to fetch it.

On the way Mr. Weston explained some of the difficulties David had been puzzling over alone, and the boy's questions and observations showed that he was quick and ready of comprehension, as well as much interested in the matter. "A clever lad," thought the pastor, "and one likely to make his way in the world; but he evidently has set his whole heart on doing so, and everything is regarded as a means to this end, to gain riches and station." It was not a happy train of thought which occupied Mr. Weston's mind, as he remembered the cases he had known of talent, cleverness, and perseverance all devoted to gaining money and advancement, by fair or even foul means; with the after-history of disappointment, failure, or shame in many cases. The fear as to

whether quickness and skill might not be turned to evil, and help to bind his companion entirely to this passing world, was but too natural, it was excited by the whole tone and manner of the youth.

After a silence of a few moments Mr. Weston said, "I am always ready and willing to help you in these things, David, but I hope you do not give them the time which ought to be otherwise employed. I have missed you from Church very often of late, it would grieve me to think you were gaining a habit of such a neglect of God."

"I am so hard at work all the week, sir," replied David, "that I really must have rest on Sunday: is there any harm in that when it is the only day one has free?"

"It was given us for God's worship and as a rest from labour, certainly," replied his pastor, "and I chiefly spoke as a caution to you against using it for worldly ends. You may say there is no harm in learning and gaining knowledge or skill, but if you employ Sunday in it, or by too much extra work on other days are never free to think of anything else, are you right?"

David hesitated, and answered, "Father says that we must exert ourselves, or we may stay always in the same place. He told me of a man who was no better off than we are, once, and yet he got quite rich by working on."

"It is very true, and I am not wishing to keep you back, or prevent you from doing well, and getting a comfortable living," replied Mr. Weston, "every man may do his best with the talents God has given him. But take care you are not disappointed. You mean to work and raise yourself, and then—"

"Perhaps I shall be able to do some great things, like the man in that book."

"Very well; and then—"

"I can marry, and live comfortably, and do as I like."

"And afterwards—" There was a pause, David did not answer, and seriously yet kindly the clergyman continued: "You think of working for the present world, and giving to it all your thoughts and powers. It may give you its honour, with wealth and pleasure; there is the service and the hire. But then, have you ever thought, David, that you have no right to do this? neither you

nor your time, nor your talents, are all your own, and most surely God will ask an account of them. He has made you, and given you all you have; He has bought you again also, and you are only here on trial, that you may be proved and fitted for a place in His glorious kingdom. You were not born on earth to grow rich and great, to please the world, or labour for its rewards, but that you might inherit eternal life and blessedness."

"I do not mean to do anything wicked," said David, "I shall be as good as other people, I dare say."

He was somewhat awed by Mr. Weston's words, yet his manner was not less self-confident, and his pastor felt he was too likely to forget or disregard all he might say. He answered earnestly,

"I will leave you to think for yourself on this. Only remember that you will not be judged by what others are, you are in God's kingdom or Church on earth, and are there called to serve Him faithfully, and make His will, not your own, your rule of life. Judge what you will deserve, when all the hopes and enjoyments of earth are over, and its works are burned up, if you have disobeyed your King and FATHER, and loved and served His enemy? You cannot turn your heart as and when you may wish; once give it up to the world, let your thoughts fix chiefly on your business and advancement, and you may not be able to detach them again. I speak now because I have seen your neglect of God and His holy ordinances with pain, and I would try to save you from the guilt of such neglect of His love. Think of the words of our LORD, Who left His throne and glory for you, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.' This is a clear sure promise, and those who serve God with their affections, powers, and time, as His true subjects, shall enjoy His favours, and all that is good for them here, and a crown which cannot perish when their LORD comes again. There is no promise of good to those who choose earthly things."

The boy was silent, and seemed impressed by the solemn and fatherly tone and look of the clergyman, but no change appeared in him at that time, except that he now

and then came to the Friday evening meetings, and for a few Sundays was more regular in attending at church.

"When we were considering the petition 'Thy kingdom come,'" said Mr. Weston, "I pointed out to you, boys, that the sovereign power of God rules all things, and that indeed nothing can take place without His knowledge and permission. His will must therefore rule in heaven and earth, and be done by all whether angels or men; even Satan and the devils obey Him thus far, that against His will and permission they can do nothing. Our prayer is that we may on earth do His will as the heavenly powers do it, that is, with entire consent and delight in it. He can work without instruments or raise unwilling ones as He pleases; and we can turn away His benefits from ourselves, and thus lose the good He wills to bestow, by either refusing to consent to His will towards us, or by submitting through fear or necessity only. You have often observed the different ways in which little children obey their parents and teachers, some so cheerfully and lovingly, others with a discontented and reluctant temper."

Malcolm.—I know it is a pleasure to see our Jeanie do about anything mother tells her, she likes helping her better than playing, and she always looks pleased at whatever she is told to do.

Mr. Weston smiled at the boy's affectionate praise of his little sister, and said, "I have often noticed how cheerfully she trips about, and never seems thinking that she would like to be doing, but to be quite happy about anything she is told. She is a good example, Malcolm, of the ready will we should have in our heavenly FATHER'S service. On the other hand, I fear there are several children who, though they feel they must obey, do it as a hard task, and make themselves unhappy in consequence. Let us now consider how the angels did GOD'S pleasure in that great instance of His will to visit and redeem us. What was their appointed ministry in this?"

Charley.—To make our SAVIOUR'S birth known first of all.

Mr. Weston.—And how did they perform it? Did they bring the tidings as though they cared not for them?

Robert.—No, they spoke of them as “glad tidings,” and sang praises to God for His goodwill to men.

Mr. Weston.—They rejoiced at the coming of the SAVIOUR to re-unite us to God. (S. Luke ii. 10—14.) It was His will they delighted to do, and in their various acts of ministry recorded both in the Old and New Testament, we always find them fulfilling His commands with zeal and love. They care for and watch over us, and long for His will to be accomplished in us. What is said of them on the repentance of a sinner?

Alex.—“There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” (S. Luke xv. 10.)

Mr. Weston.—Such is the way in which God’s will is done in heaven, by the holy and glorious hosts around His Throne, whose whole delight is in Him. I need not to remind you how it was done by His Only-begotten Son. You know well that to do His FATHER’S will, He left His glory and humbled Himself to a life here, the death of the Cross, and endured the wrath despising the shame. He Who taught the prayer, Thy will be done, offered it Himself in the hour of His Agony, and set us the example of entire and perfect submission to that Will, in His endurance of suffering to the utmost. A sad contrast appears when we turn to see how men consented to it, and how some received the news of their own pardon and restoration.

What is said of the way in which the people of God the Jews heard of the purpose of mercy?

Robert.—They put it away from them and refused it, and tried to prevent the Gentiles from believing. (Acts xiv. 1, 2, 5, 19; xvii. 5; xviii. 12.)

Mr. Weston.—And among the Gentiles, was the Gospel always received gladly and thankfully?

Malcolm.—No, some were glad and believed, but a great many refused, and joined with the Jews in persecuting the Apostles. (Acts xv. 23—41; xvii. 32; xviii. 17.)

Mr. Weston.—So differently did man (the chief party

concerned in this manifestation of God's most merciful act to the blessed angels, and so far indeed was it at variance with heaven.

Now what is declared to be the will of God respecting us now, to which we ought to yield ourselves obediently?

Robert.—"For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." (1 Thess. iv. 3)

Mr. Weston.—Right, those words shortly express what is revealed to us more at length in many other places; that we grafted into CHRIST, partakers of His salvation, should walk in holiness and righteousness: you may look also at 1 S. Pet. i. 2, Eph. i. 1—12. These teach us that is the will of God, which we pray may be done, and which we, in offering this petition, declare ourselves ready to do by His grace; for we ask that we and all men may as gladly and perfectly fulfil it as the heavenly angels do.

We must ask ourselves whether we are each helping toward the accomplishment of this prayer, by making the will of GOD our first and chief thought, the rule of our desires, and think, and do; whether our wills and affections are subdued and governed in accordance with His will.

It is indeed no easy task so to rule our minds; sin has turned them from the perfect agreement with God's will in which they were once, and they now turn to images of self and the world. Yet if we heartily offer up this prayer the HOLY SPIRIT will teach us in time to delight in our Master's will, and to do or suffer it gladly. Having given ourselves to be thus conformed to it, we may help to accomplish our prayer still further. Tell me how?

Richard.—By teaching others to do the same, and helping them to be good and holy.

Mr. Weston.—It is the pleasure of the ALMIGHTY that men—

William.—Should come to be saved, and should know that JESUS is the SAVIOUR of the world.

Alex.—And if we teach them this, and help them to become His servants, we are doing His will, are we not?

Mr. Weston.—Certainly, all may carry on this blessed

work as GOD gives them ability, some by teaching and preaching as His immediate messengers; every one by showing a blameless life, and thus proving as a living sermon what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

GEOLOGY.¹

WE are glad to call the attention of our readers to this book for many reasons: first of all, it is a most interesting and readable geological work,—and what is better still, the author is a churchman, and moreover a reverent churchman, one who has evidently learnt that lesson so needful to all who would not lose their faith in the earnestness of their search into the wonders of nature and science, viz., that there is a limit to all human speculation, and that let the intellect of man be never so deep and keen and bright, still He Who made the intellect and Who gave the talent must be immeasurably wiser than the very subtlest of His creatures, and all must therefore bow down before Him and His Word in their search into the wonders of His works. We need not go far in the work to prove that he has undertaken it in this spirit. The sound thinking geologist, he says, knows that he can never penetrate into that inner circle in which lies hidden the Divine governance of the world; and feeling this he is contented with facts that he can grasp, and to learn from them that marvellous history of physical change whose first steps were upon the formless earth. As searching out GOD's works is an acknowledged form of praising Him, we are sure, if a right spirit is in us, of being guided into the way of truth. The subjects which we dare not approach are perhaps laid up for our after comprehension; a *full* knowledge of them now

¹ "The Rocks of Worcestershire; their Mineral Character and Fossil Contents. By George E. Roberts, Member of the Worcestershire and Malvern Naturalists' Field Clubs, and of the London Geologists' Association." London: Masters.

would be as useless to us as if with our present organisation we were suddenly gifted with wings.

And, first, for a few words on the science to which Mr. Roberts has here devoted his talents. Till within the last few years the knowledge of geology was very limited, and the means by which to attain a deeper insight into its wonders and beauties very few. It may now be ranked as a distinct science, and with the establishment of a Geological Society and a beautiful Museum, Professors and Lecturers, we may hope that even the unlearned shall attain to at least a sufficient knowledge of this most wondrous science to enable them to take an interest in its simpler and less abstruse revelations,—Botany, Zoology, Anatomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, and the perfection of the Microscope, are all connected with, and have all more or less lent their aid to, the geologist. And even with the best discoveries how little we can really know of the earth's surface: of the fourth part—that is dry land, not one thousandth part has been really investigated; and then we should remember that our deepest mines are as nothing compared with the depth from the surface of the earth to its centre, the highest mountains are as grains of dust.

The heart must be dull indeed that can feel no interest in its wonders. Who that has seen the few grains of dust, taken from some rock, which themselves were all but invisible to the naked eye, suddenly beneath the microscope appear each grain as a perfect and beautiful shell, variegated in colour, and exquisite and varied in shape, who can see this wonder unmoved? Or when each atom of dust from the moth's wing is seen to be a perfect feather, can any be careless and contented to remain ignorant of these and such like wonderful works of God?

Geology, or the study of the Earth, leads us to an interest in any district,—its rocks and mountains, its fossil or organic remains, whether of animals or vegetables, the successive features and changes through which it has passed producing these appearances. The earth, its rocks, are found to contain most wonderful remains of former states of nature, of ancient animals, of plants and shells now supported, preserved like antique relics in the

ruin of an empire, affording as it were a series of data or chronology. And it has been undue speculation on this head that has led to the feeling that geological discoveries are inconsistent with the account in Holy Scripture of the Creation. Our soundest and most learned men, however, have led us to acknowledge the difficulty and accept it as a trial of faith rather than evade it by closing our eyes and ears to the discoveries of science. The Rev. W. H. Hoare, in his recent work on the Book of Genesis, reminds us that it may be doubted whether Scripture was intended to teach geology at all; at least he says we may be sure that whatever light it may throw on this or any other science it can only be incidental and subordinate to its main object, which is clearly of another and a higher kind. He also says that possibly the strata were disposed of during the great antecedent periods, and he sees no need for finding them a place among the "days" mentioned in the Book of Genesis.

We were well reminded, too, by an able writer in the *Ecclesiastic*, that geologists do not of course mean to deny that God could by an act of omnipotence have created the earth exactly as it is at the present moment. He *could* have buried in its rocks the bones of animals who had never walked on its surface. It would have been no greater stretch of His power to trace at once with His finger upon the coal bed the marks of foliage than first to erect the forest and then to change it into coal. We are told of the original creation of matter, and then of a subsequent state of disorganization, and then of six operations succeeding. Early Fathers believed that the time of creation meant something much vaster than the mere lapse of six times twenty-four hours.

With these needful remarks on the difficulty of the science we are considering, we will proceed to our subject, and chiefly to the very wonderful locality chosen by Mr. Roberts for his labours. It is not altogether unknown ground. Mr. (now Sir Roderick) Murchison gives some account of Worcestershire in his "*Silurian System*" on its red sandstone, coal fields and salt mines. Dr. Hastings also wrote on it. Mr. Roberts's book, however, is

a peasant companion rather than a dry and abstruse
class.

In Worcestershire, then, as elsewhere, granite is the
foundation, and a visit to the Malvern tunnel displays the
treasures of the granite rocks, whose cavities and fissures are
filled up with minerals and crystals which have grown and
crystallized there; the Malvern rocks, themselves supposed
to have been raised by volcanic force from beneath, form
then the features of dry land and sea. These granite
masses of rock are covered with ocean sediment, and, as is
evident, form the foundation of all others; and here alone in
the county are these primeval rocks exposed to view; in
every other part they are covered up and hidden by the
ocean sediment. These granites, though perhaps many
feet thick, are as nothing with the 8,000 miles of the
earth's diameter. In some places the fiery centre is nearer
the surface, and finds its vent through the crater of a vol-
cano. These granites have in times past been partly under-
mined and worn away by the dashing waves. Corals and
shells are found in them. If we look at granite we see that
it is a mixture of three chief ingredients, and we all know
how beautiful it is when polished: here dark green,
pink, and white, and sometimes veins of iron bright as
gold. The bore through the Malvern is considered one
of the most difficult of railway works, the rocks being
most impenetrably hard; but thanks to these labours its
treasures may be gathered on the spot.

The peaks of the chain rise 1,400 feet. Next to them
the Herefordshire Beacon rises 1,360 feet. Here too are
the *basaltic rocks*, formed of lava thrown up above the level
of the water, becoming a solid mass by the action of the
atmosphere. In many places they are quarried; and used
for roads this old lava is found to answer well. Over these
have grown lichen and ferns in much abundance, with here
and there immense yews rooted at the foot of the basaltic
columns. Of this kind are the Rowley Hills, 800 feet
above the level of the sea, and other volcanic erections in
the county, formed like clusters of columns in many
places. The lapis lazuli, from which our brilliant ultra-
marine is made, is said to have been found here.

Against the sides of this granite ridge are several beds

of accumulated sediment : first a bed of dull green sandstone, containing many interesting evidences of life, the marks of marine sand-boring worms, the horny skeleton of a zoophyte—or part animal, part vegetable—has been found here : and remains also of marine plants, somewhat similar to our long ribbon-like seaweed.

In the next or middle deposit of rock, various stones and fossils are found, casts of the original shell or coral strongly coloured with iron ; shelled insects, the commonest of these having a body like a locust. The remains of stone lilies, chiselled out as it were, may be seen. This is an animal relic, and was a true animal in form, like a long-stalked flower, the stem built up of hundreds of joints, supporting a cup-like body, from whence proceeded numerous many-fingered arms which fished the water for food somewhat like our sea anemones, only with the body defended by shelly plates ; when folded these arms resembled a lily or tulip, and when open are like the limbs of a starfish. Shells of all kinds twisted, plain, and trumpet-shaped, in many cases the pearly substance preserved, are dug up in these rocks.

It is supposed that each layer in these rocks may have been in its turn the bottom of an ocean prolific in life. One of these layers is excavated in the Dudley caverns, in Worcestershire, vast subterranean quarries that supply the county with most of its lime. Here are Fossil trilobites or three-lobed insects, like our woodlouse, the formation of whose eye is a marvel in itself ; being prominent on each side of the head, half-circular, and composed of nearly three hundred minute surfaces in oblique rows like tiny beads. Altogether forty species of these have been found in the Wenlock limestones, all more or less rare, none of which have any living relations in the present insect world. The mineral character of this Wenlock limestone is a hard thick-bedded, half-crystalline stone. In many of these rocks primitive coral reefs may be seen imbedded in their natural position of growth.

Many islands have a coral foundation, so that luxuriant vegetation grew, as it were, on the back of the marine animals, who made these their dwelling place. It is wonderful, as our author says, to think that “all these

aged corals once held masses of live creatures, and that on every pore tiny arms waved to and fro in the water entangle the lesser creatures they lived on; and that the animal, that slight thread of a jelly-like substance filling each tube, was in itself a limb of the body, and an independent creature contributing while attached to the general support, and being able, if severed, to lead a separate existence, and to be itself the parent of others."

Very wondrous is the account Mr. Roberts gives us of coral life in his sixth chapter, but our small space prevents longer detail. The book itself, which is a perfect handbook of this science to the county, its ferns and botany included, will amply repay a careful study. Stones are curious things, as Mr. Reade says—if a man is paid for seeking them he is wretched, but if he can bring his hand to do it *gratis*, he is at the summit of content. Mr. Roberts details some fifty or sixty different species of Wenlock corals only, and he sets us all thinking, as he did his imaginary friend to whom he gives the account, how wonderful in obtaining and directing the material these animals are, how they select one particle of lime to fix with admirable skill in an edifice, whose contour is alive with grace and beauty, while its fellow atom sinks into an unnoticed place among the millions that are paving the sea-bottom, and all this productive of the most astonishing results. To name one, the secretion of lime from the ocean, thus laying up store for the after use of man. Another feature of the Dudley rocks is the moss-animal, whose fragments are like the most exquisite filigree work wrought in the finest way. Some of these are so antlike in their form, that till you place one in sea water and see every notch of its branches waving, you can scarcely believe it is a living creature.

Among the wonders of the country west of Malvern is a portion of the layer of dead fishes entirely composed of scales, bones, teeth, and fins, mixed with shells of the age of seed vessels of Lycopodia, the stem and leaves having perished; this layer in Herefordshire has been traced through the rock for forty-five miles, seeming to point to some catastrophe or pestilence overwhelming swarms of fish.

The old red sandstone, of which Hugh Miller has given us so vivid a description, occupies a very wide area in Herefordshire, and extends into Worcestershire; there also its fossil contents are very numerous, especially fossil fishes; in some parts are the dark obscure remains of ancient vegetation; their character can be clearly made out by the microscope. Remains are also found of a large creature six or seven feet long in shape like a shrimp, supposed to be some huge swimming crab with free body segments or rings, covering and swimming feet, with wondrous eyes of the same marvellous compound we mentioned before. Up to the coal field are lime and other carboniferous rocks.

We must not omit to say a few words about the coal fields, on which our author dilates in his ninth chapter. So universally needful a commodity must not be neglected in the geological system. There are thick beds of coal, coarse in grain and stained with mineral oxide of iron, ranging from smoky black to fiery yellow, abounding in some parts in plant-remains; in some places coal is met with at the slight depth of fourteen yards; in some work chimneys may be seen poking up in the green fields; the seams worked in Worcestershire are two to five feet, but are not equal in quality to those of South Staffordshire. The botany of the coal-field is seen in various ferns and plants, and the entomology will here be gratified with an abundance of insect remains—among others the very rare lobster-moth.

For an account of a true coal field our author refers to South Staffordshire, which, as he says, is like a mine of its own, surrounded by sandstone rocks—comprising mines of wealth valued at millions. How the coal is formed is indeed matter for marvel; that they were once mighty forests and masses of vegetable life grown up and sunk down there is every reason to believe. Coal is plant-tissue, acted on probably by water and mineral agency; but we leave it to students to solve the question of these wondrous beds of mineralised vegetation. Above the coal are found red rocks abounding in remains of plants; after which is the new red sandstone which covers the largest portion of this interesting

In the latter part of the volume Mr. Roberts gives us a amusing and lively account of snails and beetles, a chapter or two on liss and gravel completes the and graphic sketch which he has given us of his arite study. It is not his fault either if men rise the perusal of the book with other sentiments heir lips than, "O all ye works of the LORD, bless e LORD, praise Him and magnify Him for ever." this should be the effect of a careful perusal of his , his final sentence will abundantly testify. May tudy of these wonders ever raise our hearts to Him ee "ways are in the sea, Whose paths are in the waters," but "Whose footsteps are not known."

THE UNSEEN.

"For we walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v. 7.

rested on a fallen tree, beside the forest road,
 autumn sunbeams slantingly from western cloudland glowed;
 and noiseless sere leaves fell and floated on the brook,
 e pleasant lessons we discoursed from nature's ancient book.

id not start a moving thing throughout the woodland glades,
 gh well we knew the swarming life that tenanted those shades;
 gentle twitter of the birds within their pervious screen,
 e afforded evidence of creatures all unseen.

ies in their burrows hid—green lizards in the ferns—
 urrels in their cosy nests no passing gaze discerns—
 nd mice and groping moles—and many more beside—
 op's creation that within the forest depths abide.

as we tread the wide world's path—this wilderness of pain—
 cannot see bright spirit bands—nor hear their glorious strain;
 guardian angels round us throng—(O dim our mortal eyes)—
 waft the souls of dying saints to bliss beyond the skies.

C. A. M. W.

SHORT EXTRACTS.—No. I.

SELF-DENIAL IN CHILDHOOD.

THE fault of childhood, the sin of youth, and the crime of manhood, in one word, the great error of human nature, is Selfishness. It grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength; it chills every good resolution, baffles every good endeavour, and prompts and animates half the bad actions of a man's life. The whole code of Christian morality is aimed against this fatal and universal evil. "To do as we would be done by," "to love our neighbour as ourselves," and to "forgive our enemies," all alike strike at the root of this great origin of sins, this great destroyer of unity, and love, and social laws.

And it is against this, therefore, that early education should direct its strongest efforts: teach the child to think of others, to feel for them, to pity them, and to yield to them; teach him to find pleasure in sharing anything he possesses with his brothers and sisters; discourage too strong a desire to have things apart for himself alone, to have exclusive possession or enjoyment of any thing; prove to him how useless things are when hoarded together, and how they are only valuable when circulated and made to contribute to the comfort and welfare of others. Do not deny the rights of property; explain the force of the law of mine and thine, but make a distinction between *possessing* and *hoarding*; expose to him both the meanness of miserly saving, and the selfishness of solitary enjoyment. It is sad to find that there is nothing in which selfishness cannot hold a large share, that even affection and love may be the result as much of selfishness as of devotion.

Begin, therefore, early to teach children to make a sacrifice for those they love; show that you expect it, and do not imagine that any child, after mere infancy, is too young to learn to deny itself for the sake of another, and to find a pleasure in doing so. For instance, you are occupied, and the child's play disturbs you: you may

desire him to leave you, or to remain quiet. By this course, you claim the obedience which you have a right to expect. But, on the other hand, you may explain to the child that what is at that moment a pleasure to him is an annoyance to you; you may represent to him that by giving it up he does you a kindness; and thus you may teach him to benefit others by denying himself, and inculcate the first principles of self-denial.—*Early Influence.*

The Children's Corner.

HALF THE TRUTH.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN,

I am going to talk to you a little about the halves of all sorts of things, and will try to tell you when it is good and when it is bad to divide a thing in half; and also when to do or say half of anything is right, and when it is wrong. I don't mean things we use only, but duties and things we have to do, though it is the case with the most common things. As for instance, half an orange, or half an apple, is very nice when given to our companion, and by that we give pleasure to two instead of one; but if we give half a shoe, or half a glove, it is no longer of use even for one person: so some things are all the better, and some all the worse for being halved. And first of all, I like very much to see any of you offer *half* of any treat or pleasure to your brother or sister, and though two halves should be exactly alike, yet it does sometimes happen that one is a little better or larger than the other; and when this is the case, I am still more pleased to see you give the larger or better half to your sister or friend, and not choose ~~or~~ keep it for yourself. Well, it is a very nice thing to go halves or shares in anything, in the care of a room, or a garden, or in some work, and when your half is done first, I hope you don't run away

without offering to help your companion who may be slower, or not so well practised as you are. It is right to stop halfway, when you are going to do what you are not sure is quite right. It is good to stop halfway and turn back, if you have forgotten your prayers or any of your regular duties. It is well to stop halfway in an unkind or hasty speech or act; of course it is best not to begin to give way to angry words or deeds at all, but it is much better to stop halfway if you should begin. He who says an unkind speech is better than a whole one. If any one has offended you, or hurt you, or spoilt your books or toys, and they are sorry for it, be sure you meet them halfway in their repentance, and thus show that you are willing to "forgive the injury." You must be ready to share and take part in others' troubles or distress; and for this you will do best by thinking for a moment how sorry you would be if it had happened to you, and then try to feel nearly as much for another. And I will tell you what this sharing or halving is called in God's Holy Bible. It is called, "bearing one another's burdens, and those who do so are said to "fulfil the law of CHRIST." And we there read of many good saints of God who did share what they had with others. I will tell you of one, his name was Zaccheus, and he was a very rich man. He had heard of our SAVIOUR, and was anxious to see Him; but he was very little, or short, so he took the trouble to climb up a tree that he might see JESUS. This showed he was in earnest, or he would not have taken the pains. Our LORD saw him and called him, telling him that He was coming to stay at his house. You may be sure Zaccheus made haste to come down, and to put his house in the best order for the visit of such a Divine Guest, as we should always prepare our hearts for His dwelling in us as He promises to do; and when our LORD was at his house, before all his friends and visitors, Zaccheus stood forth and said, "Behold, LORD, the *half* of my goods I give unto the poor, and if I have done any wrong I restore fourfold;" that is, he would return four times what he had obtained even in a doubtful way. Does not this teach us, that if we would have JESUS to dwell in us, we must be ready to share what

we have with others? and from what I have said you will be able to tell when it is right and good to halve or share anything.

But, as I said before, there are a great many cases in which it would be *wrong* to do so, and I will now tell you some of these. First, then, it is wrong to give half of anything we owe to God, such as half our hearts when we are serving Him or praising Him in Church, or praying to Him at home; that is, to think half of God, and half of our play or pleasure. We must not give half the pains, or half the reverence and attention, or half the time we ought to bestow on God, and our duties to Him.

Next, it is a very bad thing to tell half the truth, it is very often as bad as a falsehood, and if not, it is a habit of deceit or hiding that is very likely to lead to worse faults. I once knew a little boy who had a habit of this sort, he would say he "thought so," when he knew it, and was quite sure. He would say, "perhaps," instead of "yes, I did," or "I don't recollect," when he did remember. You must not think he was at all what we should call a very naughty boy; indeed he was in almost every thing a very good one; but he had this bad habit, and if he did not cure it I felt sure it would lead to something worse. One day it was arranged that he should go out on the seashore, to choose some pretty white and coloured shells for the rockwork and pond at home, and very pleased he was in it, and took pains and got a nice little basket full of all sorts and all sizes, and came in with them and put them carefully away, thinking to himself and arranging with his brother that he would wash them nicely so that they might be all ready to put into the bright water where the fishes glided about, and the green water-plants sparkled in the sun; and when fresh water was put in they all looked as if they were fringed with little pearls, the pretty spotted snails' backs and all. In a little while they asked to go up stairs. "Oh, yes," said their aunt; "what are you going to do?" "Oh, only to get a picture-book and put our room to rights." But from what the brother said his aunt guessed that the chief if

not the only reason, was to lay out and clean these pretty shells ; and as this was not the first time she had spoken of the habit of keeping back half the truth, she was obliged to punish her little nephew, and severely ; but I daresay he well remembered it for a long time. What do you think it was ? Why he had to throw all the pretty shells back into the sea with his own hands, and he did it, and I think determined to tell the whole truth in future.

And as you must not speak half the truth, you must not *hold* or *believe* half the truth, or faith as we call it, as collected from Holy Scripture into the Creeds of the Church, and this because, as I tell you, God requires the *whole* to be received ; and His Truth is always the same and never changes, is perfect in itself, and must never be divided, neither may we choose which half or part we will believe, and which we will not.

It will not do to stop *halfway* and think, if we have determined to beg pardon for what we have done wrong. We must not acknowledge *half* our fault, but the *whole* of it. When we have arranged to do some good or kind action, we must not stop halfway because we find it a little more troublesome or difficult than we at first fancied when we began. We must never do *half* what we promised, and think we have fulfilled our promise. We must not take half the credit of a thing when we have only done a small share, or if we have the easiest part to do ; and so of course you must give full credit to those who help you in anything, and not talk as if you had done it all yourself.

Never be satisfied with a lesson *half learnt*, or a task half done. Never leave your books or work half tidy. Never be half afraid to speak out when you are spoken to. Never wish for the whole, or even half of anything, that does not belong to you. And never look as if you wished your friend or companion to share what they have with you. There are a great many other ways in which it is wrong to divide our duties, or put half for the whole ; but I hope you will now see a little more clearly when to give half of a thing is better, and when it is worse to do so ; and I have told you of these few speci-

mens, or examples, because I wish you to be unselfish, that is, in the words of the Holy Bible to consider or "esteem others better than ourselves."

I will finish with the story of a man and his wife who told half the truth, and in so doing told a lie. In the time of the Apostles it was usual for the new Christians to devote or give up their land or houses to God's service, and of course having once done so it would be as wrong to seek for it back again as it would be for you to wish for the money that you put into the offertory bag last Sunday. Well, after they had given a piece of land to God it was sold, and the price paid to the Apostles. When asked what it sold for they said a part of what it really had fetched, meaning to keep the other part for themselves. They had changed their minds, but it had been given to God, and they were both struck suddenly dead for their sin. You see they made up their minds once, and then stopped halfway when it came to carrying out the plan. Let us take care not to do half of anything that we ought to do all of, and to give half of our trouble, or time, or whatever we can to every good work.

S. N. C.

THE RICH AND THE POOR MAN.

It was many hundred years ago, when a man came unto the king of his country with a message. It was a message of great importance, and the man said, "My master hath sent me unto thee, and told me to say thus unto thee :

"There were in the same city two men, and of these one was rich, the other poor.

"Now it came to pass that a traveller came unto the rich man, and he was tired and withal hungry. The rich man had much flocks and herds, but the poor man had but one little ewe lamb, and he was very fond of this lamb, and it grew up in his house with his children, and he took care of it. And the rich man spared his own flocks and herds, and sent for the poor man's lamb, and killed it, and dressed it for the traveller who had come."

And the man said unto the king, "What shall be done unto the man who did thus?"

And the king said, "The man shall die." Moreover he added, "He shall restore the lamb fourfold."

Now the king had been chosen by another King far mightier than himself. He had been raised up to the office, because he was after the great King's own heart. He had been raised up to bear the cross of Him who had chosen him to bear it himself, and to lead his subjects to bear it. He had been raised up to shepherd his flock—to teach them to do wisely and to do good.

But—had he done it?

We shall see.

And so it was that one day, the king walked on the top of the king's house, and he saw a very beautiful woman washing herself.

His lust overcame his better reason, and then he desired her. He sent and inquired who she was, and then he sent and took her, and made her come unto him.

And so one sin leads on to another. She had a husband, and the king knew not how to get rid of him, so he told his captains to set him in the front of the battle, and they set him in the front, and so it was that he was killed; and then the king was glad, and took the woman to be his wife. He did not know that the story the man had told him meant this. And when he had said, "That man shall surely die," then answered the messenger and said, "Thou art the man." Then the king trembled and knew that his Heavenly Master had sent the messenger unto him, and he confessed his sin, and what he had done.

And when he had confessed his sin, the man said unto him, "The LORD hath put away thy sin—thou shalt not die, but the child that is born unto thee shall die."

And so it was that it fell sick, and the king fasted and prayed for it, and would eat no bread nor drink any water. And so it was that the child died after seven days; and then the king rose up, and did eat and drink, and went into the LORD's house and worshipped.

And I asked one who was by and knew of these things, "What doth this teach us?"

And he seemed surprised and said, "Dost not thou know?"

And I answered, "No; but I would learn."

And he said, "Look beyond."

And so I looked beyond, and he said, "How readest thou there?"

And I read—

How Satan tempted the king again, and how he numbered the people over which he ruled, and how a man of God again came unto him and told him of his sin, and how that he was aware of his sin even before the man came unto him, and how he repented, and asked forgiveness of his sin.

And as I stayed reading, he said, "Read on."

So I read on, and it was written—

How God punished him, and gave him choice of three great punishments; and how he was humbled, and answered the man, "Let me now fall into the hands of God, for His mercy is great." And I read further, how the plague came on the people, and how it was stayed.

And he said, "Dost thou understand now?" and I said "No."

And he said, "Then listen, and I will tell thee. It teaches us that we cannot trust in ourselves. It teaches us that if we repent from one sin, and we are forgiven, it does not follow that we do not fall into another, even worse than the one we have escaped from. It teaches us that we must pray to God to keep us from sin and help us. It teaches us, moreover, that however great sinners we may have been, not to despair, for if we turn to God He will help us.

" ' For He is merciful and good,
And pardons all our sin,
If we at last His Cross shall bear,
And turn us unto Him.' "

And I said, "I knew not that it taught us this. I thought the rich man very wicked, and one who would never be forgiven."

And he answered me, "Knowest thou not that there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance?"

Church News.

If there is one part of Church work more than another which we do hope and trust will be well supported by all, it is the Penitentiary for the East of London in connection with the Church Penitentiary Association, and worked by the Clergy and Sisters of the S. George's Mission. We need not add one line to their own address which we reprint below, but we must express our hearty thankfulness that in the face of the fearful scenes still enacted in the parish church, and as it were, to confront this and all other devices of Satan against the Church, God's blessing on this work has been abundantly poured out, and a harvest of souls are rescued, and this even in the midst of a persecution such as had certainly no equal in the annals of our country for centuries. Long may the prayers and alms of all faithful members of our Church enable it to prosper.

"The Penitentiary at Sutton in Surrey has been blessed in the recovery of many fallen women and girls in the East of London, especially from the neighbourhood of Ratcliff Highway, Whitechapel, Wapping, Stepney, &c. Commenced as a Refuge in Calvert Street, Old Gravel Lane, in October, 1857, it soon grew into a Penitentiary, and was moved in July, 1858, to Sutton, where it increased in numbers from 17 to 30. The house, however, has been found inconveniently arranged for so many, and the want of water and smallness of the laundry has interfered with the washing, and seriously limited the prospects of support by such work. More suitable premises have therefore been taken at Hendon, near Hampstead, where it is hoped that these difficulties will be obviated, and the work make steady progress.

"A debt, however, has been already incurred of £150, and a further sum of £600 will be required for furnishing, alterations, and fitting up the laundry on a scale suited to meet a large order for work, which has been promised as soon as it can be undertaken. To raise this sum of £750, the present appeal is made, that the Institution may start in its new premises free from all incumbrance.

"The crying and flagrant sin of this District of London is alas too notorious, abounding in infamous houses, penny theatres, low public houses, and various dens of wickedness; so that in a survey of a block of 733 houses, and these not in the worst locality, made by the East London Association, 27 were found to be public houses, 13 beer-shops, and 154 *brothels*.

"When, therefore, we see, in little more than two years, 130 to 140 poor girls and women rescued from the very jaws of this death, and of these a large proportion giving good proof of repentance and a new life, some in respectable service, some restored to their friends, others in this or other Penitentiaries, we may surely ask for liberal

help towards so truly Christian an object, that it may not languish or droop for the want of the necessary funds for its maintenance. And at this time especially, when so much liberal aid has been given to endeavours for remedying the great Social Evil in the West End of London, it is well that the wealthy, and above all our commercial men, should be reminded of the still more flagrant evil, which the very extent of our commerce creates in the neighbourhood of the Docks, and so assist in all sincere attempts to provide a remedy.

"A subjoined extract from the letter of an impartial observer, the Rev. W. H. Vernon, Curate of the parish of Sutton, who has kindly visited the House every week, in order to assist in the religious instruction of the inmates, will best show how far this institution deserves the liberal support which it now asks.

"The recent movement will be doubly valuable if it direct the public attention to the self-denying efforts, and the actual amount of good, which this work has already effected. In my weekly visits to the House of Mercy, situated in my parish here, I have been deeply impressed with the vast importance of the *female agency* employed for reclaiming this unhappy class. As far as I have been enabled to judge, everything is so conducted in the care and treatment of the inmates there, as to encourage the hope that by the Divine blessing increasing good will result. Their attention and deportment at the afternoon weekly service, wherein I feel it a privilege to declare to them the simple truths of the Gospel of CHRIST, are highly gratifying and full of promise. May it please GOD to put it into the hearts of the wealthy and influential to assist liberally in this opening for setting forth GOD's glory and the salvation of this hitherto neglected class of our fellow creatures.'

"Donations towards the special Fund or Annual Subscriptions, will be thankfully received by Thomas Charrington, Esq., Ratcliff, E.; by the Secretary, Rev. C. F. Lowder, 44, Wellclose Square, E.; or to the Account of the East London Penitentiary, at Messrs. Barnett, Hoare and Co., 62, Lombard Street."

Accordingly, on Thursday the 21st, the new house at Hendon was opened in that religious order and spirit, in which all works for GOD's honour should be commenced, with Holy Communion, with prayers and psalms.

The Dean of Westminster preached in most touching and earnest terms on the subject for which the Home is founded.

The Home is a large one, fitted up in the most useful way, and well adapted for its purpose: work-rooms, class-rooms, laundries, dormitories, all well ventilated and fitted up. A room has been fitted up neatly and yet worthily for the Chapel, and was decorated with flowers and evergreens on the occasion. May this day be the commencement of many years of prosperity and success to this Home for their great work of bringing back to GOD's mercy and favour those who have so sadly fallen from it.

On S. Mark's Day, the parish church of S. Mary's, Sturminster Marshall, was re-opened by the Bishop of the diocese, (Bishop of Salisbury) after undergoing complete restoration, which nearly implies rebuilding.

Any one who knew the old church would have wondered that the mother church of such an important district as the parish once was, should have presented so few points of architectural interest. For until the last voidance, the parish included upwards of thirty square miles, and was a "peculiar;" the income arising from the incumbency being such that the receiver could not remain in so obscure a country village, but was compelled to seek a more fashionable locality. Thus the poor church suffered from neglect, and great fungi disfigured the interior, which took various forms, in some cases that of inconvenient square pews, in another that of a gallery, which rendered access to the church a matter of difficulty, while in some cases it took the shape of a curious arrangement used as hatpegs, which enabled the person to be assured that some one was at Church; a fact of which he might have been unconscious (while at the altar) by reason of the pews.

The starving system is often useful in persons of plethoric habit; so it was with this parish; no sooner was the income of the parson reduced to a house and grounds, and a "starving," than there began to be shown symptoms of life and activity, the result of which was that the vestry voted a rate unanimously to aid the vicar and his friends in their charitable work of restoration. When the church began to shake off its disfigurements, there were tokens that it must have been more adorned, and more beautiful than had been expected, for many traces of great richness were found. On the north aisle wall there were discovered three layers of frescoes, the topmost was remarkable for its beauty and for the freshness of the colours. There were three figures to be discerned: a crowned female figure with most beautiful golden hair, seated with downcast eyes; this was executed evidently with great care, and no doubt was intended for the Blessed Virgin, in whose honour the church is dedicated. The figure was facing west. Immediately in front there were two figures partly visible; the head and right arm uplifted with sword, marked S. Michael, while at his feet evidently lay the dragon, part of whose head was visible, and whose hand was clutching either a spear-shaft, or something of the kind: whether this was the representation of some legend of the devil plotting against our LORD, either as a Child or before His Birth; or was intended as a representation of Rev. xii. 6, 7, let the learned in such matters decide. Under this fresco was another with green fields and trees, with a crowned male head,

while beneath this was an extremely rude fresco of a crowd of female faces, as if going away from something, they were all turned down and seemed as if forming part of a fresco of the last judgment. Beside these, there were other signs of richness, a large quantity of encaustic tiles, grisaille glass, stone diaper-coloured crimson, and a beautifully draped alabaster figure, (apparently of our Blessed LORD teaching) with gold and colour, from the original reredos, thrown in as rubble. The original windows on the north side of the nave were also discovered, and bore no signs of having been glazed; they were very small with deep external splay evidently for the purpose of allowing the fixing of horn or some other substance, which would exclude the weather, without excluding all the light.

At eleven o'clock a procession of about fifty clergy, vested in their surplices and stoles, preceded by the choir chanting the 24th Psalm, left the school-house and proceeded to the church, when the service for S. Mark's Day commenced. The service was choral, according to Helmore's "Manual of Plain Song:" the vicar, the Rev. W. Beadon Heathcote, Precentor of Salisbury, chanting, and the village choir with two boys from Salisbury choir responding. The fitness of the plain song for simple country choirs was here very apparent, for the responses were rendered heartily and well. The Bishop preached the sermon on S. John xv. 1: "I am the true Vine," pointing out the doctrine of the union of CHRIST with His people, as taught us by the plants around us, each part maintaining its proper place, while nourished by the stem; and as taught us by the buildings of the Church, by the position of the font, altar, pulpit, &c., and by the congregation turning to the East at the Creed. The collection amounted to upwards of £90.

After the celebration of the Holy Communion, the Bishop consecrated an additional piece of churchyard, which brings the churchyard down to the back of the Stour, and improves the appearance of the Church.

The luncheon then commenced, and more than five hundred persons of all classes were entertained in the field of the hospitable vicar.

In the evening, the sermon was preached by the Rev. Prebendary Popham, Ps. cxxii. 1, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the LORD;" showing why we should be glad, because it was the LORD's House. The collection amounted to upwards of £7.

On the Friday following the Bishop held a confirmation for the parish in the newly opened church, when nearly fifty candidates were confirmed, the clergyman kneeling with those whom he had prepared, at the altar, the vicar with the girls, the curate

with the boys: this custom, the custom of the diocese, has peculiar solemnity with it.

The church has been decorated under the care of a clergyman of the diocese, whose zeal was only exceeded by the taste and skill he has displayed in taking advantage of the peculiarities of the church. The texts have been very well selected; that on the north wall, the wall overlooking the Stour with its willow bed, is from Isa. xliv. 3, "I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thy offspring, and they shall spring up as willows by the water courses."

On Friday the 8th the new Chapel attached to the Resident Sisters of the Poor, at All Saints, Margaret Street, was opened by the Bishop of London, with special service and Holy Communion. These Sisters are governed by rules and statutes agreed to by the Bishop, who is Visitor. Among the good works carried on here are teaching, visiting, and nursing the sick; the charge of aged and infirm women, and incurably sick women; young serving-girls, who are trained for service and instructed in household work; a dispensary; a mortuary chapel, and an infant-nursery. What an answer is here to the common accusation that the energies of Churchmen and women are devoted chiefly to ritual.

Choir-Festivals are increasing every year; on the 5th of June one was held at Warminster, Diocese of Salisbury, mustering 100 members of choirs from the surrounding parishes. It is of little avail to tell us, as some do, that choral services are unpopular, not suited to English people and so on, in the face of such facts as these:

The seventh Dedication Feast of S. Matthias, Stoke Newington, whose early and struggling, though stirring and happy days, were frequently recorded in our pages, was held on the 14th of June, and the seven following days. The services for the day began with the Holy Communion at half-past seven: the clergy and choir singing the hymn, "Thou Heavenly Jerusalem," as they entered. The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens, flowers and banners, and many were found prepared to welcome thus early the return of a day which to them had been the beginning of a series of spiritual blessings and privileges, accompanied with a beauty and dignity that one is not often privileged to see or partake in. Not that the early service is a thing rare or uncommon in S. Matthias'. Every Sunday morning at half-past seven; every Saint's Day at half-past seven, and every Tuesday and Thursday at a quarter past seven, there is Holy Communion, and few can tell the blessing of these early services to those who are all day long at work in the heart of this great city. There can the churchman find the Holy Communion cele-

brated in full choral order and worthily offered, and can be at his post of business at nine. But to return to our Feast: at eleven o'clock was the Morning Prayer and Holy Communion, the Sermon being preached by the Rev. T. T. Carter. At these services the friends and clergy made a goodly procession, headed by the S. George's banner, and very noble and thrilling were the Psalms thus chanted. The great beauty of this service is that it is one consistent musical service, and even those who are not able to appreciate it as a stern Gregorian service are ever ready to acknowledge that for unity, heartiness, and reality, there are few to compare with it. Certainly the music to the Comfortable Words and Prefaces struck us as deficient in solemnity, and not quite in keeping with the words; but nothing can be more beautiful or more expressive than the LORD's Prayer in the Post-communion, as here sung arranged by Mr. Monk from Mr. Dyce. Most successfully and admirably was the whole celebrated, and the little schoolroom at the luncheon afterwards was quite filled, and after the refreshment many toasts were drunk, the chief of which were proposed by the incumbent, the Rev. C. J. Le Geyt, who certainly appeared well up to and fitted for the (as he himself felt) important and responsible position. No one seemed to be forgotten by him, Church and Queen, the preacher Mr. Carter, who, he said most truly, always gave them so much to think about and dwell upon in his sermons,—the churchwardens, in reply to which Mr. Beck gave a short but solemn *resumé* of past years and struggles since the service in the little schoolroom, up to the time when every shilling was paid for their beautiful church, a most striking example of the success and blessing on those who with patience and perseverance do the Church's work in the Church's way. All other helpers in the work were remembered and especially Mr. Le Geyt's curate, the Rev. T. W. Pantin, whose name was received with thorough enthusiasm, well deserved, we are sure; and the choir, all of whom are gentlemen and volunteers; and particularly the precentor and organist, whose energy and labours in the church are unbounded. Whether the service be late or early, both (or at least one) are at their post. We need say nothing of Mr. Monk's music and playing—they can proceed only from one whose heart is in his most cheering and elevating office. As Dr. Irons (who was the evening preacher,) observed, such a church and such services made us almost wonder how they were accomplished, both the courage and heartiness being unfailing amid all the trials and drawbacks which must inevitably attend any attempt, as here, to represent our beloved Church in her entireness and integrity. Long may S. Matthias continue to be set as a beacon on a hill! humble and persevering in herself, but letting her light and influence shed around in all directions

Reviews and Notices.

Des Principes de la Reformation en Angleterre, &c. Compilé et édité par le Rev. F. Godfray, D.C.L. Oxford : Parker.

On no subject is there more entire ignorance prevailing among our own people than the principles of the English Reformation, for that it had principles is quite certain, and it is very needful at all times to distinguish between these and the chance opinions and endless advice given by would-be-friends to those who had the chief share in its accomplishment. And if this is the case at home, it is still more so abroad : there it is by no means uncommon to hear an expression of the utmost surprise at any statement of our holding and teaching all the articles of the Faith, the three Creeds, &c. This being so, we doubt not these extracts from the works of our own modern, soundest divines on the subject will be found useful. They appear, for the most part, to be as uncontroversial as they well could be ; but this, though a very needful element in the work of the Society, is not a very easy matter to secure. However, the names of Scudamore, Blunt, Woodford, Chamberlain, Moberly, Freeman and others, are tolerable guarantees that this work does represent our most trusty writers on this controversial subject.

The Imitation of Christ. By the Rev. T. T. Carter, M.A. Rector of Clewer. London : Masters.

These Sermons were preached in All Saints' Church at the Services in Lent, and the large attendance there, we are happy to say, fully showed that the deep instruction was appreciated. We are always thankful to read Mr. Carter's Sermons, as in hearing them we can, as it were, feel that it is impossible to catch and retain the fulness of the meaning, or the depth of some of his wonderfully thoughtful passages. We trust that these will supply material for contemplation and thought till next Lent, and for years to come for many a faithful Christian soul.

Three Sermons on the parable of the Prodigal Son. By the Warden of S. Augustine's, Canterbury. London : Rivingtons.

These Sermons are in every way adapted to the wants of those for whom they were preached. Their publication will be a gain to others also, both on account of their fulness of Scripture teaching and the earnestness of the practical application of it. The following extract on the former head is worthy our attention.

"Strange to say, however, there was a marked exception to this general joy in the family itself. The elder son, who had always lived

at home, to whom 'pertained the adoption, and the glory and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises,' who had been always known as belonging to the family, and prided himself upon it, the Jewish nation, I say, was in the field at the time of his brother's unexpected return. He was going his round of ceremonial observances, thinking much, evidently, of his position and of the correct obedience he was paying, when the sound of voices came to his ears, that the word of God had been preached to the Gentiles, that they had heard it gladly, and were coming in, and added to the Church daily. He called therefore for one of the servants, the prophets of his Father and Lord, and asked what this disturbance of his ancestral home imported. He received many answers, all amounting to the same thing. Isaiah answered him. "It is a light thing that thou shouldest be My servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be My salvation unto the end of the earth." Hosea answered: 'I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not My people, Thou art My people; and they shall say, Thou art my God.' Micah answered: 'It shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it.' The Jew was angry with all who gave him answers like these. 'Behold,' said he, 'this man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law: for we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us.' Everywhere the same sullen spirit of narrowness and envy broke out, in contempt and persecution of the Gentiles now flocking in, and in discontent with the Father above, Whom, after his manner, he had been serving all his life. The Father himself came out and intreated him to go in, to share, and let his younger reclaimed brother share, in the joys and blessings of the Gospel. But he 'pleased not God, and was contrary to all men; forbidding men to speak to the Gentiles, that they might be saved;' putting stumbling-blocks in their way, 'except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved;' slandering the 'sinners of the Gentiles,' and 'going about to establish his own righteousness.' One of the chief teachers actually withdrew himself, 'fearing them which were of the circumcision.' The Father calmly and paternally showed him that he had 'much advantage every way,' especially that unto him 'were committed the oracles of God.' None of these advantages were taken from him. It was still to the Jew first, if it was to the Gentile also, that honour and glory and immortality were to be awarded. The Father was all in all to His elder son, and was still his. Thus He is justified in His sayings, and clear when He is judged: a just God and yet a SAVIOUR; righteous and yet compassionate.

"CHRIST spoke other parables in order to unfold the same relations of God to Jew and to Gentile, and those of the former nation to the latter. The parable of the labourers in the vineyard, especially, brings out the sullenness and envy of the labourer who has borne the

burden and heat of the day in contrast with the free goodness of the household ; and the reproof which that grudging spirit received.

"The course of interpretation of the parable is not altered, if, instead of Jew and Gentile, we assume the two to be the class of just men (i.e., after an outward sort), and the sinners, whether they be Jews or Gentiles. These very public sinners might be Jews who had forsaken God and were now reprobates, and the complaint of the Pharisees is still as bad as on the other supposition. 'This man receiveth sinners;' and 'when this sinner shall come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast lost him the fatted calf.' The parable on this supposition receives a remarkable fulfilment in the life of S. Paul. A prodigal once possessed of high gifts of learning, influence, and reputation which had brought him, to blasphemy and injury of the very name of CHRIST, was brought back by the wonderful power of grace to his Father's house, re-entering into the Old Testament with altered feelings, and by the merciful JESUS as His future Minister and Apostle. He was received by the elder brother, by the just men of every nation. At every step he met with suspicion or opposition. And he said, 'LORD, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to Thy Saints at Jerusalem: and here he hath authorised the chief priests to bind all that call on Thy Name.' 'When he came to Jerusalem, he essayed to join himself to the Disciples, but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a Prophet. His own nation were bitter and unceasing in their persecuting and obstructing his work in every possible way, sending their emissaries to every place, being so far from rejoicing in his success, that they persecuted him at it continually.

"The two interpretations now sketched out explain the parable in its national and general sense, which doubtless was the primary intention of which it was first uttered."—Pp.10—12.

Twenty Sermons, preached at S. John's, Haverstock Hill, by J. Baines, M.A., Vicar of Little Marlow.

This Volume is a memorial of past years of labour and service of the Author, in the Chapel and Almshouses of the Merchant Taylors' School, near London. This would of itself give them a value in the eyes of all those who had ever been at the reverent and comfortable service in that little Chapel to partake in the spiritual power which it was ever Mr. Baines's delight to increase, both by his preaching and his prayer, with labour and reverence, to the utmost of his power. But they will find that Mr. Baines is a Sermon writer of a very high order. A thorough power of language, with pointed and homely illustrations, are displayed in every page. Such Sermons are the work of a Divine and Scholar to the Church, and cannot but be of great service. Mr. Baines is now Vicar of a small country parish. We have little doubt that ere long his energetic Diocesan will turn his talents as are here displayed to the best advantage and service of the Church.

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A MAIDEN OF OUR OWN DAY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER VII.

“How-do-you-do? and how-do-you-do?
And how-do-you-do again?”
Nursery Rhymes.

GYNETH was industriously practising some airs from the “Sonnambula” one afternoon, a few days after her arrival at home, when the servant announced “Mr. and Mrs. Parry,” and there entered a tall young man, who rather resembled an overgrown boy, and a very short lady, who was manifestly some years older. The husband looked ingenuous and amiable, but preter-naturally solemn; the wife on the contrary seemed in a perpetual state of giggle, but she also looked amiable, and greeted Gyneth with great warmth and friendliness.

“I am afraid we have interrupted you,” said Mr. Parry, gravely, glancing at the open piano.

The fact was so obvious, that Gyneth only smiled, and said it was of no consequence, she could finish her practice some other time.

“I suppose you are very fond of music,” continued the young officer, “are you one of the advocates for the scheme of a regimental concert?”

“I think it would be very pleasant if it could be managed, and papa seems to think it would be a good thing for the soldiers.”

“Yes, I know the colonel thinks so, but for my part I don’t see it, I don’t believe any amount of fiddle-de-

deeing will keep up a good tone among the men, nothing but religion can do that."

Mrs. Parry looked approvingly at her husband, and giggled; Gyneth not knowing what to say, said nothing.

"I am sorry my brother-in-law was obliged to leave us without having given that lecture on Havelock," Mr. Parry went on, "he is just the man to turn such a subject to good account, but unfortunately he could only stay with us till yesterday, and the Colonel didn't seem to like the idea of getting it all up in a hurry, else I daresay we might have managed it."

"Papa was much obliged to your brother for his kindness in offering to lecture," said Gyneth, politely.

"Oh, he would have been only too happy, he never likes to lose an opportunity for usefulness, and he quite pities our poor soldiers exposed to the temptations of such a place as this. For as I suppose you know, Miss Deshon," continued Mr. Parry, with additional solemnity, "Harbourmouth is a terribly bad place, in fact in some respects there couldn't be a worse."

"So I have heard," replied Gyneth, "I am so sorry."

"And a place where very little is done to counteract the evil," said Mrs. Parry, as cheerfully as if she were announcing some decidedly agreeable fact, "there is no young men's association, and there were no mother's meetings till dear Mrs. Gordon established one lately, and the schools are not at all so numerous as they ought to be."

"Isn't there some lady—a Miss Boyd, I think,—who does a great deal among the poor?" inquired Gyneth, "and has she not lately set up some industrial schools? my brother Lambert was telling me about them."

"Ah," said Mr. Parry, shaking his head, "she doesn't go the right way to work; she's got a schoolroom hung round with absurd Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and illuminated texts in Gothic letters that the children can't read."

"Oh, but surely almost anyone who can read common print can make out the meaning of Gothic letters, and where there is a teacher to explain, the children cannot be puzzled for long. My brother said they all seemed

so happy, and that so many useful things were taught them."

"Ah, I see you are one of that school," said Mr. Parry, regretfully.

Gyneth marvelled for a minute whether he meant the Industrial School, but concluded that he must rather have intended to refer to the school of opinions of which Pre-Raphaelite pictures and Gothic scrolls are presumed to be the sign.

"I suppose you hold the same views as your brother," said Mrs. Parry, with an appearance of great amusement, and as Gyneth looked at her in silent wonder, she added, "Charlie and I do so regret that such a good young man as he is should be so far on the road to Rome."

Did Mrs. Parry imagine that Lambert was at present journeying in Italy? or was she speaking figuratively? Gyneth thought it must be the latter, but fervently wished that Mr. and Mrs. Parry would not talk in riddles, and felt a growing inclination to laugh, which politeness obliged her to repress.

"I wonder if the servant has told my brother that you are here," she said, waiving the question of his supposed Romish tendencies, "he is the only one at home except myself, papa and mamma are out riding, and the children are taking a walk with their nurse."

"Little dears!" exclaimed Mrs. Parry, and she began a series of inquiries after their health, which lasted till Lambert appeared.

There was more cordiality in the greeting between the Parrys and her brother than Gyneth had expected to see, and in talking about Cambridge, and Corfu reminiscences, the conversation flowed on pleasantly, and there were no more mysterious references to Rome. But when Mr. Parry rose to take leave he said rather reproachfully to Lambert, "I didn't see you at Mr. Gordon's on Sunday."

"S. Olave's? no, we have seats at the parish church," Lambert replied.

"But I hope you will come and hear Mr. Gordon some evening," said Mrs. Parry, "we can always make room for you in our pew."

"Thank you," said Lambert, and courteous as was the tone, there needed not any prefix of 'no' to make the short reply appear a decided negative.

Mrs. Parry turned to Gyneth. "Perhaps *you* would like to hear Mr. Gordon, Miss Deshon, we shall be happy to take you with us any time you like to go, and I shall hope too to interest you in Mr. Gordon's school he has put me on the committee, and I and the other ladies are very busy just now, as are also the children in making all sorts of little things which when they are finished are to be sent out to Mr. Gordon's brother, who is a missionary in India. Some kind friends have contributed materials, and others are giving us their time we are glad of all the assistance we can get, for a dear friend of Mr. Gordon's is going out to India in about a week, and has offered to take charge of our parcel if we can get it ready before then."

One of those troublesome absurd remembrances or droll things heard or read which *will* come across one's mind even when least desired, made Gyneth smile, and she hoped inwardly that the "little things" did not include any of the "moral pocket-handkerchers" so amusingly described in "Pickwick;" but the smile was followed by a feeling of compunction, which made her offer her help in the manufacture of some of the little garments. Mrs. Parry caught at the proposition with abundant thanks and innumerable giggles, and inquired whether she should call for Gyneth the next day and take her to join the working party at Mrs. Gordon's, where all was "so nice and sociable," or whether she would prefer having some work sent to her to do at home. Gyneth much preferred the latter, so with a promise to send her two or three articles that very same day, Mrs. Parry and her husband took their departure.

"What funny people," said Gyneth, when they were gone.

"Funny? yes, they are rather funny," replied Lambert absently. "Gyneth, do you really like making things?"

"Do you mean little clothes like those Mrs. Parry is going to send me? yes, if they are for any good purpose. I don't like purposeless work much."

"Ah, I observed that you were not given to crochet, but I thought perhaps you were like Fanny who detests any sort of work."

"No, indeed, grandmamma has instilled into me a proper veneration for the needle. Can I do anything for you, Lambert? Do you want any glove-buttons sewn on?"

"No, oh no, nothing of the sort, thank you, I was only thinking—"

"Well," said Gyneth, expectantly: but he still hesitated, and at length she exclaimed, "Oh, Lambert, do please say what you mean."

"I know I am very stupid," he answered, apologetically; "but I do so hate interfering, only I was thinking that as you are so anxious to be of use I hoped you would not forget that Mr. Weatherhead has the first claim on us. Mr. Gordon has a district church at one end of the town and is very popular, and many people, like the Parrys, join heart and soul in his schemes, and ignore the rector completely, but I don't think you would wish to be drawn into doing that."

"Oh, of course not; but how can such a thing happen?"

"Partly, I think,—so far as the ladies are concerned, —because Mr. Weatherhead's wife is dead, and his daughter not yet old enough to take the lead in anything, while Mrs. Gordon I am told is an active managing person who takes pains to get people on her committee, and so on."

"And gives 'sociable' working parties to encourage them. Ah, well, Mrs. Parry's work will not take me long, and meantime I must make Miss Weatherhead's acquaintance, and see if I can do anything to help *her*. Only you know I am so useless, not old enough to take a district, or anything like that, and needlework is a little stupid thing that anybody can do."

There was a quiver in her voice as she finished speaking, which made Lambert look at her anxiously and say, "It is something that you are willing to do all that you can."

"Oh, I hope I am that; I will do whatever Mr.

Weatherhead thinks I can, provided mamma does not mind ; but oh, it is so grievous that the place should be so bad, and that we can do so little for it ! The evil and the misery of the world seem to press upon one so heavily when one is doing nothing on the side of goodness and mercy."

Her voice had steadied itself, and no tears fell, but such deep honest grief burned in her eyes, that Lambert saw the feeling she had just expressed was no mere evanescent piece of girlish sentiment, but one strongly rooted in her heart. What should he say ? Should he remind her that her time for action would come, that she was but in training for it now, and must not reproach herself with the non-fulfilment of duties which God's providence had not appointed for her ? No ; that sounded like implied fault-finding. Should he tell her how truly he sympathised with her, how deeply he felt his own inability to do anything to stem the tide of sin and misery in the world ? No, that was speaking of himself, bringing his own feelings forward, as if *they* could signify ! Should he remind her that goodness and mercy might be shown forth in the hidden home life, that she living quietly, performing the duties of a good daughter and good sister, was thus doing her part on the side of right, and was shedding forth a pure influence which might reach further than she thought of ? No ; that seemed like setting up to teach her, and in his humility he thought himself unfit to do that. Meantime, poor boy, he looked nervous, and said nothing, and Gyneth swallowing down her emotion went back to the "Sonnambula."

But as he was leaving the room she turned round again, saying, "Lambert, I wish you would tell me what to think of the Parrys, they are very kind-hearted good sort of people, are they not ?"

"Yes, indeed, and they are truly benevolent people, for though they are not at all rich they contrive to do more than many who are, by self-denial, and willingness to take trouble."

"Then one ought quite to admire them ? But surely they have very strange opinions, Mrs. Parry said she thought you were on the road to Rome."

"Yes, that is one of her fancies. I believe some relatives of her's whom she used to be much with before her marriage were almost dissenters, and she imbibed from them some mistaken one-sided notions. Her husband was brought up in good Church principles, but when he was very young—he is only six-and-twenty now—he was extremely thoughtless, and as it was from her that he first learned to think seriously he allows himself to be guided by her opinion."

"You don't think I need be intimate with them, do you? Mrs. Parry seemed anxious to be sociable, but I fancy mamma does not quite like them, does she?"

"Not quite, and I'm sure she will not wish you to be very intimate with them, so the question is settled for you."

"I am glad of it, for it is uncomfortable to be much with people whose opinion one is compelled to distrust, and moreover I really have no wish to see much of them, the giggling and the solemnity are both too distasteful to me."

"That is mere manner," said Lambert, rather coldly, "Parry used to be very merry once, but learned to be afraid of his own high spirits, and so took up that solemn way of speaking; Mrs. Parry's giggling proceeds, I believe, from nervousness."

"But the contrast is so absurd! Yes, I see you think me very naughty, Lambert, and if they are really good, I ought not to laugh at them, but I do so dislike a bad manner, it does jar upon me so."

"I am sorry," said Lambert colouring, and he went away.

Gyneth's fingers made melody with "Ah non giunge," but her mind was perplexed and regretful; she felt sure that her brother had taken her thoughtless remark home, and longed to run after him, and tell him that she had been thinking of the Parrys only, and that she already repented of having criticised them. But while she was hesitating whether to do so or not, she heard the house-door close, and going to the window saw Lambert run down the steps, and take the road towards the sea. "So we are not to make it up this time, Bertie," she said to

herself as she watched him, "I wonder if we shall understand one another quite, or whether I shall go on blundering and vexing you when I least need it if you were not so very, *very* timid and hesitating. And to think that I once fancied you dictating would speak freely to me, I should like it much. And to think that I once fancied you dictating could almost wish you were!"

She went back to the piano, but she was fated to get on with her practising that afternoon, for scarcely seated herself before the door was opened and the servant ushered in "Captain and Mrs. Alban."

If Gyneth's sensitiveness had been offended by the Parrys' uncomfortable manners, it was soothed and calmed now by the graceful ease of the young lady. She was slight and rather tall, with lovely eyes, regular features, black hair, and a complexion without being exactly fair, was clear and bright. Her soft foreign-sounding English was very sweet and musical, and her manner a pretty mixture of simplicity and archness. Her husband, a great big, blue-eyed fellow, followed her with his looks, and hung upon her, seeming to regard his own existence as of quite secondary importance. He was an only son, the heir to a fine property, idolized by his parents and sisters, and a favourite, but he was one of those people whom pride does not spoil, and had never known what it was to pride in himself, or in anything belonging to him. He was in his beautiful young bride, whom he regarded as being of a superior order. He had not much to spare for other women, beyond the requisite compliments of society, and after a cordial "How-d'ye-do?" and a query for "the Colonel," left the conversation to her who on the strength of being Jeannie's great aunt claimed immediate intimacy with Gyneth, and in her pretty foreign way, "We must not begin to talk to strangers, with little speeches about the weather, 'a fine day,' and all that. You must tell me of Jeannie, and of yourself; how is the dear grandmother, and the good cousin that you used to write of? I have seen many of your letters; Jeannie used to show them to me; was that very naughty?"

Gyneth's English shyness and reserve would not admit of as much cordiality in return, but she replied smiling, that her grandmamma and her cousin were, she believed, quite well, and that her mother had just had a letter from Jeannie, who was at Paris, and enjoying herself very much.

"Ah, the darling! and when is she coming to England?"

"She does not know exactly; Mr. Hutchinson talks of taking her through Switzerland first, but their plans are not quite settled."

"And 'Murray's Handbook' has not proved fatal yet? Ah but it is in Switzerland that she will have the greatest dose of it; she must not think of your Byron, and his 'Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;' it will be 'Mont Blanc is so many feet high, and Professor Somebody ascended it in such a year, and Mr. Somebody-else in such another.' I can fancy it all so well."

"Is Mr. Hutchinson so devoted to 'Murray' then?"

"To be sure; ah, and so are all the English gentlemen. I do not wonder that the poor Frenchman asked if those red books were not the English people's Prayer Books, or that another began his description of an Englishman with 'il porte dans sa main un petit livre rouge;' this husband of mine had a long row of Murrays, 'Handbook of Switzerland,' 'Belgium and the Rhine,' all so correct, he thought it would be so nice when we travelled together, but one day I was very cold, and I made a great fire of them; they did not even burn nicely though, they only made a great smoke."

"Of course," said the husband, who apparently keenly relished his little wife's mischief, "did you ever hear of such a silly little lady, Miss Deshon? Your sister will, I have no doubt, go through her course of Murray most dutifully, and never dream of making a bonfire of her husband's property."

"Ah yes, Jeannie is so good, she just opens her pretty eyes when she is told to admire this or that; she would never think of raising a revolt. Are you like that too, Miss Deshon, or are you perverse like me?"

"I am not fond of being told what to admire cer-

tainly," said Gyneth, "though I am willing to own that my taste requires education."

"Ah, native taste is the best; I do not mean to let any one educate mine. I shall say that the 'Venus de Medici' is ugly if I think so, even if I am to be hooted out of good society for my boldness."

"You little barbarian!" exclaimed Captain Ross in pretended horror, "it is quite painful to have such shocks to one's respectable prejudices, I shall be afraid to take you among 'proper' people."

"Oh but you must, they are so funny. And now tell me, Miss Deshon, how is your brother? that good Lambert whom Jeannie and I used to torment so with our nonsense. How does he like Cambridge? Has he made any friends there?"

"Not any special friend, I think, but he likes college very well. I am sorry he is not at home, he only went out a few minutes before you came."

"Ah, he must come and see me, and you will come too, I hope; do not make a formal visit, but come to lunch, both of you; I want to consult you about the concert, Colonel Deshon tells me you are musical."

Gyneth answered readily that she was fond of music, and this gave rise to a discussion which lasted for the remainder of the visit, but when Mrs. Alban Ross took leave, she again pressed Gyneth to lunch with her, saying, "I want to be very good friends with you, if you will let me. I think we are nearly of the same age; Jeannie is two whole years older than me, but you are not more than eighteen, are you?"

"No, I am not quite eighteen yet; my birthday is in August."

"And I was eighteen in January, so I am the eldest, but there is not much difference; promise me to come and see me soon."

"Thank you, I shall like to come very much, and you will sing to me, will you not? Lambert is so anxious that I should hear some of your patriotic songs."

"Ah, even he cannot resist my songs of liberty," said the young Greek, her eyes flashing suddenly, "I do not like singing them in ordinary company, among those

who do not care for my people, but I will sing them to you."

"Pray bring your brother with you, Miss Deshon," said Captain Ross, as he shook hands, "we are always glad to see him, and he is almost too much of a hermit; don't you think so? He never seems to care to stir from home."

"It is very pleasant for us to have so much of him," answered Gyneth, with a glad proud smile. Blame Bertie as she might sometimes in her secret thoughts, she was ready to defend him against all the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Not as although we thought we could do much,
Or claimed large sphere of action for ourselves;
Not in this thought—since rather be it ours,
Both thine and mine, to ask for that calm frame
Of spirit, in which we know and deeply feel
How little we can do, and yet do that."

TRENCH.

WHEN Mrs. Deshon and her daughters were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner, that same evening, the servant brought in a parcel, 'For Miss Deshon, with Mrs. Parry's compliments,' which, when opened, was found to contain divers little garments, of various shapes and sizes.

"So you have allowed Mrs. Parry to enlist you in her service already," exclaimed Mrs. Deshon, laughing, "my dear child, you don't know what you are bringing on yourself."

"Do you mind my making these little things, mamma?" said Gyneth; "I would not have offered if I had thought you would have any objection."

"Oh, I have no sort of objection, if you like to be so self-sacrificing; but here, let me help you, I can make this frock-body while you are making the skirt; or you might let Fanny run the seams for you; it would do her good to have some work, she has not done any for an age."

"I've lost my thimble, mamma," objected Fanny, who

was studying the use of Lambert's compasses, and ready covered a whole sheet of paper with innumerable circles, triangles, and hexagons, all more or less shapen.

"But I found it, and here it is. Come, my love, be sure you will like to help Gyneth."

"Oh, mamma, if it is only on my account,—"
Gyneth, but then stopped, feeling that it was needless to Fanny to aid her in evading attention to her mother's wishes.

A struggle was apparently going on in the little mind, for she grew very red, and kept balancing the compasses up and down on her fingers; finally she put them back into their case, and holding out her hand to Fanny, exclaimed brusquely, "I'll do it."

"Oh, thank you, Fan," said Gyneth warmly, and took a room for her beside her; but when she observed Fanny's big stitches, and tendency to 'pucker,' she perceived that her assistance was not likely to be altogether a benefit. "Never mind, if she does it badly, I can do it and do it again without saying anything," was her mental reflection, and so she quietly pursued her work, the exquisite neatness of which might well have served as a model for the awkward little sister.

"I rather pitied you when I heard that the Parson called," said Mrs. Deshon presently. "I supposed I had a great deal to say about 'dear Mr. Gordon,' their last new paragon."

"Mrs. Parry asked me to come and see his school, and offered me a seat in her pew at St. Olave's. I suppose they live in that part of the parish, don't they?"

"No, they are not in Mr. Gordon's district, but they like him, and therefore attend his church. He tried to persuade us to do so, but that is not your father's way."

"Lambert was talking about Mr. Weatherhead this afternoon," said Gyneth: "he says that he has very good helpers, and that Miss Weatherhead is too young to be able to do very much. I am afraid I am too young to be of any use, but if I could help in ever so small a way, it would be better than nothing. Would you mind

taking a class in the Sunday-school, if they are in want of teachers, and Mr. Weatherhead thinks I am fit for it?"

The inquiry was made very timidly, for Gyneth doubted her own fitness for a teacher, and feared the proposal might seem presumptuous, but that was not the light in which the matter appeared to Mrs. Deshon.

"My dear, it is very good of you, I am sure," she said affectionately, "and I daresay you would teach very nicely, but I must ask papa about it. The Sunday-school is in the town, close to the Church, and I am not sure that it is a fit place for you to go to, though now I think of it, Bertie has promised to take a class there, I believe, and while he is at home you would have his protection to and fro."

"Has Lambert undertaken a class already?" asked Gyneth in surprise, "he never told me so."

"I should think not!" exclaimed Fanny, who was listening eagerly, and making worse puckers in her work than ever.

"Fan means," said Mrs. Deshon, "that it is not Lambert's way to call attention to any of his own doings, but last Sunday (the day after he arrived from Cambridge) papa introduced him to Mr. Weatherhead, who joined us on our way home from Church, and something was said of teachers being wanted for the Sunday-school, whereupon it was soon arranged that Lambert should take a class of boys during his vacation. He went to get some instructions about it the day that poor Edgar met with the accident to his cheek."

"And cried like a baby about it," interrupted Fanny, scornfully.

"Fan!" said Mrs. Deshon in a tone of gentle displeasure, and the little girl looked down ashamed, but presently observed in a sort of aside, "I know *Bertie* thought Eddie was cowardly."

"Have you seen Miss Weatherhead yet, mamma?" said Gyneth.

"Yes, I made the acquaintance of a host of little Weatherheads one afternoon, and the oldest, I was assured, was quite her father's right hand. She seemed rather a for-

ward little demoiselle, and talked more like a woman thirty than a girl of fifteen; but, poor child, from the loss of her mother, she has been made old before her time. She has, I think, eight brothers and sisters; the youngest only three years old; I quite pity poor Mr. Wetherhead, left with the care of all those little ones, and his children, they are, too, I am told."

"And his is a very large parish, is it not?"

"Yes, and a very poor one; I am sure I wish we could afford to help him in his various charities, but really we have no superabundant wealth, and military people have so many expenses. Papa has given him a subscription to the schools, and the District Visiting Society; we scarcely know what more we can do, for we must keep up the regimental charities, and the poor soldiers' wives come to me for assistance continually; there was a woman here only this morning with a long, pitiful story, and of course I could not send her away unrelieved."

"Oh, no," said Gyneth, in thorough acquiescence. Mrs. Deshon continued, "Some people make their children and their children uncomfortable that they may give the poor, but I can't bear that system; it would be very well if only oneself was sacrificed, but I could not endure to let papa go without the comforts he requires, to deny my children anything."

"But we ought to be willing to be denied sometimes, mamma," said Gyneth; "I hope you won't mind refusing me if I should ask for anything extravagant."

"I don't believe you will, my dear, and pray don't go into the other extreme, like that ridiculous child Emily, who, when I offered to buy him one of those pretty images that he admired so much yesterday, declared he would rather not have it, and nearly cried when I presented it on him, though I could see all the time he was longing for it."

"Do you know, mamma," interrupted Fanny, "Emily has broken the one you bought for her; she broke her head right off yesterday evening."

"*Quel dommage!*" exclaimed Mrs. Deshon lightly, but she by no means drew any of the moral reflections from the incident that it seemed calculated to suggest.

was really not at all extravagant as regarded herself, but always lavish where her children were concerned, and it was a good and tender feeling which made her averse to stinting them in any of their pleasures. But perhaps a wiser love, while it did not impose sacrifices on them, would yet have trained them to a participation in that glad and willing spirit of self-denial, which, when it pervades a family, makes each vie with the other in foregoing mere luxuries for the sake of charity, and which does in truth produce more real pleasure than can be produced by the most studious gratification of each one's tastes and fancies.

"Let me see how you are getting on with your hemming, Fan," said Mrs. Deshon, after a few minutes' silence. "Oh, what big stitches! Bertie,"—to Lambert, who had just entered the room—"don't you think a course of needlework would be quite as useful as Euclid?"

"More so, if you mean for Fanny: you should see what a clever worker little Miss Weatherhead is, Fan."

"I don't care about Miss Weatherhead," replied Fanny in high disdain, "mamma says she's forward."

"Those that live in glass houses"—quoted Mrs. Deshon mischievously—"you know what follows, Fanny."

Fanny turned with a discomfited air towards Lambert, but soon recovered herself, and went on with her hemming. She took the little skirt away with her when she went to bed, and did not return it to her sister until the next afternoon, when Gyneth found to her surprise that all the gobble-stitches had vanished, and in their stead was a row of perfectly small and smooth though rather irregular stitches.

"Thank you, dear Fan; why this looks much better than it did last night," she remarked wonderingly.

"Who has made the improvement?"

"Bertie," began Fanny, but was interrupted by Gyneth's laughter.

"My dear Fan, I know he can do a great many useful things, but I really hope he doesn't work!"

"No, no, of course not," replied Fan impatiently, "but I showed him the frock when I had finished it, and

he said it was much too bad, and wouldn't be of any use to you, so I unpicked it and did it all over again."

"That was very good of you; but when did you find time? I thought you were at your lessons."

"I did it instead of Euclid," was the rather dolorous reply.

"Oh, I am sorry," said the tender-hearted sister; but Fanny brightened again, and said smiling, "How funny you are, Gyneth! Don't you see it served me right for not taking pains yesterday evening? Bertie said very likely *you* would let me off the unpicking, but that I had no business to let myself off, so I wouldn't ask you whether I should do it or not."

"Bertie is wiser than I," said Gyneth, "though I know I have felt in my own case that if one has done anything negligently it is better to punish oneself by doing it over again, where that is possible, however troublesome it may be. But no one else ever enforced this on me; dear grandmamma was so indulgent that she could not bear me to suffer for my faults."

"How grandmamma and you must have spoiled Edgar. He can't bear to have a word said to him now, and when Bertie turned him back in his lessons this morning he began to cry."

"He generally did his lessons very well with me; perhaps Lambert gives him harder ones."

"Oh, no, awfully easy ones, little bits of things that I could do in ten minutes, and he is so dreadfully slow over them, and Bertie is so patient, it quite fidgets me to hear them going over the same things again and again. I don't think Eddie is at all clever, do you, Gyneth?"

"Not very, certainly; but he can't help that, you know, Fan; it would be cruel to be impatient with him for what is not a fault."

Fanny glanced at the difficult German book in Gyneth's hand, then at her sister's face.

"Gyneth, I do think Bertie is right when he says you are very good, for if you who are so clever, are not made cross by people who are stupid, you must be good, I'm *quite* sure."

Even Edgar when assured of Bertie's approval could

scarcely have looked more joyous than did Gyneth at that moment, but the bright expression died away directly. "Bertie would not think me good if he really knew me," she said to herself, "and I ought not to like that he should think me so even for a minute: grandmamma has always thought so, and will not be persuaded to the contrary, and Rose is just as partial, there is no one but Lewis who really knows my faults, and cares for me in spite of them."

There was a veiled sadness in her tone as she answered playfully, "Neither Bertie nor any of you quite know me yet, Fanny; by-and-by you will find out how cross and disagreeable I can be." But her lips soon parted in a smile again, and the thought that had brought it back was this—"If everyone else should find out how anything but good I am, and should learn to dislike me, I should still have Lewis; for he knows most of my naughtiness already, and yet,—likes me."

She pondered over what Fanny had said of Edgar's slowness at his lessons, and decided on again offering her services in teaching him. Lambert made no objection, but Edgar did, and at length a compromise was effected, and it was arranged that Lambert should continue to teach both Edgar and Fanny Latin and arithmetic, while Gyneth should superintend the rest of their lessons. She did not find Edgar so docile as he had been used to be; Fanny's presence distracted him, and he was impatient to get away that he might go to Lambert. Fanny was the best pupil, for she was wonderfully quick and clever, and so delighted at finding how much Gyneth knew that she was in the best of spirits and humours.

The next day was Sunday, and Gyneth saw Mr. Weatherhead for the first time, at Church, and afterwards met him when she was walking home with Lambert, and was introduced both to him and his daughter.

On Monday as she was strolling on the beach with Edgar, a boyish shout made them turn round, and Horace Weatherhead came dashing up to them. "Papa has gone to see the coastguard man who lives up there," he said, pointing to a quaint little house that was perched

on a high ridge of ground overlooking the beach, very ill, poor man, so I mustn't go in to disturb him. I'm waiting till papa comes out."

He was a pleasant-looking little boy with a freckled face, a high colour, and dark hair and Gyneth invited him to have a game with Edgar, and down herself, promising to keep watch on the coastman's house, and call him when his papa came out.

Horace proposed that they should play at being mermaids, and decorated Edgar and himself with fantastically arranged pieces of seaweed, after which the game consisted principally in throwing stones into the sea as signals to the mermaids who were supposed to be disconsolate at their sudden disappearance from the depths of the ocean.

Gyneth suggested that Hans Andersen's version of the mermaid who insisted on her little granddaughter having a row of oysters appended to her tail as a badge of dignity, was doubtless one of their relations; and Horace replied solemnly that she was their great-aunt. He then recited a whole genealogy, in which Edgar acquiesced not without a little air of condescension however, by humouring his friend's nonsense, rather than entering heartily into it. Gyneth was perhaps the most amused, and was rather sorry when she descried a black dog descending the precipitous pathway which led from the coastguard's dwelling to the beach, and was obliged to announce to Horace that his father was in sight.

The child hastily divested himself of his seaweed ornaments, and ran to meet him, but apparently had not had enough of Edgar's society, for he brought Mr. Weatherhead down to where Gyneth and her brother were sitting, exclaiming, "There, papa, there's my brother-mother. Do let's walk along the beach, and then we can send more messages to the mermaids."

Mr. Weatherhead smiled consent, shook hands with Gyneth, and inquired after Edgar's bruised cheek. The bruise was still plainly to be seen, but Eddie pronounced it quite well, and grew rosy with shame at the remembrance of the tears which the rector had seen him shed for it; he was glad to run on in front with Horace

hide his confusion by pretending to look for mermaids in the water.

"He seems rather delicate, poor little fellow," said Mr. Weatherhead, as he and Gyneth followed more slowly, "but he is not so pale as my own little boy. I don't mean Horace," he continued, as Gyneth looked up in astonishment, "I mean one of my other sons, Geoffrey, who has very bad health, and is moreover blind."

An exclamation of sorrowful surprise escaped Gyneth, and Mr. Weatherhead went on, "You had not heard of him I daresay, he is away from home now, my sister has taken him with her to London to be under the care of an oculist."

"Then there is some hope of his recovering his sight?"

"Very little, I fear, but we must not neglect any chance, and under his aunt's care his health will be well attended to. My little daughter Augusta almost wore herself out with nursing him last winter; it is too great a charge for her."

"Your daughter has not gone away too, has she? Mamma and I were planning to go and see her some day soon."

The clergyman's careworn face quite beamed with pleasure. "Augusta will be delighted," he said warmly, "poor child, she has not many visitors; she is too young to be visited as a matter of course, and we have not many friends here."

"You have not been here very long, I think my brother told me?"

"Not quite two years, and we came from a country parish where my children were universally known—and spoilt, I'm afraid I must add. It was a great change for them coming here. And so it has been to you, I think, —you were living in a cathedral town before, were you not?"

"Yes, at ———, and I was very sorry to leave it; but I do not dislike what I have yet seen of Harbourmouth."

"No, the common is pleasant enough, it is the town that is so disagreeable; I am glad for my children's sake that my house is in the outskirts, though it would be more convenient to me to be nearer my church."

Gyneth made a remark about the apparent antiquity of the church, and some conversation on its architecture followed, during which they arrived at the point where a road led up from the beach to the outskirts of the town.

Gyneth was going to wish Mr. Weatherhead good-bye, and turn homewards across the common, when he stopped her by saying, "I am going straight home, would you like to come with me and see my little girl? She has denied herself a walk to-day that she may finish some work she is busy with, so your visit will be particularly welcome."

Gyneth knew that her mother would be glad to be spared the visit to the "forward little demoiselle," and so readily accepted the rector's proposition, only inquiring whether his house was really quite outside the town, on account of the prohibition concerning Edgar.

Augusta Weatherhead was in the drawing-room, very busily engaged in the construction of a child's sun-bonnet. She greeted Gyneth with womanly composure, inquired politely after Colonel and Mrs. Deshon, and seemed far more an adept at general conversation than her father. She was plain in face, but clever looking, and had a good figure, which together with her nicely-made dress and well-arranged hair gave her a stylish appearance unusual at her age. Gyneth felt herself quite awkward and childish in comparison with this precocious little lady, and meekly submitted to be patronised by her, feeling much less at ease with the rector's daughter than with the rector himself.

Mr. Weatherhead left them in a few minutes, and then Augusta became less stately, and more communicative. She asked if Gyneth would excuse her going on with her work, as she was in a hurry to get it finished, and explained that it was for a child whom her father was interested in, and whose parents were going to sail for Australia in a day or two.

"Could I help you?" inquired Gyneth, shyly, almost feeling that the offer was useless.

"Oh, no, thank you, I shall be able to manage it; I can get through a great deal of work on the days I don't go out."

"And you seem to work so quickly; I wish I could."

Augusta smiled a superior smile, and observed, "I could do a great deal more if the children didn't hinder me, but Horace and Nelly are so riotous I am obliged to be continually looking after them."

"We'd a great deal rather you didn't, Gussie," put in Horace, with a roguish look.

"Do you teach them their lessons?" asked Gyneth.

"Oh, no, a daily-governess comes every morning to do that, and meanwhile I attend to house-keeping matters, and my German, and practising. I am anxious to keep up my music, for when I was staying in London with my aunt Clarissa last year, I had lessons from a first-rate master, and it would be a pity that those should be thrown away. Do you practise much, Miss Deshon?"

"An hour every day, nominally, but I am afraid I am not very exact about it. I play more or less as the humour takes me."

"An hour does not seem much; my master used to say one must practise at least two hours every day if one wished to attain any proficiency, and I think I even exceed that time, but then it is partly at the organ. I am very anxious to learn to play that well, that I may be able to be papa's organist; the one he has now is very expensive, and extremely troublesome, always wanting to play chants that he has composed himself."

"How soon do you think you shall be able to take his place? Are you not rather frightened at the idea of it?"

"Oh, I daresay I shall feel a little nervous for the first time or so, but I don't mean to make the attempt until I can play really well; and the organist is not seen at all in our church, so I shall have no stares to discompose me, and make me play wrong notes."

"I thought you didn't mind being stared at, Gussie," said Horace, "I'm sure you said so one day."

Little Miss Gussie's chin went up in the air.

"Of course I am not so silly as to mind people's rudeness," she replied, "but I would rather avoid it when possible. You shouldn't make such foolish remarks, Horace."

Horace smiled, and made a face at Edgar, but Eddie was lost in thought, and presently looked up, and said, "Wouldn't it be wrong to make wrong notes in Church?"

Augusta laughed, and Horace looked puzzled, but Gyneth comprehended and answered softly, "Not if one couldn't help it, Eddie, but of course one ought to be as careful as possible."

He seemed inclined to say something more, but checked himself, and stood silent by Gyneth's side, twining his little fingers round hers, and not turning again to the Chinese puzzles which Horace Weatherhead had spread out on the table for him.

Augusta was struck with his beauty, and also with the delicacy of his appearance, which seemed to arouse in her the same train of thought as it had in her father; for she too began to talk of poor blind little Geoffrey, and with a gentleness—it was not quite tenderness—which made her manner much pleasanter than it had been before.

Just as Gyneth was taking leave, the Rector came in with a tiny child—his youngest—perched on his shoulder. The wee thing had in her hand a rose, which she held out to Augusta, saying, "Dis is my own white yose, Gussie; it g'ows in my vezy own garden; I has picked it for you." And Gussie laid down her work to caress the little flower-gatherer, with a motherly air which had in it something touching as well as strange, in a girl so young.

Gyneth liked these last traits better than what she had seen of Augusta during the first part of her visit; but she did not feel as if Miss Weatherhead were the sort of person who would care for her liking or help, and when she got home she watched anxiously for Lambert's return from riding with his father, that she might tell him she had not found courage to make any inquiries about the Sunday school, or say anything of her willingness to assist. He was not surprised, and answered that it was early days yet, and they should soon know the Weatherheads better.

But she was in a discouraged mood, and went on sadly,

"I'm afraid it was silly of me ever to think I could do anything, Lambert; it is easy to have visions about doing

good, but when one comes to the point, one finds out one's own uselessness."

He did not know that these dispirited feelings were habitual to her, more habitual than the energy which she had shown of late; and so answered, hurriedly,

"It is rather too soon to despond; don't you think so, Gyneth?" And then turning to Edgar, invited him to come and ride his horse round to the stable.

Edgar's lip trembled a little, for the horse that Lambert had been riding was rather fiery; but he followed his brother to the hall door, where the groom was standing with the horses, and mounted bravely. Lambert would not let the groom lead the horse, but he walked by its side himself, and danger there was none; so Eddie forgot his fears, and ended by really enjoying the little ride. He ran into the house again in high spirits, and flying up to Gyneth, flung his arms round her, exclaiming,

"I wasn't cowardly to-day, sister, was I? Perhaps some day I shall be quite a brave man; for do you know, when Bertie was a little boy, he used to be frightened too."

"And how did he become brave?"

"I don't know exactly, but once I heard papa say that he had made a great mistake in the way he brought up Bertie, and had driven out one fear by another. I don't quite know what he meant: do you?"

"Yes, I think I do; for I remember now that, long, long ago, poor Bertie used to be punished for being cowardly; and I suppose at last he became more afraid of that than of the things that had first caused his fright."

Edgar's eyes filled with tears. "Bertie never told me that," he said. "Oh, how could papa be so cruel to him! He is never cruel to me; he kisses me when I am frightened."

"Yes," said Gyneth, regretting her former words, "papa sees that it is natural to you to be rather timid, and he will not be vexed with you so long as you do not give way to your fears, but try to be a brave boy. But when Lambert was little, papa did not know so much about children, and he thought cowardice was positive

naughtiness. You must not grieve about it; it is over now."

"Yes; for now I think papa loves Bertie better than any of us," said Edgar, joyfully. "But Bertie is a little frightened of him, don't you think so, sister?"

It had not occurred to Gyneth before; but she watched Lambert's manner to her father that evening, and she could see that it was so. Colonel Deshon's treatment towards his son was full of marked affection, and a respect, something akin to respect; but Lambert's response was always shy and distant—not in the least indifferently disrespectful,—but as if moulded to formality by a sense of constraint which he could not shake off.

She remarked his pleased yet almost wondering expression when the children coaxed their father into a game of lawn, and insisted on blindfolding him and playing tricks on him all sorts of roguish tricks. Probably never in his life had Lambert ventured on such liberties; and perhaps Mrs. Deshon was thinking so as well as Gyneth, when she approached her son as he stood watching the game, and laying her hand on his arm, said, caressingly,

"What a merry rogue that little mouse Edgar is! He often comes, when he has papa to play with! He often makes me think of you when you were a little boy, my dear; but you were always the little mouse, and I'm sure you were taught to be so. Just look at that merry fellow! What new mischief is he deluding poor papa into?"

Lambert looked and laughed, in thorough enjoyment of his little brother's fun; but when his mother continued, "Why don't you go and be a child too, Bertie?" he drew still further back, and there was a tinge of melancholy in his quaint answer, "I shouldn't know how to be a mamma."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(Continued from p. 32.)

56. CAN THINE HEART ENDURE, OR CAN THY HANDS BE STRONG IN THE DAYS THAT I SHALL DEAL WITH THEE? Ezek. xxii. 14.

My heart is deceitful—I have often, too, found it flighty. Easily taking up one fancy, then another; one form of religion, then another. How then can I expect that it will endure?

My hands, too,—my actions—how weak are they, how weak they have ever been! Often have I thought that what I was doing was good, good in itself, and done with a good intent,—yet when I have looked back upon it, especially after some time, and when I have seen all the other things which have followed from it—how different did it seem—weak and worthless or hollow as a sounding brass, a tinkling cymbal.

Yet GOD will some day deal with me—and deal out to me, according to what I have done. How shall my heart endure to be seen in that day? How shall my hands be strong? How strong is the grasp wherewith a drowning man clings to the raft! So let me cling to Thy Cross, O JESUS. Now, for I am a dying man. As soon as I was born, I began to come to my end. Now make me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me, that with a perfect heart I may serve Thee all my days. Strengthen me with Thy right hand, that my right hand may be strong for Thee.

57. WHAT FRUIT HAD YE THEN IN THOSE THINGS WHEREOF YE ARE NOW ASHAMED? Rom. vi. 21.

Ashamed! yes, indeed, I *am ashamed*. Oh, how could I ever have been guilty of such things! (Here think what it is you have most cause to be ashamed of.) Oh, LORD, I shrink even to mention it before Thee Who saw it done.

And why did I do it? what was the use of it? a little

passing pleasure, idle bravery, thoughtless vanity. What fruit had I then? vexation, sorrow, disappointment, pain, sickness, coldness of friends, fear of discovery, &c. (Meditate on the immediate consequence of thy great sin.) And what fruit had others of my sin? Loss, sin, offence, remorse, grief, pain, schism, &c. (Meditate on its consequence to others.)

And yet, oh LORD, I cannot see one thousandth part of all its fruits—seeds once sown, never to be rooted out of the world.

What fruit have I now? repentance, bitter repentance—estrangement from my LORD, (poverty, weakness of body, loss of reputation, of friends, &c.)

And one fruit mentioned by the Apostle—Death. No *wilful* sin at least was ever committed without producing death to some one.

Oh, LORD, have mercy on all sinners.

58. WHO AMONG US SHALL DWELL WITH THE DEVOURING FIRE? Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

Our GOD is a consuming fire. Who can dwell with Him? Not the cold-hearted. Am I cold? Oh LORD, inflame me with the love of Thee. Use me now to bear Thy heat, even if it be the heat of anger which I deserve. Burn me, yet consume me not. Consume all the dross and impurities: make me like silver tried in the fire, purified seven times.

Thy three servants were cast into the king's furnace, but the only effect was to consume the fetters that bound them and to set them free. There, too, they found among them the SON of GOD. Thou hast fiery trials for us. Can I bear them? Not alone. But my Redeemer has said, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." This is my confidence. Whatever fire rages without, it shall but purge away my dross, destroy my chains, show me my LORD suffering with me and ready to release me.

But not only is there fire without, but flame within, the Spirit that came first in tongues of fire, and still from Thine Apostles unto us. With whom will that

consuming fire dwell? Whom will He purify, and whom destroy? One or other will He do to me.

59. TO WHOM SHALL WE GO? S. John vi. 68.

The LORD spoke of that wonderful mystery, the sacrament of His Body and Blood—many murmured and left Him. What! could they not bear to hear of so much, of such unimaginable love? They went—whither? to whom?

They thought it a hard saying; and they sought for some one who would teach them things easier, more suitable to their comprehension, less exalted, less heavenly. Have not I sometimes been inclined to choose my teacher, thinking that he who was set over me taught things too high or too hard? Have I not taken part with some set of opinions rather than submit myself to the teaching of the Church? Have I ever been offended at this particular teaching—the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist? The higher the mystery, the more heavenly must be the life of him who would partake of it. Does this offend me? has it ever?

Yet to whom shall I go, if not to Thee, Blessed JESUS? there is but one other to whom I must go.

To whom shall I go?—to *Thee*: to none but Thee. And if to Thee, how shall I go? casting off all self-reliance, self-opinion, self-righteousness, self-satisfaction. Thus would I come to Thee, naked, and ashamed, hungry, and faint,—yet willing and obedient.

Receive me as Thou hast promised, and do with me whatever Thou wilt.

60. LORD, AND WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO? S. John xxi. 21.

Natural was it that S. Peter should ask this question, linked as he was with S. John, in apostleship and in spiritual affection. He would contrast, too, that saint's firmness with his own weakness; and perhaps he enjoyed the hope that while his own sin was to be punished by suffering, his brother saint might be spared so heavy a trial.

S. John's mother, too, had requested a high honour for

her son, and the LORD had made some promise in consequence. Curiosity therefore might also have in some degree prompted the inquiry.

Whatever it arose from, Peter was rebuked. What is that to thee? Thou hast enough to do with thyself. Follow thou Me: follow to death. Thou didst once follow Me to the judgment hall, and then failed. Attend more to thyself.

But have not I been guilty of such curiosity, troubling myself about the spiritual state of the living, or the eternal condition of the departed? And generally thinking worse of them than I should,—fancying that this or that one had not made such advances towards holiness as myself? Oh, how great a sin is this! how certain to withdraw from me that grace which is especially promised to the humble!

If I must say, LORD, what shall this man do?—let me by “this man” mean myself, and let me resolve to do whatever is appointed me.

61. WHAT WENT YE OUT INTO THE WILDERNESS FOR TO SEE? S. Luke vii. 24.

A preacher? Yes, but did ye only go to see him the hardy and hard-living, the bold and earnest prophet in camel’s skin and leathern girdle? only to see and not to hear? or only to hear and not to obey?

Many no doubt thus went out into that wilderness; and many go still to see a strange preacher and to hear a new doctrine. The preacher may be a priest of God or not—the doctrine may be the truth of God or not. They leave those whom God has set to guide them, to search out some place where there is teaching or a service more agreeable to themselves. The teacher they follow is but one of their own choosing; they cannot look on him as one divinely sent, a prophet and more than a prophet. He is to them but a reed; and too often is he apt to be shaken by the wind of popularity, preaching this or that to please those who come to hear, doing this or that to gratify those who come to see.

This I know to be true. I can see the fault in others, have I not been guilty of it myself? Have I never been

attracted to this church or that by the fame of the preacher, or the beauty of the building, or the solemnity of the services only ?

All this is pride, insubordination, self-seeking.

62. SIMON, SLEEPEST THOU ? S. Mark xiv. 37.

Thou who wert so ready to go with Me to prison and to death ; thou who wouldst be before all others in faithful service ? The rest made not such earnest profession as thou. Let them sleep. But of thee surely I ought to expect more watchfulness. Alas, thou knowest not thyself, and the continual need of watchfulness and prayer. Temptation is coming upon you all. How will you escape it ? In your own strength ? So you fancy. Your spirit truly is ready for anything—but your flesh is weak. This is not thy great trial ; thine is still to come ; this is but a preparation for it. And what art thou doing ? Sleeping. Is this thy promised love, thy professed fidelity ?

Oh, LORD, was it thus Thou wouldst have reproved Thy disciple ? What wilt Thou say to me ? What resolutions I have made Thou knowest. What entire service I owe Thee for all Thy love to me Thou knowest. What a broken, sleepy obedience I have rendered Thee Thou knowest.

How often have I slept on lazily when I had need to rise and pray ! How often has sleep cut short my prayers or compelled me to put them off altogether ; or resting on the soft bed of self-satisfaction have I neglected to watch and pray, and so have fallen again and again.

This I have done ; I who have promised and resolved and professed over and over again. And while I have been sleeping as it were on the top of a mast, Thou hast been watching, interceding for me, else where had I now been ?

THE CALL OF THE CROSS.

THROUGHOUT thy busy life,
 Throughout its fever strife,
 Its daily pain and pleasure, care and loss ;—
 Heard o'er the tumult wild,
 Floateth a whisper mild,
 CHRIST calling to His child,
 Holding His streaming Cross,
 And gently calling thee.

When insults raise thy ire,
 And Passion's angry fire
 Glows in thy heart for insults unforgiven ;—
 Standeth that Cross serene,
 Thee and thy foe between,
 " Think on My dying scene,—
 Thou too hast injured heaven,
 Peace ! I am calling thee."

When 'midst the laughter free
 Of wild festivity
 Heaven's light grows pale before the reckless mirth,
 Beckoneth that holy Tree,
 " This is no place for thee,
 Come forth, and rest with Me—
 Vain are the joys of earth—
 Come ! I am calling thee."

When in their hour of need,
 Earth's poor for mercy plead,
 And urge their supplance in JESU'S Name,
 Pleadeth that blessed Sign,
 Speaketh that Voice Divine,
 " These are dear sons of Mine,
 For them I suffered shame,
 Give ! I am calling thee."

Ah ! shrink not from that call,
 Let nought thy heart appal,
 Ne'er from the blessed Cross a moment stray,
 Patiently bear the rod,
 The Footsteps of thy God,
 The self-same road have trod,
 His Tears have strewn the way,
 Where He is calling thee.

And when thy fainting breath
 Shall tell of coming death,

Once more that Cross in joy shall hover down,
And from its glories bright,
Wreathing in streams of light,
Before thy dazzled sight,
Angels shall twine thy Crown,
And God shall call to thee.

JANET.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

(Concluded from page 50.)

"AFTER dinner," continued Mrs. Dalton, "the children were doing their little lessons with me when my husband came into the room.

"Helen, make haste and put on those children's wraps," he said to me. 'I promised to take them to Brown's to-day to see his children while I do business with him.'

"But, Henry," I said, 'see what a day it is. It might kill them to go out.'

"Nonsense," he said, 'it does not rain a drop.'

"No, but the fog and the cold damp air; besides, how can they walk so far?"

"Oh! I am going to take the pony on which they will ride, turn about going, and coming home, I shall bring them across the Bay in Brown's boat.'

"Henry, would you mind taking Nelly, who is very strong, and leaving Bertie, who you know can't bear the least cold or fatigue.'

"I tell you what it is, Helen, I will not have the boy coddled so, you will make him fit for nothing.'

"I could say no more, so I took them and put on as many shawls and comforters as possible. It was with a heart full of misgivings that I saw them start. 'Oh God, if it be Thy will let no evil betide my darlings,' was the prayer which escaped from my lips, when I had watched them out of sight.

"My husband and the two children reached their destination quite safely. Bertie soon got tired of walking, which Nelly's quick eye perceived.

"'Please, father,' she said, 'take me off the pony, like walking by you best,' and walk she did bravely nearly the whole way. Henry thinks they enjoyed themselves with Mr. Brown's children, and were quite sorry to come away when he called them. It was late when he did so, and the wind had risen, and the sea looked rough and dark.

"'Take my advice, and go back by land as you came,' said Mr. Brown; 'you will be caught in a storm.'

"'Nonsense,' answered my husband, 'we shall be across long before the storm comes on,' and he lifted the children into the boat. Bertie trembled and begged not to be taken on that dreadful sea, but Nelly jumped about singing and delighted at the fun of the row. My husband and Simon an old boatman, took the oars. The tide was full against them, and they seemed to advance scarcely at all. Every minute the wind increased, and began to rain also into their eyes, so that they were scarcely able to see what they were doing. They pulled with all their force.' Then the wind howled, the rain poured in torrents, it was dark as night. Yet surely they gained ground! yes, they saw land, they were close to it.

"'Now we are safe,' said Henry. Even as he spoke they felt a shock. 'My God,' cried Simon, 'we've struck on Bessie's Reef.' It was too true, the treacherous rock had gone through the bottom of the boat. There they hung suspended, knowing that a few more waves must wash the boat from the rock, and it must go to the bottom.

"'Save yourself!' said Simon, 'you swim well, and can get to shore.'

"'And leave my children? No, never!'

"'You can save one of them, I think; and if you get to shore you can send help for the other and for me.'

"Save one! but which should he choose? The thought was agony; and yet he must. Bertie's gentle voice broke on his ear:

"'Take Nelly, father; never mind me. Simon will take care of me. Please kiss mother for Bertie and tell her I don't fear and I've got my little Cross to remind me of my SAVIOUR.'

"Reluctantly Henry took hold of his little girl. She was clinging, almost paralysed with fear, to Bertie.

"Nelly," said the latter in his childish accents; 'go with father, darling: though we walk through the waters, CHRIST will be with us. Good-bye, sister.'

"Henry bound the child to his back, gazed wistfully for a moment on Bertie, kissed his forehead and murmured, 'His poor mother,' and cast himself into the water. The last words he heard were from my boy:

"In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the Day of Judgment; fervently he joined in the response, 'Good LORD, deliver us!'

"Then came the struggle for his life, and that of his child. He was strong and swam well, but the weight on his back impeded his efforts; he pushed on, however, and got close to land. He was seen, ropes were thrown to him, and he was pulled on shore with his little burden. He had just strength to say, 'the boat!' then fell down insensible. They looked back for the boat, no trace of it was to be seen; all endeavours to save them were vain—two bodies were washed on shore, but the souls of the old man and the little boy were gone before their Redeemer; and from my husband's arms had been taken the lifeless body of his little Nelly.

"I had sat at home all the afternoon with my work and books. It had passed but slowly, I could not read much, for my thoughts wandered to my children. Surely it was God in His mercy Who sent me the heavy presentiment which weighed down my spirits to prepare me, 'Oh,' I thought, 'if Bertie would but come home—I know some evil is about to betide him.'

"Then the thought struck me that if evil *did* betide him, God would send it. But could I bear it? Could I bear for instance to lose my boy? 'Oh, no, no! anything, my God, but that! Give me any cup to drink but that!' was my heart's cry. And yet CHRIST drank all His cup of agony for me. Alas, then, did I not love my boy better than CHRIST? had I made an idol of him? Yes, I had, if I could not resign him at God's call. Yet I knew that I must not nourish one thought apart

from CHRIST'S will. *One* affection that made CHRIST second to it, must be torn out of my heart as something unclean. Yes, I felt now I had loved Bertie with an earthly love, and better than I loved my SAVIOUR. I had longed to keep him, as if I could know what was best for him, better than the wise, all-powerful GOD.

"Had not CHRIST suffered torture in His every Limb on the Cross, and could I dare to shrink from one part of the spirit's crucifixion? Could I hold back one member from the torture? Yes, I had dared. I said my sin now and on my knees in an agonized prayer I implored our Heavenly FATHER not to visit my sin on my child. I would now give him up, to have done to him what seemed best to GOD. I would tear from me all murmuring thought, though my heart come with it. Yes, 'if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done.'

"I said this, and felt it, and then was happier. I had put my husband, my children, my all, into GOD'S hand. I felt I could abide GOD'S will. Then in His mercy He sent His holy peace into my heart, and I felt that if I lost all besides, I should be happy if I still had CHRIST. How I thank GOD for that rest; it gave me strength to bear. I could say,

'O LORD, my God, do Thou Thy holy will,
I will lie still :
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me clinging to a SAVIOUR'S breast
In perfect rest.'

"In the meantime it was getting dark, and soon I heard the clock strike five. I rose and made up the fire and put on the kettle and warmed the children's little dressing-gowns. I took down their mugs that all might be ready when they came home, and I thought how sweet it would be to hear their voices again, and to feel their little arms around my neck. The wind howled and raged without, and I trembled for a moment to think of my tender Bertie being exposed to it, but I was soon at peace again, for I remembered GOD had care of him, and the holy angels were around him.

"The time passed, and notwithstanding all my efforts I got restless, but I pressed my little Cross, and the thought of Him who hung thereon helped to quiet me. It was getting on for seven, when I heard a horse's step: I rushed to the door, there *was* a horse, but on it not my husband—no, it was our neighbour, Mr. Parker. 'Mrs. Dalton,' he said, 'will you please come down to the village? I think you are wanted.'

"'What is the matter?' I screamed.

"'Your husband is ill, but he is still alive.'

"Without waiting to put on a shawl, I dashed forward through the wind and rain. I almost flew. With some difficulty Mr. Parker overtook me; 'There is no such great hurry,' he said, 'your husband is out of danger.'

"At another time I should have been struck by the sad tender manner of this usually harsh man, but now I only hastened the faster.

"When we got to the village I saw our priest Mr. Eldon, approaching; he came up to me and took my hand, 'This is a heavy Cross for you to bear, Mrs. Dalton,' he said.

"'Why, they said he was out of danger! Has anything happened to my children? tell me.'

"I spoke frantically; he looked at me so sorrowfully that I felt what was coming, he said at length, 'Is it not better to feel that they are safe with CHRIST than to have them with you in this sad world; to feel that they will never add one more stain to their baptismal robes?'

"'Take me to them,' was all I could say, and gently he led me in.

"On a couch lay my husband, looking pale and weak. When he saw me with a look of agony he held out his hand to me and said,

"'Forgive me, my poor Helen, it was my fault.'

"I bent down and kissed his forehead, and then passed on into the next room. There on the bed they were. I removed the snowy covering, and saw my two precious ones. They lay as I had often seen them lie before in sleep. I could hardly believe that the spirits had indeed fled. My darlings—oh, my darlings! would those lips now so sweetly smiling never more open to call me mother?

would those eyes never look upon me again? No, no in this world, for JESUS had need of my two little lambs in His fold—and their mother? Ah! she would struggle to get ready to go and meet them there; she would cling to CHRIST, and never more let anything come between herself and Him:

‘Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,
E’en though it be a Cross which raiseth me.’ ”

Mrs. Dalton ceased speaking; there was a long silence. Her eyes were closed and her lips moved as if in prayer. Ada’s face was hidden on her shoulder, and her frame heaved with the sobs she could not suppress. At length she spoke,

“Oh, Mrs. Dalton, teach me to love CHRIST as you do. It must be beautiful if it teaches you to bear as you have done, such griefs.”

“Beautiful it is truly, my love. No one who has not felt it can in the least imagine what it is. GOD grant that you too may feel it one of these days. My little story has I hope answered the two things you were wondering about. It has told you one of my chief reasons for being as happy as I am, and it has told you that sometimes young people, even children, do truly love and try to serve their SAVIOUR. My love, I want you to think over what I have been telling you. Try to fancy yourself in that fearful boat, feeling that perhaps a moment only was between yourself and death. Could you stand with my Bertie, I don’t fear and my heart is fixed on the Cross? If not, dare you go on in sin, when you don’t know how soon your call may come? Ponder this well, my child, and I do entreat you let not another night pass without earnest prayer for the grace of the HOLY SPIRIT to enable you to lead a new life. Now, my child, I am very weary, and must go home to rest. I trust soon to see you again when we will talk over these matters more fully. Now I can only pray that the blessing of GOD Almighty may be upon you, to strengthen you in all your efforts.”

And with a fervent kiss they parted.

CHARLTON HALL; OR, HINTS ON THE APPLICATION OF THE CREED.

CHAPTER I.

"I believe in God the FATHER Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth."

"MAKE haste, Jane, or you will be late for the train," said Miss Fenwick to her niece, a girl of seventeen, clad in deep mourning, who stood with bonnet and shawl on, at the top of the stairs, looking out of a window which commanded a lovely view of river, wood, and mountain, sleeping in the stillness of a June morning about six o'clock.

Jane turned from the window, and running hastily down stairs, said, "You are quite right, aunt; I had better bid good-bye, and be off."

She kissed her aunt as she spoke, and taking a small basket in her hand, quitted the house, and walked quickly towards the railway station, which was about half-a-mile from her aunt's dwelling.

Jane Fenwick was the only child of an officer who had fallen in the siege of Delhi. She had resided with her paternal aunt since her father's death, and was now on her way to spend a month with her mother's sister, Mrs. Charlton, the wife of a gentleman of property in a distant county. Her mother died when Jane was three years old, and since that time she had been removed from school to school, as her aunt's varying fancy, and uncertain temper had dictated, for to her judgment her father had entirely committed the care of his child.

He had written to her before the war in India had broken out, saying that he hoped soon to return to England, and settle at home, and dilating on the pleasant evenings they should spend together. To this pleasing picture she had eagerly looked forward, when her hopes were sadly crushed by the news of his death, in the performance of his duty at that dreadful period.

As she walked along the high road which led to the village, her spirits could scarcely respond to the notes of joy which resounded on all sides from the feathered songsters in the hedges. Naturally lively she had gone through much to depress her spirits, and a morbidly sensitive temper had taken refuge from unkindness and disappointment in a reserve which promised peace at least if not happiness.

Exercise, however, and the brilliant sunshine had the effect in cheering her; while the prospect of a kind welcome from her aunt, and a month of respite, at least from the harshness and caprice of a temper which few would have borne better than she had done, combined to produce almost a feeling of exhilaration as she stepped into the train. Finding the carriage empty, she disburdened herself of her basket and parasol, and leaned back to enjoy the dreamy pleasure of being carried along without exertion, and to imagine what sort of household she was going to. She had seen Mrs. Charlton only once or twice, when being in town she had called at the school where Jane then was, and taken her cake and flowers, but had never even seen any of the rest of the family. She looked forward, therefore, to her arrival not without nervousness, though with pleasure at the prospect of being in the house with young people, which she had not been since she left school. She got through her journey without accident or adventure, and arrived at Farnleigh, the nearest railway station to Charlton Hall, at five in the evening.

There she found Mrs. Charlton awaiting her, as she had kindly judged that her niece would prefer the sight of the face with which she was acquainted at the end of her journey, and having entrusted her luggage to a donkey-cart, they set off by a footpath which led through the demesne to the house.

Jane thought she had never seen anything prettier than the scene which met their view when they entered the little side gate which opened on the lawn behind the house.

On a rustic seat, under a large walnut-tree, sat Mr. Charlton with one arm thrown round a pretty little

fellow nearly three years old, who tired with play had come to rest beside his papa. At his feet sat a little girl of six, busily employed in stringing the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash together for a necklace for her doll, while two fine boys made the party at the walnut-tree their goal for a race, each time making a feint of jumping over the little girl, as she looked up in pretended alarm at their approach.

All immediately came to welcome "Cousin Jane," who smiled with more gaiety than she had felt for a long time, as she declined the invitation of the boys to come and see the donkey.

"I think," she said, "your pet is from home, as if I am not mistaken, he is bringing my boxes from the train."

"At any rate, boys," said Mr. Charlton, "you should allow your cousin to take breath after her journey, and have some dinner."

"You would like to see your room, my dear," said Mrs. Charlton; "and if your head aches so much, you had better lie down and rest till dinner."

Jane assented, and they repaired to the house, while the boys persuaded their papa to go with them to meet the donkey, that they might have a drive home.

After dinner Mrs. Charlton proposed that they should take a stroll in the fields, and Mr. Charlton said he would accompany them, as he wanted to see one of his labourers who was ill. The children were in delight at the scheme, and set off racing with each other, until their mother recalled them and desired them to walk quietly until they got to the large field where Mr. Charlton had appointed them to wait for him.

When he left them there, she proposed they should sit down.

"You have had a fatiguing day, you know, my dear," she said, "and you will have time enough to explore when you have thoroughly rested."

"And now, Jane," she said, as she saw her niece's eyes fill with tears, "you must look upon us as your parents, and tell me all your troubles."

"I may say," replied Jane, making an effort at com-

posure, "that I have never had any parents. Poor papa would have been kind, but you know I never saw him but once; and I do not remember mamma at all."

"I know it, my dear," replied her aunt; "but that should teach you the more to realise Who is your FATHER in a truer, deeper sense than was your earthly parent."

"That, my dear aunt," said Jane, with sudden animation, "is theory, a beautiful theory; but oh! cold and comfortless as a winter's moon."

Mrs. Charlton felt much shocked, but repressing the feeling, said gently, "Tell me what you mean, Jane, for I do not understand you."

"I have heard people say those sort of things," she replied; "but it was always those who had never known the want of a parent's love, who could not understand an orphan's heart," she added, in a voice faltering with emotion.

"But, my dear child," said Mrs. Charlton, "have you ever tried to think of GOD as your FATHER? Have you ever gone to Him as such?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a tone of passionate distress, "that is what I have so often heard, but that is not a Father—to go to Him to ask Him to become your Father—and what if He refuse—?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Charlton gently, "you are too hasty, that was not what I said. I said, go to Him as your FATHER."

"But," replied Jane, in a calmer tone, "you cannot go upon a fallacy. He is not my FATHER, unless I am converted and regenerated, and I am neither."

"My dear Jane," said Mrs. Charlton very seriously, "you must not speak so. According to your own ideas on the subject, you should not rest, until you become converted. But," she continued, without leaving her niece time to reply, "that altogether goes on a mistake. You may still need what is commonly called conversion; but you were regenerate in your baptism. GOD is your FATHER, whether you are an obedient or disobedient child. You were not the less your father's child because he was in India, and you here, were you?"

"Of course not," replied Jane; "but what can be said of the greatest saints, more than that they are the children of God? then it cannot be true of us?"

"Why, look at it in this way," said Mrs. Charlton. "In human affairs, how often do we hear people say, 'such a person was like a child to me,' or 'his own father could not have been more pleased to hear him praised,' and such expressions; and yet what an amount of undutifulness and indifference do we see among parents and children. Still, though all our own experience went the other way, we cannot help reverting to the original idea that parents and children mutually love each other."

"I see," Jane replied, "and you mean that the children of God properly means Christians who love God and are beloved of Him; but others are His children though they may be disobedient."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Charlton. "In fact, that the relationship between us and God is as independent in its origin, of any love on our parts, as our relationship to our earthly parents. But often, without being consciously disobedient, persons find themselves circumstanced like yourself. You never did anything to vex your father, but were you considering every day how to please him?"

"How could I?" Jane replied. "I never knew anything that he liked except that I should write my letters in a good distinct hand, which I always did."

"Because you were far from him," said Mrs. Charlton. "This you could not help. But suppose that he had asked you to go out to him, and arranged a practicable way for you to do so, and that you would not go, you would then continue in ignorance of his will in small things, and far away from him, because of one great act of disobedience."

"Yes," replied Jane, "I should then have had the option of more intimate acquaintance."

"Exactly," replied her aunt, "whereas you had no option as to whether you would or would not be his child. We could no more make ourselves the children of God than we could make ourselves in the first instance."

As she finished speaking, the two elder children, a boy and girl, ran up to them. "Oh, mamma, there is such a wicked little boy at the end of the field there!"

"A wicked boy, Fred," said his mother. "Why should you think he is wicked? What is he doing?"

"He is wicked, indeed, mamma," exclaimed the little girl; "he killed a poor bee before we could stop him, and then he said, he could make it alive again."

"A foolish little fellow," said Mrs. Charlton, "and what did you say to him?"

"I told him," Fred replied, "that no one could make anything alive but God; and that I hoped the next time he would sting him if he hurt it."

"But perhaps he did not intend to kill it," suggested Jane.

"Oh he did, indeed," cried Fred; "he told us that he killed them every day, and made them alive again."

"What did he mean?" asked Jane; "how could he think he brought it to life again?"

"He hurt it," said Charlotte, "and then it seemed to be dead, and after a minute he blew on it, and it moved a little, and that was all."

"Let us go over and talk to him," said Mrs. Charlton.

They went accordingly, and found the boy standing where the children had left him, with the crushed insect on his hand.

"Why did you kill that poor bee?" said Mrs. Charlton. "Do you not know who made it?"

"God," replied the boy, in rather a sulky tone.

"And if He made it, don't you think," said Mrs. Charlton, "that we ought to think before we destroy it?"
No answer.

"Tell me, were bees the only things God made?"

The boy looked up at her in surprise, apparently at what he considered her ignorance, and replied, "God made everything. He took six days to make them, and rested on the seventh."

"What did He make each day?" asked Mrs. Charlton.

"The first day He made the light," replied the boy, "and the second He made the firmament, and the third He made the grass and the trees."

"What did He do on the third day, before He made the grass and the trees?"

"I know that, too," replied the boy confidently. "He made the water run off the land, and leave it dry, or the trees and the grass could not have grown on it."

"You are quite right," said Mrs. Charlton. "Well, then, the fourth day?"

"He made the sun, and the moon, and the stars," replied the boy; "then, the fifth day, He made the fishes and the birds; and the sixth day He made the beasts and Adam."

Frederick, who had looked on in silent surprise at the learning displayed by the boy of whose morals he had so bad an opinion, now said in a low voice to His mamma, "He forgot the creeping things, mamma."

Mrs. Charlton could not restrain a smile, as she said to the boy, "God made something else on the sixth day, what was it?"

"The creeping things," said the boy.

"Well," said Mrs. Charlton, "I see you have been an attentive boy in school; but then you should think of what you learn in school at other times, and when you know so well what you were taught about God's making the world, you should not spend your time in spoiling what He made. You see," she added, as he continued making ineffectual efforts to revive the bee, "that you cannot bring it to life again. When you think you do so, the poor little thing is only stunned, not killed."

Seeing further remonstrance useless, Mrs. Charlton then left him, and as they turned to meet their papa, the children said to her, "Mamma, which day did God make the bees and caterpillars?"

"The sixth, my dears," said Mrs. Charlton.

"But, mamma, bees and butterflies do not creep."

Mrs. Charlton smiled. "But caterpillars and all sorts of larvæ do, my dear," she replied.

"I think," said Charlotte, "that they are more like what is said of birds; they fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven."

"Oh, Charlotte," said Frederick, "who ever heard of calling them fowl? and it says expressly 'fowl

that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.' ”

“ Still,” Charlotte persisted, “ I do not think bees are creeping things, and I’ll ask Mr. Cotterill.”

Mr. Charlton now approached, and the party turned homewards.

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

“ Let Thy merciful ears, O LORD, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants ; and that they may obtain their petitions make them to ask such things as shall please Thee ; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. *Amen.*”

LORD, we approach Thy mercy’s Throne,
Do Thou our supplications own.
To seeking souls, O God, draw near,
And to their cry bend Thou Thine ear.

By effluence of Thy Spirit’s grace,
Prepare our hearts to seek Thy face,
That we from evil thoughts may turn,
And with adoring fervour burn.

Let our petitions ever be
Such as are pleasing unto Thee :
So may we never find in vain
We pray Thy blessings to obtain.

In faith enable us to seek,
In holy trust, submission meek,
And ask according to Thy word,
So wilt Thou give, through CHRIST our LORD.

E. H.

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

“ Almighty and everlasting God, Who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire, or deserve ; Pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy ; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of JESUS CHRIST, Thy SON, our LORD. *Amen.*”

ALMIGHTY GOD ! we bless Thy glorious Name,
To everlasting ages aye the same,
Unchangeable in love,
Oft ere we call Thou answerest our cry,
And givest at Thy people’s contrite sigh,
Thy blessing from above.

O God, we pray Thee, now in mercy hear,
 Forgive those things for which we stand in fear,
 Heart-struck by conscious dread ;
 We merit nothing but Thy judgment-frown,
 Yet pour the abundance of Thy mercy down,
 " Give us our daily bread."

Our daily breath, health, strength for ev'ry task,
 Those good things, we unworthy are to ask,
 Treasures of heavenly meed ;
 In the One Name, we venture to draw near,
 Jesus, our Lord, Who died our sins to clear,
 And to supply our need.

We plead His perfect sacrifice alone,
 His mediatorial grace before the Throne,
 To stay the avenging rod.
 Oh ! let our supplications mount on high,
 As mingled incense by His blood brought nigh,
 The spotless Lamb of God.

E. H.

ODD LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S MINUTES AND MEMORIES.

THE SWAN FAMILY.

CHAPTER III.

THIS day concludes a fortnight of my stay at the Swannery, as they all call it. It is quite a comfort to have this Minute Book in which to confide. It is a friend that never betrays confidences, or reproaches me for mistakes and false conclusions. True, when I look back, after a lapse of time, and perceive I have judged incorrectly, it tells me so, but with none of the provocation that a human voice would convey, while it is able to converse with dumb friendship of past events, and recalls scenes of long ago, with most agreeable vividness to my recollection.

I am pressed to remain over Christmas. Perhaps I may. I should feel glad to do so, did I not dislike Mr. Swan as much as I do. I think he must have been made

for the provocation of all respectably-old single ladies. Mrs. Swan I loved years ago, and I flatter myself I am not one to cease loving from the pressure of passing time. The young people interest me, at least some of them. Possibly I might be of use to them by remaining.

Mr. and Mrs. Swan have nine children. The two eldest are young men, and articed to their father. The second son will never, I think, make a lawyer; he seems to me cut out for an army purveyor, or something of that sort.

Mr. Swan is a hobby-rider! And he rides his own special hobby to death, and is crushing the life out of his gentle, conscientious wife, with her far-fetched notions of submission and obedience, and all that; by mounting each of his children in turn, on the hobby he has discovered they can ride, and training them to be as utterly selfish as he is himself. This newly acquired property I suspect makes him a thousand times worse than he could have been before when small means restricted his vagaries. Oh! give me but to "put a spoke in his wheel," and my Christmas will be well spent, in saving my old friend from this Egyptian slavery.

Mrs. Swan's extreme reserve on all points connected with her husband, does not promise a chance of showing her that she has two duties, one to her husband, and one to her children. And that it is by no means fulfilling the latter, to allow them to become absorbed in pleasing themselves, while she wears herself out in doing the "all" that ought to be distributed among a large and nearly grown-up family.

George, the eldest son, is a pleasant young man, of eight-and-twenty, with a taste for drawing, grave, polite, and good-looking. I dare say he has been (in his day) encouraged to worry his mother, by designing upon the windows, paint, &c., but that is over now, and as he is engaged to be married to a young lady with a couple of hundred a year of her own, living in Cumbertown before-mentioned, we do not see much of him, except at breakfast and dinner time. He has his own riding horse, and comes and goes without troubling any one in the house. His father intends shortly to take him into partnership I believe. He

appears likely to succeed in his profession, being the very opposite to his father in manners and deportment. Possibly he inherits his mother's disposition.

The second son, Charles Edwin, is to me one of the most disagreeable-looking people possible, with manners to match. His father considers his peculiar bent, taste, or "natural gift," as he calls it, to be "accurate investigation." He has been encouraged to ask questions that do not concern him in the least, till he has become a living note of interrogation. In future, whenever I meet with (?) in a book, it will always suggest to my imagination, Charles Edwin Swan. Hitherto, in spite of the multifarious questions to which I have heard him receive answers, I have not, to my recollection, heard him make one genuine remark. His personal appearance is painfully unprepossessing. A hooked nose, pale reddish-brown eyes, a white-waxy complexion, spotted here and there with a pimple that looks ashamed of itself, and light flaxen damp straight hair, that grows so even at all the ends, one longs to cut it in notches for a little diversification. He bows as if he had no vertebrae in his back, or rather makes a loop of himself like a snake. Shall I ever forget the first introductory bow! the silent quiet examination that followed, I had nearly forgotten his presence, when in a quiet measured voice he said,

"Miss Stanwell, how much do you measure round the waist?"

My dry reply was, "Sir, that is my dressmaker's affair, I can oblige you with her address." He seemed nowise disconcerted, but replied, "Thank you; I shall be obliged."

From that hour I have made it my business to snub him. At present in vain, I fear he is too far gone, or it is really too "natural a gift" ever to be eradicated. The marvel to me is, (and if I had not vowed never to put a question to him, I would ask) how did he contrive to get through his school days without being "kicked into shivers!" They have all been educated as day scholars at the large Grammar School at Cumbertown, therefore the corrective influence a large public (boarding) school would have exercised, has been wanting. That is some

excuse. Perhaps I may try the anti-questioning plan by-and-by. That I should have lived to be of these years and yet to be provoked by a boy!

Then follows a third son, an invalid; one of poor Mrs. Swan's sorest trials. He was a bright healthy boy until about thirteen, when while hastily crossing a field (on an errand for his mother,) where a cricket match was being played, a ball struck him full on the chest. At first it was supposed to have had no worse effect than that of knocking him down, making him very sick, and inflicting a large outward bruise. Days passed by, and the boy's cheek remained as pale as when he was first raised from the ground; his appetite failed, violent pain in his chest ensued, and he began to emaciate. It was a great effort for Mr. Swan in those days to get the boy up to London for advice, but it was done. Unhappily no help could be given. Their own medical attendant's opinion was confirmed, that an abscess was forming. And this alas! was only the first of many others. A kind of large wicker cradle has been constructed for him in which he can be most easily pillowed in the one position he finds most conducive to ease. In this he lies night and day. His limbs are contracted, and he is so wasted, he looks even now but about fifteen. Sometimes he is rocked for hours together. It soothes his pain and restlessness. He appears to be amiable and resigned. He cannot read long together to himself, and is very grateful to any one who will read to him. His mother does this daily, while her children are following their own fancies. (While I remain I shall take this task off her hands, as I have done hitherto.)

William's great pursuit is *fancy work*! When you remember he is a young man of twenty-four, and are told "this mat is William's work;" "William made this purse for me;" "oh, I should not wear such embroidery on my petticoat, but William, poor fellow, did it;" you are mystified! But after an introduction to the cradle-room, and you have once seen the occupant, and watched those slender white pliant fingers, helping out so well and wisely the poor suffering body, for once you are inclined to think "Mr. Swan is right" in his wholesale indiscriminating indulgence of his children's tastes.

Poor William! I think he knows that which I see, his work will soon be finished. Yet I hope to make him a helper yet, to the benefit of some of his brothers and sisters.

I already suspect the cradle-room is Mrs. Swan's retreat when unconsciously overpressed with the sort of unintentional selfishness, which grows like a forest around her.

After William, come three girls, Caroline, Mary, and Sophia. These three young ladies follow respectively their several pursuits of microscopy, botany, and geology, with the most marvellous indifference to any one else's comfort. They seem to me utterly unaware that life presents duties to which their position calls them, or that any one in the world has any claim on their time or talents. The whole system is so unnatural, it reminds me of a dark room into which a bold and strong hand once admitting the light, a purer and brighter atmosphere must soon follow. But how to do it? And what tools to use? At any rate, my duty here seems clear, if I can but find the right way to begin.

The seventh of this family is Henry, about sixteen years old, devoted to chemistry, in the encouragement of which pursuit, his father provides him with every convenience. It is intended after Christmas to send him to London, to pursue his chosen occupation.

The roomy old house enables each child to have a special room allotted to their use, in which they shut themselves up at their pleasure, without regard to any one else, even appearing or not (as it suits them) at meals without rebuke! What must it have been at the house in town with the narrow income! I can well understand that Mrs. Swan, poor soul, wanted no guests. And yet, I cannot altogether absolve her from blame in this strange bringing up of these clever children.

The eighth, Octavius, a boy of thirteen, is still at Cumbertown Grammar School. He sleeps at his father's office, if it is a very wet night. I have not seen much of him yet. On Saturdays, when he returns soon after mid-day, he has gone out fishing, as indeed he does every evening if possible, or for hours in the morning before any one is up. His father insists upon it; he is to turn

out a great naturalist. I found the young gentleman of day turning over the contents of my work-basket (which I considered an unnatural liberty) in search of a particular dun-coloured silk he chose to believe I possessed, and finding it, forthwith transferred it to his own pocket, saying, it was the very thing he had wanted to make "fly" for salmon. I wished to wind off for him a few yards on a piece of card, but Mr. Swan was there and said, "Never mind, ma'am, let him have it, I will bring you a couple of skeins from Cumbertown this evening instead."

I did mind, more for the bad manners of father and son, than for the silk, but replied, "It is of no consequence, sir, I will not trouble you to procure me any more."

Last of all comes the pet, the darling of the house, a girl of ten years old, very small and fairy-like, with long flaxen ringlets. She is her mother's pupil, and I hope now they are removed three miles from the office, but training may be different from the other sisters'. She is like her mother's shadow, and carries her work or lesson after her into the cradle-room, whenever she goes there. She was sorely chagrined at my arrival, first because I occupied too much of dear mamma's attention to please the little damsel, and next, because I have disturbed their trio at the morning and evening readings, or at other times my presence makes a quartet, wherein Nina's part (for that is her name) is a very minor one. It happened, however, that I have discovered a very effective way of conciliating Nina. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Swan have any taste for or knowledge of music, and a piano only became part of their furniture, when they took possession of the Swannery. As none of the young people play, Mr. Hopley's old grand piano was unused, except by Nina, whom I found trying to make out from ear to ear the tune she had heard played by a lady the evening before when there had been company. I am no despicable musician myself, and drawing from the blushing child "how much she wished she could play," I offered to teach her, proposing we should get on a little, and then tell mamma and papa. Nina is very quick, and has a w

derful ear, and of course I am quite as "a benificent fairy" to the child. She confided to me yesterday "how stupid she had been to be sorry that I had come to stay, she hoped now I should never go away."

"At least until you have learnt music, Nina," I said laughing.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

LECTURE IV.

I. Journey from
Corinth to Jeru-
salem.
Acts xx., xxi. WE left S. Paul at Corinth where he remained three months, at the end of which time that Voice, whose inspirations he had followed so faithfully ever since it had called to him from heaven, revealed to him that the hour was come when he must go up to Jerusalem, and like his Divine Master suffer cruel indignities from those he would gladly have given his life to save,¹ and who even here lay in wait to kill him on the voyage to Syria. To avoid his treacherous countrymen, he passed through Macedonia, and having spent Easter at Philippi, went on to Troas whither he had been preceded by several Christians from Achaia. He remained at Troas seven days, and the eve of his departure being Sunday, the Christians were assembled together to celebrate the Holy Eucharist. S. Paul preached to them and continued his discourse until midnight. The room was on the third story, and there were a great number of lights, and a young man named Eutychus who sat in an open window, became overpowered with sleep, and falling into the court below was taken up dead. The Apostle restored him to life, and at daybreak bade farewell, and left the brethren much comforted by the restoration of the young man.

From Troas S. Paul went on foot to Assos, where he rejoined his companions who had come round by sea.

¹ Romans ix. 3.

In three days, sailing from Assos past Mitylene, Chios, and Samos, they arrived at Miletus, having purposely avoided Ephesus, since they were anxious to reach Jerusalem by Pentecost. However the Apostle sent for the Elders, or (as we should call them) the *clergy* of Ephesus, and gave them a solemn charge respecting their duty to the flock, enforcing it by reminding them of his own example when labouring among them.

[*Read Acts xx. 18—36.*]

After this he kneeled down and prayed with them all. It was a touching farewell as they embraced their spiritual father, whose face they should not see again, and they did not leave him until the ship sailed.

From Miletus the Apostle and his companions sailed to Coos, thence to Rhodes and Patara. Here they embarked on board a ship bound for Phenicia, and passing Cyprus landed at Tyre, where some Christians endeavoured to dissuade Paul from going to Jerusalem, as the SPIRIT through the prophets foretold his afflictions there. He would not consent, but kneeling down upon the seashore with the whole company of Christian men, women, and children, who insisted on conducting him out of the city, he prayed with them and departed. S. Paul performed the rest of the journey by land. He spent a day with the Christians at Ptolemais, and then went on to Cæsarea, where he and his companions lodged with S. Philip the Evangelist, whose four daughters lived a virgin life, and had the gift of prophecy. Here the prophet Agabus,¹ the same who had foretold the famine in the reign of Claudius, through a symbolical action signified by the HOLY GHOST that as he bound his own hands and feet with Paul's girdle, so would the Jews bind the owner of the girdle, and deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles. Both S. Luke and the rest of his companions together with the Christians of Cæsarea endeavoured to persuade him not to go up to Jerusalem; but the Apostle answered: "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the LORD JESUS." Upon this, they submitted to the will of the LORD, and

¹ Acts xi. 28.

accompanied by several brethren from Cæsarea and an aged Christian of Cyprus with whom they were to lodge, they arrived at Jerusalem, and were welcomed with joy by the Christians there.

II. The day after their arrival, S. Paul and his companions went together to S. James the Bishop of Jerusalem, with whom were all the Presbyters of the Church; and when they had saluted them, S. Paul narrated circumstantially and in order what wonderful things GOD had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry. They listened attentively and glorified the LORD. Afterwards they told him of the vast number of believers there were among the Jews,—many thousands,—showing the labours of the other Apostles while S. Paul was in Asia and Greece. These Jewish Christians were zealous for the law, and had a violent prejudice against S. Paul; who (they had been informed by false brethren,¹) was teaching all the Jews in foreign countries to forsake Moses and renounce circumcision and other ceremonial rites. This of course was utterly false; for though S. Paul had indeed jealously guarded the Gentiles against being subjected to legal bondage, and had only given them² the decrees of the council at Jerusalem, yet he had himself lived as a Jew among them, and had, as we have seen, circumcised Timothy in order to remove any apprehensions they might have on that score. However, as the report had gained credence, and the multitude would be sure to hear of his arrival at Jerusalem, and come together, and watch him with suspicion, S. James and the Presbyters accordingly recommended to him to give a public refutation of these calumnies, and as he had a Nazarete vow upon him and had shaved his head,³ they propose to him to associate himself with four of their company who had the same vow, and go with them through the

¹ Gal. ii. 4.

² Acts xvi. 4.

³ As S. Paul had visited Jerusalem since this vow, it is possible that the advice of S. James had no connection with the circumstance mentioned in Acts xviii. 18. It was customary for those who could afford it to pay the expenses of Nazarites, and thereby show their own zeal for the Jewish religion. Herod Agrippa adopted this course to ingratiate himself with the Jews, see Lect. II. sec. v.

ceremonies of purification, that "all may know that those things, whereof they were informed concerning thee are nothing; but that thou thyself also walkest orderly, and keepest the law." S. Paul at once agreed to this proposal, and the following day went into the temple with the men, according to the law, to signify the end of the time of purification.¹

III.

A.D. 58.

S. Paul seized in the Temple. Rescued by Lysias. Addresses the populace.

Acts xxi., xxii.

The seven days of purification were almost ended, when some Asiatic Jews saw S. Paul in the Temple, and stirred up the people laying hands on him, and crying out, "Messias. Addresses of Israel, help: this is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place;" they accused him also of having polluted the Temple by bringing Greek into it; for they had seen Trophimus, an Ephesian, with the Apostle in the city, and supposed that he had brought him into the Temple also. The whole city came running together, dragged S. Paul out of the Temple, and shut the doors. There was, however, close to the Temple, and overlooking it, the fort Antonia, a magnificent castle built by the Asmonean princes. Here a Roman cohort or regiment of six hundred foot soldiers was stationed under an officer called a tribune, or chief captain, named Claudius Lysias. The tumult soon alarmed this garrison and Lysias, with a large body of soldiers, came upon the people just as they were about to put S. Paul to death. On his appearance they ceased their violent treatment of the Apostle; and Lysias, being unable in the confusion to learn the true state of the case, ordered him to be bound with two chains, and carried into the fort, which was approached by a flight of steps. S. Paul begged to be allowed a word with the tribune, who asked him whether he could speak Greek, thinking he was an Egyptian impostor, who² some time before this had come to Jerusalem, and pretended to be a prophet, having persuaded the people to follow him to the Mount of Olives, whence they were to behold the walls of the city fall down at his command. Felix, the governor of Judea, had marched against this rabble, and had slain four hundred, and taken

¹ Numbers vi. 13, &c.² Joseph. Antiq. b. xx. c. 62.

two hundred of them prisoners. The Egyptian fled, and was never seen again; but Judea was infested with false prophets, who imposed on the credulity of the infatuated people, even as our LORD JESUS CHRIST had foretold. Many of them were put to cruel deaths by Felix, but his government was marked by the rise of a set of men called Sicarians, or assassins, who, by means of a short dagger which they carried under their clothes, committed murders in the very Temple itself with impunity. Felix himself had hired them to make away with the high priest Jonathan, after which they were the terror of the whole country. Lysias imagined S. Paul to have been a leader of one of these lawless bands; but, on hearing that he was a Jew of Tarsus, he allowed him to speak to the people from the steps of the castle.

The Apostle gave a short account of himself, his birth, education, and zeal in persecuting the Church. He then related his wonderful conversion, and his vision of JESUS in the Temple; but when he told them how the LORD had bidden him to go to the Gentiles, the prejudices of the Jewish people could no longer be restrained; and, tearing off their clothes and throwing dust into the air, they cried, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live!" On this the tribune carried him into the fort, and commanded him to be put to a torture common among the Romans, and exactly similar to what the Russians call the *knout*. As they were stretching him on the block, Paul intimated that he was a Roman citizen, which, when the chief captain heard, he ordered him to be released from the executioners; for it was unlawful on any account whatever, to scourge or beat with rods the citizens of Rome.

IV. The next day, Lysias, wishing to learn S. Paul before the Sanhedrim. As soon as he began to speak, Ananias commanded him to be smitten on the mouth, and S. Paul said to him, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." Being informed that Ananias was the high priest, he excused himself, saying, "I knew not, brethren, that he was the high priest; for it is written, Thou shalt not

“speak evil of the ruler of thy people.” The fact was that at this time the high priesthood was in the utmost confusion. In the space of one hundred and seven years there were no less than twenty-eight high priests. The office was no longer for life, as it had been even in the days of Herod the Great; but it was in the hands just now of the young Agrippa, who had appointed one Ismael to supersede this same Ananias, who, as we have seen, had been sent in chains to Rome in the time of Claudius. There were therefore at least two who had been invested with the high priesthood, and were each considered the rightful possessors of the dignity by the respective parties; so that, as in the case of Annas and Caiaphas in our SAVIOUR’S time, it was difficult to say which was the real high priest. This confusion was an indication of the decaying and waxing old of the Levitical priesthood, and of its speedy abolition, to make way for the new order which CHRIST the High Priest, Who hath an unchangeable Priesthood, had already brought in, having carried His own Blood within the veil, into the holiest of all, the very heaven of heavens itself.

The Apostle, seeing that the Sanhedrim was composed of two parties, Pharisees and Sadducees, declared himself to be a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, and that the resurrection of the dead was the very point for which he was called in question. The Pharisees upon this were ready to acquit him, but the Sadducees were only the more enraged; and the dispute rose to such a height, that Lysias sent his soldiers to bring the Apostle by force out of the Sanhedrim. The following night S. Paul was comforted by a vision of the LORD JESUS, Who said, “Be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou also bear witness at Rome.”

v.

S. Paul sent to
Cæsarea. His
defence before
Felix.

The next day a conspiracy was discovered made by forty Jews, who, with the sanction of the high priest, had bound themselves under an oath neither to eat nor drink until they had killed Paul. The tribune, Lysias accordingly despatched a large body of soldiers to guard the Apostle a considerable way towards Cæsarea, whither he sent him to the governor of Judea. Felix, having

Acts xxiii., xxiv.

read the letter explaining the reason why the chief captain had sent Paul to him, gave orders that he should be kept in Herod's palace until the matter could be fully investigated.

Five days after this the high priest Ananias with the Jewish leaders and an orator named Tertullus came to Caesarea, and accused S. Paul of being "a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition among the Jews throughout the world, a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes" who had deliberately profaned the temple. The accusation was backed by the assertions of Jews who came with Tertullus. Felix motioned to the Apostle to speak for himself, which he did, and showed the manifest impossibility of the accusation being true, challenging the Jews to prove any of their accusations of sedition, unless they would make something of his declaration that he was a Pharisee and a believer in the resurrection of the dead. He did not, however, deny his connexion with the despised and persecuted followers of JESUS called by Tertullus "the sect of the Nazarenes," but said plainly, "This I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call a sect, so worship I the GOD of my fathers;" not in the least allowing that he disbelieved any of those things written in the law or the prophets, or that he walked in any way contrary to the truths they themselves acknowledged.

Felix appears to have been acquainted with the existence of Christianity, and to have perceived now how the case really stood: he therefore made an excuse to the Jews, and committed Paul to the custody of a centurion, with full liberty to see his friends. He frequently listened to the Apostle explaining the doctrine of CHRIST, and on one occasion sent for him in the presence of his wife Drusilla,¹ a Jewess. Before this guilty pair the Apostle preached, and as he reasoned of justice, chastity, and judgment to come, the governor's hard, cruel, licentious heart felt the power of the Word of God, and

¹ Drusilla, daughter of Herod Agrippa, had married a Jewish proselyte, Azizus, king of the Emesenes. Felix prevailed upon her through a magician named Simon to forsake her religion and abandon her husband, and to marry him, a heathen slave. Joseph. Antiq. bk. xx. c. 5.

"Felix trembled;" but being unwilling to repent, he answered, "Go thy way for this time; when I have convenient season I will call for thee." He did indeed send for him again, but it was only in hopes of receiving a bribe to set the Apostle at liberty, and in this he was disappointed; and after two years, when he was superseded by Portius Festus in the government of Judea, Felix sacrificed all the interests of truth and justice, and from a vain wish to please the Jews, who after all accuse him to the emperor of his many acts of cruelty and extortion, he left Paul a prisoner at Cæsarea.

VI.
A.D. 60. On Festus' arrival in the province, the high priest and the chief of the Jews took the earliest opportunity of prejudicing him against S. Paul, and desired him to send for him to Jerusalem, intending to waylay and kill him on the road. Festus, however, deferred the matter until his return to Cæsarea, when he commanded Paul to be brought before his tribunal. The Jews came in crowds and laid many and grievous complaints against Paul, though they were not able to prove them. The Apostle constantly protested that he committed no offence either against the law of the Jews, or the temple, or against the emperor.

Festus, wishing to gratify the Jews, proposed to S. Paul to go up to Jerusalem and there be judged; but the Apostle knew that there would be little hope of justice there, when a new governor courting popularity with a people thirsting for their victim's blood would think very little of sacrificing to their will a prisoner in whom he felt no personal interest; and doubtless directed by the HOLY GHOST, Who had told him that he should visit Rome,¹ S. Paul hesitated not to exercise the privilege of a Roman citizen, and replied, "I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged. To the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. I appeal unto Cæsar." Festus, after conferring with his advisers, admitted the appeal, and promised to send him to the emperor.

Shortly after this the young Agrippa,² with his sister

¹ Acts xix. 21; xxiii. 11.

² See Lecture I. sect. xvii. note.

Berenice, whose character lay under the imputation of the most abominable crimes, came to Cæsarea to congratulate the new governor. They remained with him some time; and Festus, from his ignorance of the manners and customs of the Jews, being perplexed about what account he should send with S. Paul to the emperor of the crimes laid against him, was glad of the opportunity of consulting with Agrippa; and when the young king expressed a desire to hear the Apostle explain the doctrines he held, Festus called an assembly in which were gathered all the great men of Cæsarea, and the chief of the Roman army, to honour Agrippa and his sister. S. Paul was brought before them, and after a brief introduction from the governor, was requested by Agrippa to speak for himself.

The Apostle, stretching forth his hand, began: "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things of which I am accused of the Jews: especially because thou art expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." Afterwards he appealed to the universally acknowledged strictness of his early life; to the fact that he had always held the doctrine of the Pharisees, and the hope of the resurrection of the dead; that he had once been a zealous and conscientious persecutor of the name of JESUS of Nazareth. He then went on to state how he had been converted by the clear and unmistakable miraculous interposition of God; how it was by the special commission of this JESUS Who had appeared to him, that he had preached repentance, conversion, and holiness both at Damascus and Jerusalem and in all Judea, and then to the Gentiles. "These," he concluded, "are the causes for which the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help from God, I continue to this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come; that CHRIST should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles."

The Roman governor thinking doubtless that this fanaticism, as it must have appeared to him, was passir~

all bounds of reason, here interposed, calling out with a loud voice : " Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad."

To this the Apostle answered : " I am not mad, most noble Festus : but speak forth the words of truth and soberness," appealing to Agrippa, who must have heard reports of all these things. He then continued his speech, and apparently about to confirm what he had said by the testimony of the ancient prophets, he addressed the king personally, " King Agrippa, believest thou the Prophets? I know that thou believest." The king unable to resist his appeal said : " Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Upon which the Apostle replied : " I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both *almost* and *altogether* such as I am, except these bonds." Agrippa could not bear this personal application, and hastily rose up and conferred privately with Festus, declaring that, if Paul had not appealed unto Cæsar, there was no reason why he might not have been set at liberty.

VII.

S. Paul's journey to Rome. His shipwreck at Malta.

Acts xxvii.

On the first opportunity therefore S. Paul with his companions S. Luke and Aristarchus of Thessalonica, were committed to the charge of Julius a centurion, who had certain other prisoners to take to Rome.¹ They embarked on board a ship bound for Adramyttium, and coasted along the shores of Asia. Julius treated the Apostle with great kindness, and permitted him to land

¹ Josephus gives an account of a voyage to Rome at this time, which it is interesting to compare with the account given by S. Luke. " In my twenty-sixth year [i.e. A.D. 62] I made a journey to Rome on the following interesting occasion. Several priests, many of them men of exemplary character, and my intimate friends, had been sent by Felix, who was at that time governor of Judæa, upon a very frivolous pretext, to justify themselves before Cæsar. Such was the noble conduct of these men upon this occasion, that I resolved to afford them every assistance in my power. Accordingly I embarked for Rome, and our vessel, in which were nearly 600 persons, was lost in a violent storm in the Adriatic Gulf. Out of the whole ship's company, eighty persons only were saved, who after swimming the whole night, were taken up early the next morning by a vessel from Cyrene."—Joseph. Vit.

to Sidon and visit his friends. Contrary winds obliged them to sail round the north of Cyprus, from whence they crossed towards Cilicia and Pamphylia until they reached Myra in Lycia. Here they found a ship of Alexandria bound for Italy into which they were removed. Passing Cnidus after a slow voyage they reached the south coast of Crete and anchored in a harbour called the Fair Havens.¹ It was past the time of the Fast on the tenth day of the seventh month, i.e. about October. Paul warned the centurion that their voyage would be attended with the greatest danger, but the seamen disregarded his advice and set sail for a better harbour at Lixia, a place further west on the same coast of Crete. Scarcely had they left the Fair Havens, than they were overtaken by a violent hurricane veering from north-east to south-east, called now the *Gregale*, but then Euroclydon. They narrowly escaped being wrecked off the island of Clauda, the following day they were compelled to lighten the ship, and afterwards throw overboard the spare tackling of the ship, and then after a succession of stormy days and nights during which they caught no glimpse of sun nor stars by which they might calculate whereabouts they were, they sank into a state of hopeless despair. S. Paul alone remained calm, and after gently reminding them of his warning, he encouraged them by telling them that an Angel had stood by him that night, saying, "Be of good cheer, Paul, thou must be brought before Cæsar, and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." The apostle bade the terrified crew take courage, for no life would be lost, though they would be wrecked on a certain island.

On the fourteenth day after leaving Crete, the sailors found they were approaching land, and attempted to desert the ship, but were prevented by the boat being cast adrift. S. Paul prevailed on the whole company, consisting of two hundred and seventy-six souls, to eat bread, which he blessed in God's name before them all; after which they cast out the rest of the corn into the sea,

¹ It is thought by some that it was at this time that the churches in Crete were founded by the apostle.

and endeavouring to run the ship into a creek they discovered on the unknown shore towards which they were driven, the fore part of the ship stuck fast, the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves. The soldiers proposed to kill the prisoners, the centurion forbade them out of regard for S. Paul, and ordered all who could swim to cast themselves into the sea, and the rest to do as best they could with the broken pieces of the ship : and thus they all were made safe to land.

VIII.

S. Paul at Malta. His miracles there. Acts xviii.

The island proved to be Malta,¹ and its inhabitants received them with kindness. As S. Paul was putting some sticks on the fire kindled on the shore, a viper came and fastened on his hand. The Maltese regarded this as a sign that he had been guilty of murder, and that he had escaped drowning, yet Vengeance still pursued him. But the apostle shook his hand, and the viper fell into the fire, and when the people had watched some time expecting to see him drop down dead, they found he took no hurt according to the word of the LORD, "they shall take up serpents," they changed their minds and said that he was a god.² The chief of the island, a Roman named Publius, received Paul and his companions hospitably, and the apostle healed the father of a fever and bloody flux, upon which all the diseased of the island that were brought to him were healed every one. All treated them with great kindness, and on their departure provided them with every necessity.

IX.

S. Paul reaches Rome. Acts xxviii.

After three months, a ship of Alexandria which had wintered at Malta took them to Syracuse, thence to Rhegium, and on to Puteoli, where they found some Christians who

¹ That this island was Malta, and not an island in the Adriatic, is satisfactorily proved both from tradition and nautical criticism. See *Conybeare and Howson, in their Life of S. Paul.*

² The devotion of the Maltese to S. Paul is well nigh universal even now. No one who reads these chapters of the Acts can doubt that S. Paul's Bay was the very scene of the shipwreck. The creek is between the little island of Selm and the mainland.

ained them for a week, and so they went towards Rome. The Christians of Rome, hearing of their arrival, flocked out to meet them, some as far as Appii Forum, about fifty miles, others as far as the Three Taverns, (now called Ostia,) about thirty-three miles from the Imperial City. The sight of these Christians filled S. Paul with thankfulness and courage.

On their arrival at Rome, the other prisoners were given into custody, but the apostle was suffered to live in his own house, with a soldier who was fastened to him by a long chain ; for thus the Romans kept those who were not shut up in prison.

THE FISHERMAN.

No moon to-night o'er the murky sea,
The sky is heavy and black,
The wind blows coldly and angrily,
And drives the fisherman back.
His craft is small, and a storm is near,—
He makes for land with an anxious fear.

His wife at home, with their children three,
Asleep on the quiet shore—
Hushed with the sound of the restless sea,
And the voice of its solemn roar—
Prays ere at last she falls asleep,
God calm the storm and my loved one keep !

The morning dawns, and the sea is bright
'Neath a clear and sunny sky,
The clouds have fled with the dreary night,
And the storm-winds cease and die.
The wife comes forth between hope and fear
To gaze for her husband far and near.

But all in vain : no boat on the strand,
Or ploughing the sparkling wave ;
The fisher rests in another land,
And the ocean his mighty grave :
He has gained the unknown distant shore,
And to Alice shall come back never more.

She mourns him tearful and all alone ;
 At her heart deep anguish lies,
 The light of her gladsome smile is gone,
 And at work she sadly sighs,—
 God rest his soul, and grant me I pray,
 That repose where all tears are wiped away.
 Let me greet him again on the other shore,
 Find a lasting peace, and be parted no more.

Fountain Hall, Aberdeen.

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Weston I shall now only say a few words of the Will of God as to our different situations in life, submission to it in faith and love. You have told our final salvation is what our Heavenly FATHER will. He not therefore appoint and guide all things to accomplish this for each of us, whom He has called?

Joseph. I suppose so, but it seems odd if God will all, that some should be poor, and sick, and miserable, while others have everything they wish for, and seem so happy.

Edward. So I think too ; it seems hard to think that He loves every one when there is such a difference in our lot.

Mr. Weston. I might tell you that there is a great difference than you suppose, and that if you knew the real state and feelings of some you fancy so very happy, you would soon find out that they, too, had many sorrows. But this is not all. When people have different diseases, does the doctor treat them all in the same way ?

Matthew. O, no, he gives them all different medicines, and tells them to do what is best for each one of them. I remember last year my little sister used to cry because she was obliged to lie still, and might have very little to eat, while Annie, who was very ill of some other disease, was allowed to sit in the fields, and have many nice things to eat and fruit.

Mr. Weston. As a wise doctor treats his patients, so a good parent his children, just as is best for each one.

end upon it, boys, our FATHER, Who is Almighty and all-wise, does with us, His children. He sets us each in the place He knows best for us, where we shall find the helps and opportunities, the trials and sorrows, which are to prepare us for our eternal home. To each, we must believe firmly, He gives the things good for him, and we are so to use all our talents, and the events which happen to us, that they may be means to further our everlasting good, for which, as you know, God has promised they shall work. If He gives us pain, or allows us to suffer in any way, it is as a kind mother gives medicine to her sick child, and places him under some restraints; not because she likes to prevent his enjoyments, but that he may restore his health. I know it is not pleasant, but very sad to have frequent pain, and to want the means of curing it, continued Mr. Weston, with a kind look at Joseph, a sickly and rather lame boy, who could neither work nor play like others, and often was really ill. Still our comfort is that God wills only our good, and that so long as we submit to Him, and trust to His love, He will not take away His mercy from us; He is by us in trial and grief, perfecting us, and fulfilling His own good pleasure in us.

Joseph. Mother often says that it is the Will of God we should be so sickly, and that we must bear it; but I am sure she is very unhappy about it.

Mr. Weston. It must make her sad to see you all often ailing, and to have the burden of trouble and anxiety for you all, with little means of getting the things you want. But I want you all to remember, whether you are tried by sickness, or losses, or cares, or disappointments, that these things are sent, or allowed to come to you for good. They are not only to be borne because you cannot help them, but to be received with cheerful submission, because you know they are to strengthen and improve you, and make you fit for eternal happiness. Pray, therefore, boys, earnestly, Thy Will be done; both *in* us, by our hearts and all our powers of soul and body, being cleansed from sin, and sanctified wholly to His service; and *by* us, in our pure and godly conversation, and manners, by our patience, and humility in suffering, and our endeavours

to promote the salvation of all men. So give us ways to do Thy Will on earth. And to help us this, boys, we must have ever before us a perfect of One Who came on earth and took upon Him that He might do His FATHER's will in every suffering to the utmost far more than all we have to bear.

Robert. It is not late, sir, yet, is it? We go home, if you have time to stay a little longer.

Mr. Weston. I have promised to go and see Mr. to-night, as Joseph says he is not so well, and they have not much time, but I can finish the story of Grove before I go, as it will not take many minutes.

"It was some years after the former events troops to which their regiment belonged, were on a difficult and dangerous service, into a new the country inhabited by a brave and warlike people. How the war began was not their concern, so they not enter into that, but when entered upon it proved very serious one. The country was rocky, with passes and deep defiles, making it very dangerous troops unacquainted with it, while it gave every advantage to the natives to carry on a harassing warfare on their rocks, where many might lie concealed, and command the forces of an enemy, unexposed themselves. The attempt to subdue the country, though they behaved with the courage and coolness of British troops, proved vain; the plan had been ill-concerted, the forces were insufficient, so nothing was left but to retreat through the hostile territory, whose very rocks and cliffs seemed to fight against them. The troops were harassed by unseen foes, and wearied by the slow progress of their march, hindered by constant attacks, but they maintained their courage and resolution in the midst of all. It was after a tiring day of retreat that the army was ordered to repose for a few hours before their passage onward where the foe might be expected in numbers.

"The men were arranged in ranks as well as could be, and lay down on their arms. Numerous sentinels and sentinels were posted, and all precautions

When the men were at rest, Geary, now captain, went and his division to see that all was in order, and to speak a few words of encouragement to the wearied soldiers and sentries. He found Edwin with a small party stationed on guard at the head of a defile in advance of the troops, and threw himself down on the ground beside him. Both were brave and could cheerfully encounter danger, but they felt the hopelessness of their situation, and feared as indeed most did that the retreat would be attended with immense loss.

"'Well, sergeant,' said Geary, (for Edwin had attained that rank,) 'what will the men be fit for after another long day of retreat and fighting, such as we have just had?'"

"'Ah, sir,' said Edwin, 'it's hard work, but I've been thinking that if the enemy can gather forces enough they might cut us off altogether. They gain courage by seeing us retreat.'

"'True, and we shall have worse work to-morrow than to-day, if I mistake not. We have lost already a number of our poor fellows by their firing from behind the rocks.'

"'And how they picked off our officers in the morning before we could get through that defile. They are capital marksmen.'

"'How we shall accomplish our march,' said Geary, 'God only knows; or how many will ever escape. May He have mercy on those who fall. I must away to my own quarters now; and, Edwin, if I never am able to speak to you again, as may well be the case, I wish to tell you how I have always loved and esteemed you, and that I never have forgotten your noble conduct at the last time of the duel. You saved my life, and more than my life, for I tremble now to think of the way I had been living, and of my former forgetfulness of God. Good-bye, and may God bless you.'

"Edwin took his hand and wrung it with tears in his eyes. 'God bless you too, sir,' he said, 'you have been a true friend to me. Many's the time I might have got disheartened and cold, but you helped me on, and then the thought of you made me ashamed to shrink from the Cross or doubt of CHRIST's love.'

"'I have done less than you have for me,' replied

Geary, 'but we will both praise the LORD, Who has kept us, and in Whose Presence I hope we shall meet if we never do more on earth.'

"The two friends then parted, but through some hours of that wakeful night their spirits were together, for both spent much of the time in deep and earnest prayer. When there was again daylight to enable the army to see their road, the troops set out on their wearisome retreat through the narrow passes, and rugged ways of that wild country. They were allowed to proceed at first with little molestation, with a glimpse of the enemy from time to time, concealed behind rocks, and evidently watching them. In doubt and anxiety the march proceeded, till on gaining a narrow pass the scouts gave intimation that large numbers of the foe were to be descried imperfectly, lurking near. In a few moments the devoted troops found themselves indeed surrounded. The rocks, the heights around were covered with hostile muskets, and soon a fatal and destructive fire was poured down on them.

"The soldiers tried to force their way onwards with all the courage of British troops, but the slaughter in their ranks from a foe they could not reach was terrible. Ere the evening only a remnant of the army was able to continue the disastrous retreat, and reach a place of safety. The regiment of Geary and Edwin was almost cut to pieces, only one young officer being left alive. No opportunity was there to bury the dead, or carry off the severely wounded, and many a brave man's corpse was left, as well as those of Edwin and Geary, to be the prey of the mountain vulture and jackal. Yet in that hour of wild dismay and carnage doubtless an Almighty Eye watched the servants of CHRIST, and His Angels came to bear the soldiers of the Cross from the battlefield of earth to the safe rest of Paradise."

Mr. Weston paused, and the boys who had been listening latterly with breathless attention, sighed. "Poor Edwin's mother," said Robert, "what sad news for her!"

"That day," said Mr. Weston, "brought sorrow and mourning to many a home, but to none perhaps more than to that of Edwin. His family had been looking

ward to his return, fondly hoping to welcome him after his long absence, and it was a heavy grief when they heard he would return no more. Yet his mother thankfully confessed that her prayers had been heard, and when the first shock was past she was able to take comfort in the accounts of her son's life and the hope of a meeting with him hereafter."

"I trust you will all remember why I have read you this account, and take to your own hearts the lessons of true repentance, which are brought before you in the story of Edwin Grove."

SHORT EXTRACTS.—No. II.

From a Letter to a virtuous Lady, by M. de Renty, in 1649.

GIVE me leave, Madam, to declare unto you my thoughts, concerning that liberty we ought to use, in communicating freely the gifts of God bestowed on us, to such persons as may reap fruit from them; not stifling within ourselves what we receive from above, whereby we obstruct a second fruit which God expects from His creatures: which is, after our receiving good from them, to communicate them to others, with charity and discretion: improving them, like good seed sown in good ground bringing forth abundance of fruit. I wish that we would consider ourselves set in this world as a crystal, which placed in the middle of the universe, would give free passage to all that light it receives from above: and that by good example, by a high estimate set of virtue, by discountenancing of vice, by comforting others, by pious converse, we would impart those talents we have received from Heaven, to all creatures; and this without disguise, or the least claim of propriety. Giving obedience and passage to them, as the crystal to light.

Furthermore, that all those honours and commendations which we receive from below, should freely pass

through us again up to God, without making with us. No otherwise than the crystal transmits beams of several torches set under it, purifying and refining them, more sparkling towards Heaven: for indeed, is our bounden duty, to render unto God honour and praise we receive from men, Who is worthy of all honour and glory. And Who hath before, bestowed upon us such things as are praised, not that the praise thereof should rest upon us, but through us towards Him, that He may be blessed and praised in all things.

Moreover it is observable, if nothing be opposed to the crystal, to receive that light which passeth through it; it appeareth not at all; and though the sun be above, his beams from above, and the torches their flames below, yet these, for want of a reflection, remain imperceptible in the crystal. In like manner, we receive the heavenly light, and abundance of it, if we make no approaches to God and our neighbour, rendering to the one what is His due, and to the other what is charitable, it may be we have a light, but it is only in ourselves, and hidden under a bushel, being so straitly confined, cannot produce its communication, and is in danger in a short time to be choked and extinct.

Consider also, that when the sun shineth upon the crystal, there is not any corporeal thing more changed than that lustre, or that receives its beams with more splendour. Moreover, betwixt it and the sun, the crystal is seen; but after it hath passed through the crystal, it becomes bright and glorious, and also burns according to the figure to which it is disposed, to show what passeth betwixt God and us is a work on the closet, which ought not to appear abroad until it hath passed through us to others.

Let us then suffer ourselves to be penetrated by the graces of God, that after their beams have lightened and warmed us, they may afford the like to all. Let us imitate that clear crystal, which composed of solid matter, yet gives free passage only to the light; let us, like it, be impenetrable to all, but what

from God, and returns to Him ; let us not, as we commonly do, descend to the appetites of sense, and lust inordinately after earthly things, which is to cast dirt upon the crystal, whereby that which is clear in itself, by reason of that filth that environs it, is no more capable of light than is the dirt upon it. And if we will restore it to its former transparency and penetrability, we must wash it well ; I mean, our polluted souls, in the clear waters of repentance.

Let us, finally, offer up ourselves to our Blessed SAVIOUR, that we be not defective in the right use of His graces which He bestows upon us, neither for ourselves, nor for others, that we bury not His talents. Imitating likewise herein the crystal, which is first penetrated by light only, and then scattereth it abroad. Let us appear without a mask before the face of all the world, speaking aloud, both by the mouth of our actions, with the Spouse in the Canticles, "My Beloved is mine, and I am my Beloved's;" and by our example and diligence, increase the number of those souls that thus love, opening and making plain the way of love. For ever blessed be the God of love, in Whom I am, &c.

A NEW HOME.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—*Heb. xiii. 14.*

A NEW home, LORD, we seek—amid Thy woodlands fair—
We crave Thy Blessing, LORD—and Thy dear Presence there ;
For it is vain to build the house in orderly array
Unless Thou art the Corner Stone—it crumbleth away.

Be Thou the earthly stay—the stronghold and the shield—
Thy Name upon our hearts and on our foreheads sealed ;
May angels enter and surround our tent in shining throngs—
And our poor mortal voices join, the sweet eternal songs.

A little while—another home we know must then be ours—
O may we strive in prayer to improve the present hours—
That when the summons comes—our Heavenly home may be
Jerusalem the golden—and our sunlight only *Thee*.

C. A. M. W.

The Children's Corner.

**"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND
KNOCK."**

IN a great country covered with mountains and valleys, forests and rivers, there lived a man who had a house built in the centre of a beautiful garden. This garden was his pride, and he spared no pains and no expense to beautify it with terraces and fountains, and to bring the rarest flowers and choicest fruits from all parts of the world. It was shut in by lofty trees and tall flowering shrubs, which bore blossoms of every hue, some of a deep crimson, others blue as the turquoise, while some like flakes of snow, or golden as sunlight relieved the deeper tints.

No one could see the garden without stopping to admire it, and its fame had reached over the mountains and to distant parts of the country. The outside of the house was worthy to stand in such a garden ; tall, slender pillars supporting carved and floriated balconies, stained windows gleaming like jewels, and lofty flights of white marble steps leading to studded doors of carved oak. For a time many visitors came and went from this house ; but some of them complained they were not allowed free access to all parts of it, that there were some hidden chambers which they were shut out from : it was remarked that few visitors came a second time, and if they were questioned as to the cause they replied that the outside of the mansion was indeed beautiful, but that so much time and expense were lavished on that, that they supposed there was none left for the interior. They said the rooms were lofty and hung with tapestry, but they were so covered with dust and so wormeaten from the neglect of years, that they had no wish to repeat their visit. And so it came to pass, that though many came to see the beautiful garden, few entered into the house and it was left solitary, tenanted only by the master himself. One day as he was sitting in his house thinking of the beauty of his garden, and of the care and wealth

he had lavished on it, he heard a low and gentle knock at the door, he went to open it and saw some one wrapped in a pale grey mantle, his hair gleamed brightly like silver, and his face was very grave and beautiful. And while the master of the house hesitated whether he would invite him in or not, he heard these words fall from his lips in a tone which awed him, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man open, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me." Then the man said, "If thou wilt come in unto me I will receive thee gladly, and will welcome thee, for I am lonely, and my footsteps echo sadly through the empty rooms." So he that was wrapped in the grey mantle came in unto him, and that evening they talked long together, and the heart of the man thrilled at the strange and noble words which fell from the lips of his guest: and he felt new springs of life welling up in him, and his mind seemed to grow larger and able to understand things that before were hidden from him. And he led his guest into an inner chamber that no one but himself had ever entered, and besought him never to leave him, but to remain with him ever. Then the man lay down to rest, but suddenly the door opened, and he that was wrapped in the mantle entered, and he said, "I lay down in thy inner chamber, but I cannot remain there; if thou wilt cleanse it and purify it, then I will abide with thee, but that room has never been tenanted, and the dust of years lies thick on the walls." And the man said, "I beseech thee, leave me not;" but his guest answered, "If thou wilt cleanse the room I will abide with thee, if not I will leave thee." But the man said, "All my wealth and all my care has been bestowed on my garden and on my house, and I can give no more," and the guest replied, "If thou hadst bestowed but half that wealth and care on the inside of thy house, then I would not have left thee now;" but the man said, "What need? no one but thyself has ever entered that room." Then his guest smiled with such a smile as we only see in dreams, and he said, "If only thou wilt cleanse thy room, I will come and *abide* with thee, and then no one else shall enter, for I will be all in all to thee." Then the man answered, "It shall be done,

only leave me not long, for now that I have had thee as my guest, how can I bear to be alone?" and the guest answered, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you," then he went out and closed the door behind him. Then the man toiled for many days and many nights, and one who was skilled in such matters came and helped him; but sometimes he was almost tempted to despair, for it seemed to him he could never make that room fit to receive his guest, only more than once he thought he heard a voice strange and full of music, which thrilled him in the depths of his heart, for he recognised the tones of him who had been his guest. Then after many days of toil, and labour, and pain, as he was sitting alone in his house, he heard that knock which had so roused him the first time, and he who had been wrapped in the grey mantle entered with garments like the brightest sunlight, and filled the house with his presence. So he made his abode there, and though more than once he would leave it for a little time, yet he returned again and dwelt there. And no other guest was suffered to enter that inner chamber; once, indeed, another had stood on the threshold and besought to be admitted, but the man suffered it not, and kept that room sacred for ever. And he felt as if it were not himself, but another man who dwelt now in that house, and though he still cared for and tended his garden, yet it was not his chief care as formerly. And now happiness and peace were not strangers to his dwelling, but the spirit of holiness and love was there, so that he could say, "Hereby I know that he abideth in me by the Spirit which he hath given me."

M. L.

Church News.

THE death of the Rev. Henry Newland, Vicar of S. Marychurch, removes from the Church on earth one of her faithful sons, and one whose name will long be remembered among us. Few have the peculiar gifts which he exercised, the gift of saying the right and bold thing in a happy good-tempered way, that went far towards disarming the fiercest opponents. In this way his

lectures on Tractarianism have done much for Church principles, and we have even heard of the good effects of their bold and truthful statements in far off lands, thousands of miles from the land of their origin. All his writings reflected his character, and that was a thoroughly English one, honest and straightforward as the day, with a wonderful energy and flow of spirits far beyond his bodily strength. From those who valued him as a friend and adviser we hear of the same unvarying, kind, bluff and common sense rules of direction and advice.

His health had been for some years declining, and, indeed, obliged an absence from his parish for more than one long period, but in spite of this the love and reverence to him and his memory were manifested in no small degree on the occasion of his funeral, on Saturday, June 30th, the account of which we take from a cotemporary.

"It is not too much to say that a more stirring sight never was witnessed, and every one who was present must have been deeply and strongly impressed with that solemn and yet triumphant service which was the fitting accompaniment of the last earthly scene of him who in life had been one of the Church's best and bravest sons. From an early hour in the morning the shops were closed, as well as the windows in private houses, and people clothed in black were seen ending their way towards the parish church. By eleven, the hour fixed for the funeral, the church was filled, and a large number of persons, unable to obtain admission, were assembled in the church-yard. It was evident by their demeanour that they had not come (as unfortunately is too often the case) to see a sight and gratify a taste for novelty, but to offer in the best way they could their tribute of respect to one they loved; and the solemn stillness that prevailed throughout could not fail of striking any one who remembered the strong feelings that have been evoked by church-rate contests in years gone by. At about eleven o'clock the funeral procession left the carriage, the pall being borne by six clergymen, friends of the deceased. On reaching the Lych-gate the body was met by the surpliced choir and the officiating priests, and then at once burst out to the music of the Church's Plain Song—the thrilling sentence 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' The effect upon those assembled in the church can only be described as startling. The full body of so many voices ringing through the clear summer air, combined with the measured tread of the funeral train, was overpowering, and many found relief in tears. The body having been deposited before the altar, which was appropriately vested, the Psalms were sung to the usual Gregorian tones, and the Lesson having been read by the Rev. M. Cox, the senior curate, the procession re-formed and proceeded to the grave, which was situated a few feet east of the chancel. The anthem, 'Man that is born of a woman,' was most beautifully sung, and was subsequently, 'I heard a voice from heaven,' and every one felt that the grave was indeed 'a door of hope' to him whom they were laying there. The officiating priest was the Rev. W. S. Reece,

of Boyne Hill, an old curate of Mr. Newland's. And now came the sad moment when the coffin, having been uncovered, was lowered into the earth. It was made of oak, highly polished. On the lid was a large brass cross, with the deceased's initials underneath, and the inscription, 'JESU, mercy.' While this was being done every one seemed to hold his breath; there was a religious awe upon every heart, and when the glorious service was over, and the last 'Amen' was wafted far away towards the sea, each turned and left the churchyard it is hoped a wiser and better man. The procession was re-formed while the choir sung a Psalm, and having re-entered the church, Holy Communion was celebrated, the Rev. Reginald Shutte, Rector of S. Mary Steps, Exeter, being the celebrant, and the assistants the Messrs. Cox and Reece. The service was choral throughout. A great number of people communicated, and those who remained without communicating showed, by their behaviour, that their hearts had been touched. So rests the good and brave vicar of S. Marychurch! a man never wanting in the Church's hour of need; one who ever showed himself valiant for the faith, who sacrificed self in all shapes, and who up to the latest moment of his life was a staunch defender of Catholic doctrine and discipline. The conduct of the great multitude which was present showed more plainly than words could do that, however much a few of them might have differed from him in doctrine, they were all alike determined to honour his blameless life."

The Tenth Commemoration of S. Mary's Church, Crown Street, Soho, gives us the opportunity to commend to the prayers and alms of churchmen what may be emphatically called "a poor man's church." In the actual midst of a neighbourhood second to none for crowded homes and a teeming population of the lowest class, this church stands forth and appeals to the sympathy of all; the simple church (lately much improved by thorough repairs, and wooden skirting for the walls), ever open, constant Services, Mission Clergy, and Working Sisters in schools and other works of mercy. With such work going on we may look for good and solid results, and we trust it will be well supported by those living in more favoured localities.

The parish of S. George's in the East is about to pass for twelve months into other hands. We have never gone much into detail of this sad scene of outrage and wretched sacrilege. No one who has witnessed the scene of sad profanity, which for so long a time has turned God's House and Sanctuary into a by-word and disgrace; no one who has seen the rector Sunday after Sunday exposed to the misery of such a scene, and obliged to go through God's Service with such accompaniments; no one who has seen this can wonder that he is exhausted and obliged to seek rest in body and spirit; and when we know that in every possible way he has given in and conciliated, so that the Service is now as moderate, simple, and unpretending in its character as possible, and all to no effect, we are grieved to think

that any form or pretence of religion can be quoted as sanctioning or justifying for one instant those who so defile and profane the Sanctuary of God.

The Annual Commemoration Festival of S. Mary's College, Harlow, was held on the 4th of July.

"There was a large attendance of the clergy and other friends and parents of the boys. The day commenced with the early celebration. Mattins was at eleven o'clock. The anthem was Handel's 'Lift up your heads,' which was rendered with great precision and beautiful effect by the College choir. An excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Stubbs, rector of Navestock, and late Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Oxford, who was also the Classical Examiner of the school. He took his text from Eccles. vii. 12, 'Wisdom is a defence and money is a defence; but the excellence of knowledge is that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.' It was an able vindication of the value of the study of classical literature as a means to the attainment of that wisdom which 'giveth life to them that have it.' In alluding to the College of S. Mary's, he expressed his conviction of the excellence of the system pursued there, and urged upon his hearers to respond heartily, by their prayers, their zeal, and liberality, to the call now made upon them to assist in the erection of college buildings, that it might become a permanent seat of education. A collection was then made for the Endowment Fund. The removal of the College from its present premises, and the plan proposed of erecting buildings of its own, has been rendered necessary by the increased number of its students, and the impossibility of continuing the College on its present site, owing to the capricious and unsympathising conduct of the landlord.

"The company then assembled in the College-hall, which was gaily decorated with flowers and banners, to partake of the hospitality of the President. Grace having been sung, three of the youngest boys advanced up the middle of the hall bearing the grace cup and chanting the 'Ecce quam bonum,' which was drunk all round to the toast of 'Floreat Collegium.' The vicar then rose and proposed the health of 'The Visitors,' which was responded to by the Rev. H. L. Jenner. He said he could not trust himself to say all he felt about the College and the advantages which his son had derived from its system of education and the careful training of the President. He concluded by proposing the health of the Preacher—the Rev. W. Stubbs, who said that it was now the third year he had examined the Harlow boys, and he was therefore entitled to speak with some confidence of their progress and proficiency. He had been Examiner in many schools, but in none was there a higher standard of classical learning proposed to the students than at Harlow, and in none did the boys seem to use greater exertions to rise up to that standard. He felt that it was a great and good work which was being carried on there; and though it might have its trials, he hoped and believed that they would only have the effect of proving the soundness of its principles.

"The President then rose, and said that he looked upon it that the College had on that anniversary entered upon a new era, and that the

trials which had come upon them would, he had reason to believe, prove the occasion of carrying out more effectually the object which had been contemplated from the beginning. The College was on entirely new ground. There were many schemes for providing education of the poor and the middle classes; but there was none which he knew of founded, as Harlow was, for aiding those in the lower part of society, who had been deprived of the means of affording their children an education suitable to their position in life, as well as educating those who could pay for themselves. He had thought that this was a most important object, and one which had been strangely overlooked. Instances had frequently occurred to him quite recently—of a lady who had been suddenly reduced to poverty and sought for her children that assistance which this College was specially designed to afford. He hoped, therefore, that all the friends would exert themselves to enable him to carry it out more fully, and that, before they met together again another year, he would find, through the liberal contributions of Churchmen, that the new buildings would be in progress of erection.

"The Rev. Alfred Poole, whose health was proposed, said that his own interest in S. Mary's College arose from a deep conviction that there was a great want in the system of education adopted in our schools; that education was too exclusively regarded from a purely intellectual point of view—that whilst the reasoning powers were trained to the utmost extent of their capacity, the culture of the heart, and the direction of the life were, if not wholly neglected, very much overlooked in the practical work of education. Now, it was his belief that Harlow College supplied this great want—because it gave to that important province of education its proper place, and carried it out in the only proper way—not according to any modern and untried system or any private views or theories—but strictly according to the teaching and discipline of the Church of England, that he was entitled to the encouragement and support of Churchmen.

"The health of the vicar was drunk and enthusiastically received, and the company proceeded to Evening Prayers. They then retired to the large school-room to hear the concert and recitation, and the awarding of the prizes, (by the Rev. W. Stubbs, the Examining Officer), accompanied by appropriate words of commendation and encouragement to each of the successful candidates, terminated a joyous and successful Festival."

CHURCH RATE TRIUMPH IN KIDDERMINSTER.

From a Correspondent.

A success of this kind is all the more important when it takes place in a busy manufacturing town, intimately connected with the (so-called) Liberal interest, and returning a member to Parliament professing those principles.

Certainly the defeat of any Church scheme in Kidderminster would bespeak a total want of gratitude on the part of the ratepayers, for the example set by the worthy Vicar, the Rev. L. Claughton, of harmony and goodwill, has hitherto prevented the slightest coercive measure being taken in the col-

Church Rate—no instance of its having been enforced against electors has been recorded. But not content with this conclusion, they demanded a poll upon a borough-rate of four-pence in the pound, required by the churchwardens, and shown them in open meeting, to be for the most part, absolutely lawful for the repair of the fabric. This expression of opinion has just been brought to a close, and has resulted in a success which will very materially strengthen the hands of the good Vicar in the discharge of his sacred office. It must be as gratifying to him to have such sound evidence of the progress of Church principles, as it is to those who know how nearly allied such are to sound political principles, and that the advance of the one is a sure and most gratifying proof of the progression of the other.

With a population of 17,000, they only number 476 Parliamentary electors. When the last poll for Church Rates was taken, in 1850, the majority in favour of the rate was 182. From that time to this present contest, Church principles have steadily gained ground in the town, for now, with the same number of Parliamentary electors, 395 votes were registered in favour of paying the rate, and only 177 against it, giving a majority of 218. The excitement has been very great, and the printed reports showing the advancing numbers, were as eagerly read as in an election for a Parliamentary representative was going on. The Vicar, in declaring the numbers, made some appropriate remarks as to the good temper and feeling displayed on both sides, but he must remind them that a rate upon the laying of which the town had spoken so decidedly, could legally be enforced, and if in cases (not those of poverty,) in which all previous rates had been excused, a demand for payment was made, those who had stirred up strife in his parish had themselves to thank for such a consequence, which he believed must be the result of that contest. "Another matter," continued the Vicar, "I must also advert to. Those gentlemen who thought it their duty to originate it, are in connection with the London Liberation Society, and they, having been furnished with many of their published papers, have thought fit to circulate some of a highly objectionable kind amongst my parishioners; one especially, in which Holy Scripture is most unjustifiably applied. Speaking of the law of Church Rates, the paper said, 'They tell you it is the law: tell them that it was by law—Church law—our SAVIOUR is put to death!' He thought the circulation of papers like that among simple and ignorant men, was a sin for which they were responsible who did circulate them; and that was the only remark he wished to make in connection with the contest, which is happily brought to a close."

Mr. Naylor, the leader of opposition, then rose, and candidly

acknowledged that the result had been so far a surprise to the Dissenters, that "had he at all anticipated such a result he would not have asked for a poll." It is only fair to say that he acted with moderation and courtesy throughout, and was evidently misled by older and more factious men, whose violence in attacks upon our Church ought to have reminded us that the best-organised movement is a hopeless one, when it is against law and order, and the requirements of the Almighty God.

So ended the last attack of these disturbers of our peace and our local institutions. And if its result is known as it deserves to be, the influence of such an example may be felt beyond the limits of a local society, and animate other towns to keep in the beauty of its pure simplicity the legacy of God's holy temple and worship, bequeathed to them by their fathers!

Notices to Correspondents.

To the Editor of the "Churchman's Companion."

MY DEAR SIR,

I should be glad of your permission to correct an error in the article "Geology" in your last number.

But before I do so, I beg to thank the writer, in the name of all skilled Geologists, for the independent testimony he has given to the higher value of scientific teaching. Few see the danger, and yet all should see that scientific pursuits will rather hinder us in a Christian course, and that our acknowledgment of this great earth as the House of God detracts no weight from its position. Faith gives it as the Gate of Heaven.

As regards the necessary corrections, I would like to say that "corals and shells" (p. 59) are found in rocks lying on granite, not in it: that the "basaltic columns" are not at the "Herefordshire Beacon," (p. 59), that "lazuli" was found in the basalt of the Titterstone, and that the "moss-animal" of the Dudley rocks, being fossilized, is incapable of restoration to life, the remarks of your correspondent placing one in water, &c., must be read as applying to living specimens of like form, to be got by dredging off the British coast.

I am, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

GEORGE E. R.

*Shrubbery Cottage, Kidderminster,
July 17, 1860.*

A. T.—We cannot possibly give the information re-

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[SEPTEMBER, 1869]

A MAIDEN OF OUR OWN DAY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER IX.

"I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere."

Merchant of Venice.

WHEN Gyneth had been about ten days at home the family circle was increased by the arrival of Lawrence. Long-haired, pale, and foreign-looking, he had at first the appearance of a German student, but on further acquaintance he proved to be more of the French than the German element in him, while what there was in him of English was almost undiscoverable. He spoke his native language with a decidedly foreign accent, and relapsed continually to French, and occasionally into German; talked fluently of foreign literature while seeming intensely ignorant of that of his own country; quoted De Musset's poetry, and Schiller's prose; strewed his room over with rubbishy-looking paper books, entitled "*Bibliothèque du chemin de fer*"; and completed his mother's and sister's astonishment by producing an immense meerschaum with a picture of the "*Lurlei*" enamelled on its porcelain bowl.

Colonel Deeshon would have remonstrated, but his wife, smiling, "Never mind, dear Edgar, when once he is a cadet he will have to give up his meerschaum, so let us save him to enjoy it in peace just for this day or two, provided he confines his smoking to the garden." Accordingly the garden became at once Lawrence's favourite

retreat, and he established himself there the morning with his books, that he might pursue smoking and his cramming for the examination undisturbed.

Gyneth resigned most of her indoor employment, and sat on the grass beside him, finding references for him, and hearing him repeat long columns of dates, and various statistics. She was rewarded for her patience and endurance of the meerschaum, by many little comments delivered incidentally, and some amusing anecdotes of foreign school-life, not to mention sundry pretty little speeches, such as no English-bred boy would have thought of bestowing on a sister.

Lawrence was very good-looking, only wanting to make him handsome, and the sleepy brown eyes he lifted from his book now and then, were, to Gyneth, quite beautiful; she liked their dreamy expression, and would have admired the languor that generally characterized her brother's movements, had she not detected in it a little affectation. He was animated enough when he chose, "vif" in look and profuse in gesticulation after the manner of Frenchmen. She was sure he must be clever, he seemed untroubled by the difficulties of the examination, and of trying his chance in French, German, and besides the *sine qua non* mathematics, and "English course," as confidently as if failure were a thing impossible. His family were almost equally confident, with the exception of Lambert, who said little, but trusted his brother at his studies, and confided a private hint to Gyneth that Lawrence had gone deep enough in mathematics, moreover hinting that proficiency in English might not be so "of course" as Lawrence appeared to imagine. Gyneth acknowledged that he seemed well up in English literature, and in the course of private cramming on that subject, telling him the names, dates, and histories of England's chief worthies, and furnishing him with a list of his greatest works; it should not be her fault, if, when he wrote "Comus" he should reply "Dr. Johnson was once actually done by some youthful ignoramus."

It was only in the evening that Lawrence could afford time for these lighter studies, and then he used to lie full length on the grass, repeating Gyneth's instructions after her, and glancing up with a wearily uttered "Est-ce tout?" at each pause in her recapitulation. With all her efforts, she could not be sure of having done much good, especially as he pertinaciously continued to confuse Lord Bacon with Roger Bacon, the inventor of gunpowder, and persisted in affirming that "Blair's Grave" and what he called "Les nuits de Young" were the two finest poems in the English language, a not uncommon delusion among Frenchmen, but one quite unpardonable in a true born Briton. As for the meaning of obsolete English words, the plots of Shakespeare's plays, and a hundred other things that examiners will ask about; he was utterly ignorant of them all; but then to be sure he knew half Schiller's tragedies by heart, and could write an account of the life and writings of Voltaire at a minute's notice.

Gyneth was all anxiety on the day when he set off with Colonel Deshon for London, where the examination was to be held, but both he and his father were in good spirits, and took a cheerful farewell of the home party, the Colonel turning back at the door to say, "Remember, Lambert, I depute to you my authority as master of the house, keep good order, mind, and don't let Ellis tyrannize over mamma." And then, noticing Edgar's look of slight at the idea of Bertie's being master, he added playfully, "Take care, Eddie, you will have to be on your very best behaviour, for I suspect brother Bertie will be very particular." A warning which in no way terrified Edgar, who wriggled about like a merry eel, and made such demonstrations of fearless satisfaction as showed he anticipated no harshness in his brother's rule. The examination was to last about ten days, and Colonel Deshon meant to await its conclusion, so Lambert had really some opportunity for exercising the functions his father had bestowed on him, and in his gentle, unobtrusive way he certainly contrived to fulfil them most carefully. Mrs. Deshon declared that his influence over Ellis was magical, and that whenever her husband was absent in future, she

must assuredly send off express for him to keep order for her ; she rather gloried in her own incapability, and appealed to Lambert as constantly as if he had been really master of the house and the supreme authority, telling the children to mind him, and even occasionally referring Gyneth to his decisions. Gyneth would have found this very disagreeable if, he had been the domineering fellow she once fancied him, and even as it was her mother's " Oh, my dear, I don't know I'm sure, ask Bertie," seemed sometimes a little tiresome when it concerned matters which she could quite well have decided for herself if she had been allowed to do so. Decide them she did in fact, for Bertie heartily disliked giving any opinion, and only did so in deference to his mother's wishes, leaving Gyneth to follow his advice or not as she felt inclined ; he never seemed to dictate, and was chary of commands even to the children, but certainly Lewis had in no way exaggerated the greatness of his influence in his home.

On the Sunday following Colonel Deshon's departure, Mrs. Deshon had a very bad headache, and did not go to Church in the afternoon, so as Lambert was at the Sunday school, Gyneth, Fanny, and Edgar walked to Church alone. The day was so hot, that they were glad to walk slowly, and the children were full of conversation about one of Monro's allegories, which Gyneth had been reading to them, and some hymns which they had been learning to say to their mamma. " Lambert chose mine," said Fanny, " it is one from ' The Child's Christian Year,' I daresay you know it, Gyneth ; he likes so much those verses in it :

' Lord, in Thy Kingdom there shall be
No aliens from each other,
But even as he loves himself
Each saint shall love his brother.

' When in Thy courts we meet, below,
To mourn our sinful living,
And with one mingling voice repeat,
Confession, Creed, Thanksgiving ;

' Make us to hear in each sweet word,
Thy HOLY SPIRIT calling
To oneness with Thy Church and Thee,
That heavenly bond forestalling.'

"He always likes those sort of pieces, about unity and love in love."

"How do you find out what he likes?" asked Gyneth, frowning.

"Oh, by the things he chooses for us to read and learn, by his books, he has got such nice books up in his room. And sometimes he talks to us a little, especially on Sundays, I always like Sunday evenings, don't you, Edie? because Bertie is sure to be so pleasant."

"And he tells us martyr stories," said Edgar, enthusiastically, his whole face lighting up. "He told us about the Theban legion last Sunday. Wouldn't you like to have been St. Maurice, sister?"

Gyneth's look said "yes."

"I have read Neale's account of it in 'The Followers of the LORD,'" she replied, "it is most beautiful, and I like it—but what is the matter, Eddie?" for the little face which a minute before, was pale with sudden fright.

"The cows! the nasty horrid cows!" gasped Edgar in a terrified whisper which to Fanny sounded so exceedingly ludicrous that she burst out laughing. A number of cows were certainly advancing towards them across the common, probably being driven home for milking, and their tormenters, the flies, had rather excited them, so that they were dashing about in a wild angry way, which to poor little timid Edgar seemed truly terrific.

Gyneth had no particular liking for excited cows, having been once run at by one, but cowardice was not in her nature, so she endeavoured to reassure Edgar, promising to take care of him, and reminding him that they must keep straight on if they wished to get to Church in good time. He allowed her to take his hand and lead him on, but as soon as they got close to the herd, whose tossing heads and great strong horns did certainly look rather formidable, he twitched his hand out of hers again, and fairly ran away.

Gyneth ran a few steps after him, but fear had lent him swiftness, and he flew along so quickly in the direction of home that she saw she might have a long race before she caught up with him. "What shall I do?" she said, turning in dismay to Fanny, "I don't know whether if I

caught him even, I could persuade him to encounter the cows again, and yet I am sure he will be so unhappy, poor child, when he finds that his fears have put Church out of the question for him."

"But oh, isn't he silly, Gyneth?" said Fan, "why the cows have nearly all passed us now, and scarcely so much as looked at us. If Bertie had been here,—and see, there he is," and she pointed to a figure in the distance, which was certainly Lambert coming to meet them.

"Let us run to him," said Gyneth, "he will know what we ought to do, only—I'm afraid he will be vexed."

Fanny laughed. "Gyneth, I do think you're as much afraid of Bertie, as Edgar is of the cows; it's so funny to hear you talking of him as if he were some great black bogie who would bite Eddie's head off."

Gyneth's sweet blush, and sweeter smile came in quick succession. "I'm very silly, I know, Fan," she admitted good humouredly.

But for all that, she was sorry that Fanny should be the first to tell of Edgar's fright, phrasing it in this way. "Oh, Bertie, what *do* you think? Eddie was so awfully frightened of those cows that he ran away home, and the minute before he was talking about martyrs, and looking as if he should like to be one."

"Yes, he was talking so nicely," said Gyneth, "but, poor little man, I suppose he couldn't help being frightened, only what shall we do about him, Lambert? for I think he must be half way home at least."

"You and Fan go on to Church, and I'll run after him and bring him back," said Lambert, "don't wait for us, or you'll have to hurry, and you look quite heated already."

"Yes, it's too warm for running almost, I'm sorry you should go, Lambert, and perhaps Eddie won't come after all, for he will still have to encounter the cows."

"Oh, he'll come," said Lambert, with quiet certainty, and he started off.

Gyneth would like to have waited, but to be in time for the service was such a plain duty, that she walked resolutely on, only turning her head now and then to

if her brothers were coming. She was obliged to go to Church without having seen anything of them, and the reading of the Exhortation had commenced before they made their appearance.

Anthony Waller was at Church, and joined them when they came out, for he had a general invitation to dine with them on Sundays, which, as Mrs. Deshon observed, was so much better for him than to dine at mess, where he must meet some who cared little how Sunday was kept.

He remarked on his cousins having been late for the service, observing, "I should have thought in your code, Lambert, that would have been a deadly sin."

"It was me who made Bertie late," said Edgar, who had courage to accuse himself, rather than allow it to be supposed that Bertie could be in fault; and he added for Gyneth's benefit, "Bertie wouldn't let me run, because I was very tired, and he said it might make me ill; and he wouldn't run on without me either."

Gyneth's eyes thanked her brother for his consideration; decidedly Bertie's gentleness might be relied on, and she should never, she thought, be afraid to trust Edgar to him again.

"How did you get through the cows, Eddie?" she enquired, as Anthony and Lambert walked on a little in front.

"Oh, they didn't hurt me, sister," he answered, "Bertie spoke to one, and patted it, and said, if we'd had our time he would have made me pat it too."

"Bertie is a magician," said Gyneth, laughing, but Edgar did not even smile, and replied mournfully, "I thought I was getting brave, Gyneth, and now I've been braver than ever. Bertie says cowardice is a *sin* when it makes us give up our duty."

"Ah, he meant if you had stayed away from Church rather than face the cows, for instance; yes, it sounds severe, but I think it is true, Eddie, only you needn't be so unhappy about it, for you *did* overcome your fears."

"But Bertie had to fetch me before I would come," faltered Eddie, and Gyneth could not console him, though he made no further expression of his sorrow, and answered

Fanny's raillery in the quiet uncommunicative which generally characterised him, and which was supposed to proceed from either modesty or pride, as people were inclined to judge of it.

Mrs. Deshon's headache got better towards and at dinner she was most charming; it seemed she had determined that Anthony should not fire with them on Sundays a penance, or be driven to worldly amusement a refuge from puritanical. Not content with talking herself, she was determined to make her son talk too, and indeed Lambert, feeling it incumbent on him to act the part agreeably, entered more into the conversation than usual with him, and that so pleasantly, that Anthony's superciliousness melted before the genial influence of such a host and hostess, and he too fell insensibly into the same flow of happy talk.

It was not the same kind of talk as Gyneth had wont to enjoy with her grandmother and Lewis, but very pleasant, and when leaving the dinner-table wandered out into the garden it seemed to chime lightly with the evening song of the birds, and the distant ripple of the sea. And when after a while she sat down together on the lawn, Gyneth was so interested in an account her mother was giving of Béguinage at Ghent, that she did not notice that Lambert had left them, nor take much heed of Edgar, and then Fanny stole away to join him. Anthony seemed by no means disposed to make fine good Béguines, as Gyneth had half feared he might when Mrs. Deshon had finished speaking, gave an interesting description of a dear, good, quaint *de charité*, who had once come to his rescue when he was taken ill in an out-of-the-way French villa travelling alone with his tutor. His life had been in danger, and the people of the village where he lay seized with the fever were desperately afraid of him, so that he would have been left without any one to care for him, but his tutor, — a young Oxford man, very kind, but extremely inexperienced, — to take care of him, had not the idea. His wife bethought herself of fetching the brave

er, who long before had put her life in her hand, and red herself to attendance on the sick and suffering. was most amusing, and not a little touching, to hear thony's account of all she had done for him; he was n a boy of thirteen, and the good sister's heart had n drawn towards him by his illness and helplessness—the foreigner as he was, and little heretic as she con- sidered him—so that she not only fulfilled the needful des of a nurse, but lavished on him a thousand mo- rally affectionate attentions, calling him her "petit fils," "cher petit cœur," and when he got better, bringing little sweet cakes which some of the other sisters le for him, and which seemed to him the most de- licious things that ever were invented.

She was the most cheerful old being imaginable," tinued Anthony; "as full of smiles as if her life were long holiday, though it was anything but that, for I ere she actually had to get up at four o'clock every morn- ing, at least she told me that was the rule of her er."

"Which you, lazy boy, think the greatest hardship in world," said Mrs. Deshon playfully. "But how uring the old *sœur* must have been. I suppose she s very ugly, wasn't she? most old Frenchwomen are, at any rate she didn't make herself look worse by wing a funeral costume like some of our English ters."

"No, her grey-blue dress was very becoming, and as the whiteness of her cap, I have never seen anything e it since. Poor old *Sœur Monique*! I should like im- mensely to see her again. If travelling were not so ighing I would go over to France on purpose."

"It must be very beautiful to see Sisters of Charity so cheerful," said Gyneth, "but I wonder they can be, ing about among such scenes of misery as they do."

"Ah, but they take hearts-ease with them, and the consciousness of that keeps them bright," said Mrs. eshon, "besides *Sœur Monique* was a Frenchwoman, d 'gaieté du cœur' is much more natural to the French than to us."

"It is so difficult to fancy a combination of gaiety and

tenderness; most gay people are not tender at all," remarked Gyneth thoughtfully.

"Perhaps not," replied Mrs. Deshon; but Anthony looked up at her smiling, and said, "I don't subscribe to that remark, Gyneth, for I see before me an example of both combined; Cousin Fanny would have made a very good *sœur de charité* if she had taken to the profession early as *Sœur Monique* did."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Gyneth, looking up at her too, and reflecting the smile, "yes, I see what you mean. Should you like to have been a sister, mamma?"

"I'm afraid I should have enjoyed it only too much, unless my gaiety became extinguished beneath that formidable poke-bonnet which some of our dear, good English sisters think it necessary to wear. I say 'too much,' because I can see, Gyneth, that your ideal of a sister is a person made up of devotion, self-denial, and melancholy."

"Oh, mamma! But I own that I cannot fancy an English Sister of Mercy being gay; she might be cheerful, and very sweet and gentle, but—"

"She must never laugh!" interrupted Mrs. Deshon playfully, "that would be destructive of the ideal at once. Did *Sœur Monique* ever laugh, Anthony?"

"Did she not? She was as jolly as possible, all in her funny innocent way; now and then such perpetual high spirits struck me as a little fatiguing, but on the whole commend me to that style of piety; I only wish Parry had taken up that line, instead of the extra-solemn."

"Then Mrs. Parry's giggles ought to enchant you! But seriously, Anthony, I am not going to let you laugh at Mr. Parry's or anybody else's piety; it is much too deep a matter for jest."

"Oh, *chacun à son gout*," said Anthony, with an indifference which Gyneth thought painful, but he got up as he spoke, to gather some sweet-peas to twine in Katie's hair, and when he came back changed the subject by observing, "What good sermons Mr. Weatherhead gives, doesn't he? so manly and straight to the mark, and yet not verging on that unrefined and declamatory style which I do so especially abominate."

"They remind me rather of some printed sermons I've read," said Gyneth, naming a volume by a well-known theological writer.

"Oh I never read sermons," rejoined Anthony, "but cousin Fanny reads them to me sometimes. Don't you remember, cousin, when you nursed me through that illness I had after I landed in Corfu, how you used to insist on reading out to me a sermon and part of the service every Sunday?"

"Of course I did, I wasn't going to let you be a heathen, because you couldn't go to Church; but don't you think he's a very fortunate boy, Gyneth, to have had two nurses in both his illnesses, first Sœur Monique, and then me?"

"Ah, but Sœur Monique didn't read sermons," said Anthony, pretending to yawn, adding however, "you are quite right, cousin, and I really have not consumed the books you gave me—'The Christian Year,' and what was that other one?—in allumettes for my cigars, as you predicted I should; I have read in them with all diligence."

Mrs. Deshon glanced at her daughter with a look that might be taken to mean, "Is he not a dear fellow?" and then Katie directed her cousin's attention to some coloured pictures of "Joseph and his brethren," which she held in her hand, saying, "I s'all ask Eddie to yead about to you, s'all I? or will you yead it to me?"

Anthony took her up on his knee, and turned over the pictures, sometimes reading a few of the printed lines beneath them for Katie's edification, and often turning to Mrs. Deshon or Gyneth with some half-playful, half-genuous comment.

It was a delicious evening, the birds still twittered with a little song from time to time, the sea murmured musically in the distance, the roses exhaled a faint sweet fragrance, and soft, pinky, coral-like clouds hovered in the sky, above the richer glory of the sunset.

This sitting on the grass beneath the rosebushes, among these pleasant sights and sounds, was very charming, and altogether it was a pretty, graceful way of passing the time, but Gyneth did not feel satisfied that even

innocent recreation and rest should absorb *all* her Sunday evening, so by-and-by she rose and went into the house. Lambert was seated at the library window, with Edgar perched on the arm of his chair, and Fanny open-mouthed and eager-eyed on a stool at his feet; he was reading something to them, and seemed to have thoroughly enchained their interest, though to Gyneth his voice sounded a little monotonous.

"Could you lend me a book?" she asked, "Fanny has been praising your library to me."

"It is not very extensive, I'm afraid, but you are welcome to anything it contains," he replied, "shall I fetch some books down for you, or will you like to choose one for yourself?"

"I should like to choose one, please, and don't let me disturb you, I have been quite troublesome enough in interrupting the reading, haven't I, Edgar?"

"No, no," said Lambert smiling, "I'm sure that Eddie sees that 'sister' has a right to be attended to as well as himself; you must let me come and reach the books down for you, the shelves are so high," and so saying he led the way up stairs, regardless of Fanny's "what a bore!"

"I miss grandmamma's great store of books so much," said Gyneth, as she followed him, "mamma seems to have but few, and I have read all my own many times."

"And mine too, I daresay," said Lambert, "see, there is but a small collection."

Gyneth's eye travelled quickly along the orderly range of volumes big and little. "'The Church of the Fathers,' oh how interesting that is! 'Bishop Taylor's Sermons,' grandmamma has those. 'The Life of Sister Rosalie,' ah, I want to read that, and it so happens we have just been talking about Sisters of Mercy; Anthony has been telling us about a French *sœur*, who nursed him when he was ill abroad, and mamma and he have been praising the gaiety of the French sisters. They seem to think our own sisters gloomy in comparison; it is certainly a pity that they wear such black ugly bonnets."

"I don't think it matters what they wear," said Lambert.

"Don't you? oh but surely goodness should be made

as beautiful as possible, and that style of dress is repulsive."

"Goodness is beautiful in itself," he answered, "and if their dress symbolises their regardlessness of the world's attractions, and their devotion to their calling, it must surely be the best for them. But I don't pretend to be a judge of the matter, for I have only seen one or two Anglican sisters."

"I saw a whole sisterhood once. Mr. Helmore knew the chaplain, and he took me to their chapel, and schools, and everything. I liked it all so much, and some of the sisters had such sweet calm faces, that have haunted me ever since like faces in pictures, but others were very unlike one's ideal."

"Perhaps that was just as well," said Lambert; "we don't want ideal sisters, so much as real hard-working ones, and outward appearance matters very little."

"I don't know, there is something very winning in loveliness, either of features or expression, and I like too to think that 'great beauty may be offered to God like any other great natural gift.'"

"So it may, but that cannot apply to those who have it not to offer. The sisters I saw were ordinary looking enough, but it was impossible not to reverence them."

"Oh yes, and I can't bear to hear them jested about, they are so good. Don't you wish there were some of them at Harbourmouth?"

"Yes, indeed. Miss Boyd is like one, is one almost in all but the name: I hope you will see her some day."

"Oh, I hope so too; I should like it so much. It comforts one that there are such people in the world, doesn't it, Bertie?"

His "yes" was full of meaning, and a shy pleasure dawned in his face that she had called him "Bertie;" it was the first time that she had used this, his familiar, household name, in speaking to him. But he did not seek to prolong the conversation, as he was anxious to get back to the children, so Gyneth selected a book, and passed on to her room. She drew a chair to the window and sat down, not reading much after all, but think-

over many things which that evening's converse suggested. Her room strewn with her own possessions looked very different from what it was when she was first installed in it. True, the ornate fireplace was there incongruous as now above the mantelpiece, on each side of the church, hung a beautiful engraving, one from Ary Scheffer's "S. Augustine and his mother Monica;" the other from Carl Muller's picture of "the Last Supper." On the wall, opposite the bed, hung another engraving, a wonderful conception of Schaeffer's "Le Christ au tombeau;" a beautiful statuette representing "Faith" stood on a bracket in the corner, and some handkerchiefs were scattered on the table.

The "S. Augustine" had been a present from her mother, and Gyneth was never tired of watching those faces, the saintly mother's, and the penitent son's, sharpened and paled by years of anxiety and sorrow, yet full of celestial calm and joy ineffable in the face of her hopes now granted to her; his, keen with bright with heavenward aspirations, yet full of mournfulness which is inseparable from true piety. He had suffered, and was still to suffer, she was weary, but both in this hour were lapped in deep rest, and together they sat looking out over the landscape, conversing of those blessed streams which "flow from the city of God."

Gyneth could not look at this picture of the mother and the nobly-contrite son, without a softening of the heart, and a thought of Him who "sets before us in the way, lest we should faint or stumble." ere long the throbbing desire for a like holiness led into a prayer, and then the light grew too bright for reading, and the stillness invited to meditation. The birds had at last ceased their singing, and all was hushed, save the low "song of the sea."

CHAPTER X.

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
 Immortal, though no more: though fallen, great.
 Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
 And long accustomed bondage uncreate?"

* * * * *

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow,
 Thou sat'st with Thrasylus and his train,
 Could'st thou forebode the dismal hour, which now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
 Not thirsty tyrants now enforce the chain,
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed unmanned."
Childe Harold.

Mrs. ALBAN ROSS did not let Gyneth forget her promise to lunch with her: she came to fetch her one morning, and carried her off in triumph, a little chagrined at finding that she could not have Lambert too, as he had promised to ride with his mother, and would not break his engagement. The Rosses lived near the rector, and Mrs. Ross's ponies drew up at her own door, a stream of small Weatherheads passed, on their way for a walk. The little Contessa touched Horace with the tip of her living-whip, and made him look round.

"Where is your sister? Is she not going out with you to-day?"

"No, she says it's so stupid walking down by the beach every day. Now I think it's jolly."

"Ah, it is 'jolly' for you," rejoined Mrs. Ross with the rollest pronunciation of that thoroughly English word, "but your poor sister finds it triste, I daresay. Give her my kind regards, and ask her if she will take a drive with Miss Deshon and me this afternoon. If she will, I will call for her at half-past three; you can come and tell me what she says."

"All right," said Horace, and he ran after the others exclaiming, "Mrs. Ross is going to take Gussie for a drive, isn't she jolly kind?"

"I like that little boy," said Mrs. Ross to Gyneth, "he is such a little John Bull with his 'jollies,' his funny words. He often comes in to feed my loves the dear creature almost as I do, see, is beauty?" and she led Gyneth to the balcony, where a beautiful scarlet lory was swinging himself to and fro in his gilded cage. There were great stands of flowers at both windows, and a perfect pyramid of roses on the centre table, moorish cushions worked in gold on the sofa, a group of gorgeously tinted stuffs adorned the chiffonier, and altogether there was a fusion of ornament and colour about the room, which was large and cheerful looking, but not particularly finished, nor at all remarkable for neatness.

"And now you will sing to me, will you not Gyneth, glancing towards the piano, the top of which was strewn with piles of music.

"Ah, yes, to be sure I will," and without more ado, pretty Greek tossed her plumed hat down on the table, threw off the mantilla which she wore as a scarf, and sat down to the instrument.

She ran her fingers lightly over the notes, and then burst at once into an Italian cavatina, so different from the few amateur-singers would have attempted it. It was well suited to the powers of her fine voice that the slightest effort was perceptible; there were no contortions of the face, or throat, it was as if a little bird were trilling forth its song, naturally, easily, and sweetly, without exertion, and without fatigue. A simple ballad followed, then a quaint little German song, and then the singer paused to ask "Is that enough?"

"Not half," said Gyneth, "I want some of your songs, your Greek songs, please, you don't know how I enjoy hearing you sing."

She looked as if she did, certainly, the broad smile on her face was bright with pleasure, the calm soft eyes all the while.

"You *do* love music," said Mrs. Ross, looking at her, "I see it in your eyes. Ah, let us be frank, call me Photinée, and I will call you Gyneth; you are right, — now kiss me!"

That rosebud mouth was irresistible, and Gyneth

net it in a willing caress. Then the arch coaxing face grew suddenly earnest, and turning round to the piano, Photinée began one of her national songs. It was no little bird now, but a woman's passionate soul pouring itself forth in a strange wild melody, so different from the more conventional harmonies to which Gyneth was accustomed, that it had for her all the charm of novelty. And there was something in her heart that responded to that cry for liberty, to that yearning so pathetic and so musical, after all that was noble and free. She felt now as she had done when she pleaded for the Greeks in that enthusiastic letter which in a colder mood had seemed to her so silly, and mixed memories of William Tell, Marco Bozaris, and other champions of freedom in all ages and times, came rushing through her mind.

But even while she listened the song changed, first to a serenade, arch, sweet, and fanciful, telling of love and bliss, a highpitched yet silvery melody such as may be heard on many a summer eve in the Ionian isles: then to another eager passionate strain, wilder even than the first, and no longer asking only freedom for the oppressed but vengeance on the oppressors. Gyneth still leaned over the piano, listening, but while she knew by the flash in her friend's eyes and the ardour in her voice, that her whole heart was still in her song, her own soul had escaped from the enchantment, and was echoing to a far different strain. A chant, grave, calm, and full of sublimed and solemn harmony, seemed to float in her ears, it was the last she had heard in the cathedral, and some of its words were these, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the LORD."

"What are you thinking of?" said Photinée, breaking off suddenly, when she perceived the change in Gyneth's expression.

"I am not sure if I understand your song rightly," Gyneth replied, evading the question, "I can fancy a meaning for it, but perhaps it is not the right one; would you mind translating the words for me?"

Mrs. Ross did so, and Gyneth found the meaning was to the full as fierce and revengeful as she had fancied it, though the words in their prose translation dropped so

tranquilly from the lips of the young Greek, that it was difficult to fancy she attached as much signification to them as had appeared in her singing.

"You are wondering," she said, "whom I wish for vengeance on,—not on you English; when I was a child I hated you, for I was born in Cephalonia, where, as one of your own writers has said, the people are more Greek than in Greece itself, and then I would gladly have given myself as a subject to King Otho, and ignored your Victoria; but afterwards I came to live with my uncle in Corfu, and there I got first an English friend, and then an English husband, so that I can no longer hate you, for you have stolen my heart."

"I do not believe you hate any one really," said Gyneth; "you were only making believe to be fierce when you sung so."

"Making believe! ah, you do not know, how can I but hate the Turks? those cruel, cowardly, wicked people, who oppress my nation, and are such bitter enemies to my faith? If it were not for them, we might have a Greek Empire again, as we will have some day, when Turkey is blotted out of the map for ever!"

"And what is to become of the Turks?"

"Oh, I care not, 'l'homme malade,' as the French call the Turkish Empire, cannot last much longer, and I would hasten his end, that is all: let them join their false prophet in his moslem paradise!"

Gyneth said nothing, but looked so grave that Photinée again inquired—and this time very earnestly—what she was thinking of.

"Of a Collect in our Church Service," she replied, hesitatingly.

"Tell it me." The voice was urgent and pleading, and Gyneth repeated reverently, "'Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word, and so fetch them home, Blessed LORD, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one Shepherd.' That is what our Church teaches us to feel," she added.

"Ah that is beautiful, and it is easy for you; the Turks

never injured your countrymen, except in the Crusades. But while we remember our martyrs, we cannot forget who made them such; my own great grandfather was killed by the Turks, because he would not renounce Christianity. What would your Church say to that?"

"She would ask, I think, as she does now, that God would be pleased to 'forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and to turn their hearts.' And in your own Greek Litanies—"

Photinée put out her hands with a pretty gesture of deprecation. "That will do, I own myself vanquished; all who are true Christians can forgive. I do believe there are good Sicilians who can pray even for the King of Naples."

"Oh, I hope so," said Gyneth, earnestly; "if people are very wicked, or terribly mistaken, that seems the more reason why they should be interceded for."

"And they should be the better for the intercessions of such sweet souls as yours," said the young Greek, hushing her; "are many English girls like you?"

"I don't know," said Gyneth, with sudden indifference; she was quite calm again now, and colder than before; this was almost always in her the re-action from a few moments of unreserve. A word could unlock her lips; but a word could chill them into silence again; when her thoughts were turned away from her subject to herself, she became mute directly.

"It is time we had lunch," said Mrs. Ross, consulting her watch; "I must go and find that husband of mine; but first let me take your bonnet up stairs for you, and perhaps you will like to smooth your hair."

She tripped lightly up the stairs, humming a merry tune, and after conducting Gyneth to her bedroom, left her to arrange her toilette by herself, and went off in search of Captain Ross. It was some minutes before she returned, explaining her delay by saying that she had found Horace Weatherhead waiting at the front door to deliver a message from Gussie, and had brought him in, to give him some tarts, "which my little John Bull thinks very 'jolly' indeed."

She took Gyneth down with her to the dining-room

where luncheon was on the table, and Captain and another officer were standing talking together, was introduced as Mr. Armstrong, and Gyn recognized him by the name as the "wealthy but son," of whom she had heard her mother speak. A quiet, gentlemanly young man, with an artistic musical taste, had become a great favourite of Mrs. Ross, who had found in him the warmest advocate of a regimental concert.

"I came to tell you," he said, presently, "men are going to have a rehearsal this afternoon in the messroom. I think it will prove to be a very good one for the voice, but we want your opinion, Mrs. Ross, also as to whether the singers are up to their post or not. A good many of us have promised to be present. I hope some ladies will consent to be of the party, too. I may count upon you, Mrs. Ross, may I not? You, too, I hope, Miss Deshon?"

"Oh certainly, we will go," said Photinée, joyfully. "I am so glad you happen to be with me to-day. Your musical ear will do us good service."

"But indeed I am no judge," objected Gyn. "I will say the truth, the proposal rather alarmed me. I would not say any more before the gentlemen. Photinée took her up stairs to put on her bonnet, saying they should have time to drive to the Barracks to hear at least part of the rehearsal, before going on her pre-arranged country-drive, she asked if she might stay by herself, and read a book instead of going."

"Stay by yourself! not come with me! what do you not understand," exclaimed Mrs. Ross, in perplexity.

"Only that I think I would rather not go," said Photinée. "I might not like it. If you would please go with me, I shall be quite happy among your books and papers. I can put on my bonnet, so as not to keep you waiting when you call for me."

"All very nice, I daresay, but I am not going. No, if you will not come, I will stay with you. What should you mind? I shall be your chaperone, and poor Mr. Armstrong will be so disappointed if he does not come."

Gyneth tried in vain to persuade her that Mr. Armstrong only wanted *her*. Mrs. Ross would not hear of going unless Gyneth went too; and at last fearing that she was making a fuss about nothing, and allowing her shyness to lead her into selfishness, Gyneth gave up her objections, and put on her bonnet.

The bay ponies dashed merrily into the barrack-square, putting to flight a party of recruits who were going through the goose-step. Captain Ross gave Gyneth his arm, and took her into the messroom, where, on a sort of dais, at one end of the room, were seated the musicians, instrumental and vocal, while rows of chairs were ranged opposite to them, to accommodate the audience. A knot of officers in the uniform of two or three different regiments, were gathered together, near one of the doors, and among so many strangers, it was rather a relief to Gyneth to recognize the features of her Cousin Anthony. He put up his eyeglass to make sure that it was she, and then with a smile which Gyneth felt or fancied to be more than usually supercilious, crossed the room, and shook hands with her.

"Is Cousin Fanny here?" he inquired.

"No, I came with Mrs. Ross," Gyneth replied.

"Oh," and he turned to speak to the Contessa, who seemed to know and be known by everybody, and was laughing and talking with a dozen gentlemen at once, in her inimitably graceful way.

Mr. Armstrong was very polite and attentive to Gyneth, selected a comfortable chair for her, brought her a programme of the performance, and told her the names of the men who were to sing. There was first an overture, and as it happened, a favourite of Gyneth's—the overture to *William Tell*; then a part song, chiefly distinguished by extreme energy on the part of the military vocalists; then a solo, by a very young private, with a beautiful tenor voice; then an instrumental piece again, Beethoven's "*Adelaide*," with cornet obligato. Gyneth was delighted, and good-natured Mr. Armstrong so enjoyed her enjoyment, that he directed more attention to it than she at all wished.

But then came a duet between two young sergeants,

who apparently had each ideas of their own on the way in which the song should be rendered, and produced woeful discord by their several attempts at perfection. The bandmaster beat time, flourished his baton, and gesticulated in vain; worse discord, closed by a dead stop, was the only result.

"Those men are too conceited to sing well," said Captain Ross, smiling.

"Their performance had better be expunged from the programme," said Anthony.

"Oh, but they are very good, steady fellows, and one of them really has a remarkably nice voice," pleaded Mr. Armstrong. "I don't think they're quite agreed about the time of the song, that's all; you could decide the question in a minute, Mrs. Ross."

"Shall I go and look at the song?" she said readily. "Poor men! we must not let them give up. And there is Lawson" (the bandmaster,) "looking quite black too. Come, Frederick, let us go and speak to them;" and before Gyneth, who was speaking to Anthony, could look round, she had taken her husband's arm, and started off, followed by Mr. Armstrong, and one or two others.

"So much for Mrs. Ross's chaperonage," said Anthony, in dismay at his cousin's isolated position.

"Yes, I am sorry I came; I thought there would have been other ladies."

"I almost wonder Cousin Fanny let you come without her; she was always very particular about Jeannie, or rather the colonel was."

"Mamma did not know; Mrs. Ross only asked me to lunch with her, and take a drive. But then Mr. Armstrong came, and pressed us to come here."

"That parvenu!" said Anthony, with as much disdain as his very soft voice could express.

Gyneth was silent, for in truth she rather preferred Mr. Armstrong to her aristocratic cousin, particularly in his present humour. Anthony would have played the knight-errant gallantly to a distressed damsel; but the damsel in this case kept her distress to herself, her air of gentle, grave dignity placing her beyond any need of his protection. She was secure in the feeling that all

around her were gentlemen, and in her innocent thoughts esteemed all these stranger-officers as high-minded and courteous as that "flower of courtesy," of whom Spenser sang; her only fear was that she had not done right in coming, and that her mother might be displeased with her.

But Anthony, who could not endure that *his* cousin should do anything that might be talked about, looked decidedly cross; and observed, as a sort of finale, "If Grace were to trust herself anywhere, with no better chaperone than a wild little foreigner, my mother would be in a perfect agony."

So quietly as she sat there, he could little guess how much vexation and perplexity he was causing his cousin. What would have been so unsuitable for Lady Grace Waller, must surely be equally wrong for Miss Deshon. Had she really then done something so very dreadful? Would her grandmother, would Lewis be shocked if they were to see her now?

All she said was, "You are not very complimentary to Mrs. Ross;" and even as she spoke a sudden sense of relief was visible in her expression, for at that moment a side-door opened, and gave admission to her brother Lambert. She could have flown to him in her gladness, but restrained herself; and her first joy was a little damped by the thought that perhaps he too might be shocked at her.

He came to her at once, a little surprised evidently at finding her there, but with not the least shadow of blame in his fair open face. "Oh, I am so glad you are come," was her eager greeting. "I thought you had gone out riding with mamma."

"I am going with mamma presently," he replied; "but Lawson sent her a notice of this rehearsal, so she asked me to ride down here first, and listen to a tune or two, as a sort of token that we take interest in the matter. I did not expect to find *you* here."

"No, and I'm afraid I ought not to have come; but Mrs. Ross urged me so much I did not like to refuse; she wanted to come, and she would not come without me."

"You did not tell me that," said Mr. Waller.

"Why should she?" said Lambert, quietly. He completely did his tone ignore any right on part to criticise his sister's behaviour, that little honourable's turn to look abashed.

Mrs. Ross came back to her seat with a p. apology for her neglect of Gyneth, and the cor on. The duet was performed again, this much better success, and a chorus followed, and Lambert rose to go, and Gyneth, determined to be behind him, rose also.

"Ah, time is passing, and we must not let Miss Weatherhead waiting," said Photinée. quite right in thinking we ought to go, Gyneth bye, Mr. Armstrong; you must stay and keep the others in good humour."

Lambert rode beside the carriage till the Mr. Weatherhead's house, and then spurred on his mother. Gyneth did not like to part with almost wished herself back in the old times might have taken her up pillion-wise, and home; but it was something to feel that she shocked him, that what Anthony stigmatized as of due propriety, was by him looked upon as innocent mischance.

Photinée was very pleasant during the drive, unconscious of any offence that Gyneth could have vexed with her. She was chiefly occupied in talking out Augusta Weatherhead, who was delighted to find herself in such agreeable society, and chattered on all imaginable subjects, showing an unusual quickness and information, though many of her facts and opinions were evidently borrowed from her mother and merely a little coloured by her own tone.

In speaking of the parish-schools she changed the subject, that her father would like to have some interesting texts hung round the walls, such as Miss B. at the Industrial School; and Gyneth, who thought it unnaturally, that she had found one of those little opportunities of usefulness for which she was waiting very gently and modestly, to illuminate any

Mr. Weatherhead might wish, saying, that she had done some for the Traversham school, and had not found it very difficult.

But Miss Gussie had other views. "Oh, thank you," she said, "you are very kind, I'm sure; but papa said I should do them myself as soon as I could find any one to teach me to illuminate; he likes me to do those sort of things."

For a moment Gyneth was silent. Then she said, kindly, "I am not sure that I know enough myself to be able to teach you properly; but if you do not find any better instructor, I can show you if you like how I have been accustomed to do it, and you will find it very simple."

"Oh, thank you. And will you come some day and teach me? or shall I come to you? I daresay I shall soon pick it up."

Gyneth assented, and invited Gussie to spend an afternoon with her some day, promising then to initiate her into the mysteries of illuminating. Her obligingness won from Augusta the favourable opinion, delivered privately to Mrs. Ross, that "Miss Deshon was very amiable!" But Gyneth would have been amused if she had known that Gussie added, "I don't think she's at all clever or original, though, she may know a great deal, but she certainly doesn't talk well, and her manner is so languid."

Photinée answered by an old saying, "Who knows the Doves' mind but the Doves?" which to Augusta was utterly incomprehensible, though from the meaning look which accompanied it, she guessed that Mrs. Ross thought she had not fathomed the capabilities of Gyneth Deshon.

In the course of their drive they passed, or rather were passed by, Mrs. Deshon and Lambert. Mrs. Deshon was an excellent horsewoman, and in her riding-habit looked so youthful, that it was difficult to imagine her the mother of the young man at her side. She checked her horse for a minute, and shook hands with Mrs. Ross and Augusta, observing, "Ah, Photinée, I shall be afraid to trust Gyneth to you another time;" and though Mr.

Ross only laughed and answered, "Oh, no, you will not," Gyneth felt uncomfortable, and was glad when she found herself at home again, and alone with her mother, that she might hear what she really thought of the visit to the messroom.

"I should have supposed that you might have known Papa wouldn't like it, my dear," was Mrs. Deshon's remonstrance.

"I did think perhaps he would not, mamma," Gyneth answered, "but I wasn't sure, and it seemed selfish to spoil Mrs. Ross's pleasure. I thought the Rosses and Mr. Armstrong wouldn't have proposed my going, if there had been any real harm in it."

"Harm! no! but Photinée does not take an English view of 'les convenances,' and Captain Ross, who is sensible enough in other respects, is perfectly silly where his wife is concerned. As for Mr. Armstrong, he is a very nice creature, and it is convenient to have a man with four or five thousand a year in the regiment, but one can't expect him to be particularly well versed in the rules of good society."

"But do you know, mamma, I think in some things he is almost more truly gentlemanly than Anthony; he tried to make me comfortable, and not to let me feel out of place; whereas Anthony seemed to take pleasure in making me feel uncomfortable."

"Oh, Anthony is very fastidious, and has been accustomed to see his own sisters hedged in with proprieties of all sorts. I daresay he was vexed, poor boy, at seeing you there with no better chaperone than Mrs. Ross!"

"Yes, that was what he said, but mamma, I wondered at his telling me so, he is almost a stranger to me though he is my second cousin."

"I suppose he thought the relationship authorised him, and my dear child, you will find the only way to avoid such remarks is by never giving occasion for them. Of course, living in that quiet out-of-the-way fashion, with grandmamma, you had not much reason to think what would be said of your doing so and so, but now you must be more particular. I believe that some people who know nothing about the matter, fancy that officers' daugh-

ters must needs be constantly in men's society, and picture to themselves juvenile lieutenants coming in and out at all hours of the day, and ensigns walking tame about the house, but there never was a greater mistake, and even if this state of things did actually exist in other families, Papa would never suffer it in *his*. Anthony being a relation, we have of course made an exception in his favour, but we have never taken any other young man into intimacy except Alfred," (Mr. Hutchinson,) "whom we have known from a child; and before her marriage, Jeannie was never allowed to go anywhere in public without being accompanied by either Papa or me."

Gyneth bent her head over her work, not knowing what to say; she could not suppose that her mother needed any assurance of her complete acquiescence in this system.

"It was fortunate that I happened to send Lambert down," Mrs. Deshon went on, "it must have been a comfort to you to have him, and it may very likely have been supposed that he had arranged to meet you there."

"But, mamma, I don't wish to be exonerated by a false supposition."

Mrs. Deshon smiled. "My dear, there was a little pride in that speech, as well as love of truth. I am afraid my little lecture has offended you, but, indeed, I meant no blame for the past, only a hint for the future."

"And if you had, mamma, I ought not to be offended," said Gyneth, forcing herself to speak pleasantly, though it was difficult just then, not because she was vexed, but because she was grieved; "I am very sorry I was so foolish to-day, but indeed I will never go anywhere with Mrs. Ross again, since you do not wish it."

"You wouldn't wish it yourself, my love, I should think."

"No, indeed, mamma, but—" and her face burned with blushes—"it seems from what you have been saying, that my own feelings cannot be trusted to, so I had better be guided entirely by what you wish. I am very sorry," and tears choked her voice.

"Hush! my dearest, don't cry," said Mrs. Deshon, kissing and soothing her, as if she had been Edgar or Katie. "You are too young, and too simpleminded to

have learnt to think of appearances yet, that is all. I shall begin to think myself quite a cross scold, mamma, if you take my words so much to heart, not vexed with you at all, if I seemed so for a moment. It was only for what you said about Anthony; I was anxious that you should be friends with him."

"I am quite willing to be friends with him, mamma, particularly if you wish it; it was only I did not think it quite generous or chivalrous of him."

"Chivalrous!" interrupted Mrs. Deshon, laughing. "My dear little thing, were you born in the middle ages? I sometimes fancy so, only that yours is the nineteenth century mediævalism, which I suspect is more than the original. Do you remember the lovely lady in the boat with the silken sail, who dropped down upon some of the round-table knights? I suppose you felt like her this afternoon, and imagined the officer to be all Sir Galahads, and Sir Percevals."

"I am sure Papa, and Lambert, and Lewis have knightly minds," said Gyneth.

"Papa and Lambert, yes; Lewis I am not so sure about, he is more a man of the world than you imagine."

"Oh, mamma, you wouldn't say so if you knew Lewis. I do."

"Should I not? But, my love, I have seen a great deal of him, though not lately; and I do not mean anything against him, he is an extremely clever, agreeable person."

Gyneth was not satisfied with these epithets, coming from her mother she did not like to object to them, and Mrs. Deshon went on. "You would not have been offended if *Lewis* had made the same remark about Anthony did this afternoon."

"Lewis would not have made them! You don't know how kind he is to me always, mamma, and how considerate."

"I can fancy it, my dear," and Mrs. Deshon's eyes were overflowing with merry mischief; "but see, there is Bertie looking disconsolate in the garden, let us go and talk to him."

She kissed her daughter again fondly, and went away smiling, but there were still tears in Gyneth's eyes.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

*(Continued from p. 109.)*1. **IS IT I?** S. Matt. xxvi. 22.

little child was born—a child of wrath—unfit to be
ed upon by Him Who is of purer eyes than to be-
iniquity. Is it I?

centuries before, the SON of the Most High God had
that little one in its misery of sinfulness, and deter-
ed to save it by leaving the glories of heavenly holi-
, and taking the sorrows and sins of earth upon Him.

Is it I?

he child was taken unasking and unknowing to the
Font, and made a member of CHRIST, a child of
, and an heir of heaven. Is it I?

he child grew up, was taught its duty, through the
ing on of hands of the Bishop received strength and
lom sufficient for the performance of its duty. Is
?

he child was invited to the Table of the LORD and to
full enjoyment of all other privileges and blessings;
it I?) but thought too little of them, and followed
ways of the world, forgetting the lovingkindness of
n, and the holy lessons and zealous desires of earlier
s; (Is it I?) yet was not forgotten by that loving
leemer; but was again and again called to repentance
to holiness; (Is it I?) and was received into favour,
doned and encouraged, restored to all the forfeited
rileges; (Is it I?) and bidden to look forward with
nble hope in the sunshine of the SAVIOUR's love, toil-
for Him with double energy, and resting in His eter-
love hereafter. Is it I? is it indeed I?

54. **WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?** Psalm ixii. 1.

(These words of our LORD's unintelligible sorrow are
high, too deep for us in any way to apply to ourselves.
t us take them rather from the mouth of David.)

No friends! none to care for me! What a wretched

condition ! Have I not sometimes fancied it to be mine ? and yet it was never so truly. There is none friendless, destitute of even *human* friends : yet such an one would still surely have a friend in God. His very destitution would recommend him the more to the Father of the fatherless, the more than earthly parent.

Was it not wrong in me then to complain as if God had forsaken me ? Had He really forsaken me would He ever have returned ? What would ever drive Him away but wilful obstinacy, which He could see would be persisted in ? Such would have no hope. But sorrow is sent by His mercy. I could not feel the misery of being forsaken unless He were by to soften my heart for such feeling. And so the fear of being without Him is a proof that He is very nigh.

Why hast Thou forsaken those whom Thou hast ? for warning to others, as Judas—for the delivery of Thy people, as Pharaoh—for their own punishment, as both.

Why hast Thou seemed to forsake me ? To bring me nearer—to make me more fearful, watchful, prayerful, humble—to give me some taste of my SAVIOUR'S sufferings—to punish me here—to lead me more earnestly to strive against sin which alone can separate me from Thee—for my salvation and Thy glory.

Thou hast been my succour, leave me not neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

65. WHY BEHOLDEST THOU THE MOTE IN THY BROTHER'S EYE ? S. Luke vi. 41.

In order that with all charity I may remove it ? Do you then go on in charity to remove it ? And in order to do so, dost thou first remove the beam from thine ? perhaps after all the mote in his, is but the reflection of thine own beam.

What have you done towards removing it ? Have you prayed for him and fasted that you might pray ? Have you taken care not to tell any one else of it lest you should offend him, and so hinder yourself from approaching him ? I was obliged to tell this or that of it, to ask their advice.

Have you acted on their advice ?

I was obliged to caution others about him lest they be injured by him.

false pretences for speaking ill of thy brother!—remember—thy *brother*. It was that thou mightest set as pure in this matter—that thou mightest seem righted—that others might think thou abhorrest suits—or to please some idle listener—or to turn other to ridicule, or even for worse reasons. Think myself, was it not so? Art thou not verily guilty of sinning thy brother? Where has been thy boast of—thy self-flattery?—And oh, how often has a seed sown with some unkind thought of others?

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE? Exodus xxxii. 26. Levites. And to them was committed the execution of vengeance on their brethren. The high priest had led them into sin—or at least followed. The inferior order of ministry had to punish the

were on the LORD's side by call, by descent, and acknowledged the reality of that call by their ready act of obedience.

are on the LORD's side now? The holy line of apostles. By call from GOD, and descent from the apostles in regular unbroken succession, the bishops and presbyters of the Catholic Church are on the LORD's side, and they bear the keys to open and to shut; they bear the Word of the Spirit which is the Word of GOD, and they come in and out among the people to teach and to rebuke, to banish and to drive away all erroneous and unscriptural doctrines.

Am I on the LORD's side? Am I with them, fighting with them and so with the LORD? If not fighting. Do I continue in the Apostles' doctrine and in their fellowship? Have I never been tempted and inclined to depart from the truth to schism, Romish, or Puritanical?

Am I on the LORD's side?—not outwardly only but inwardly, ready to kill and slay in myself all evil and unchristian affections however dear and close and wrapped up in the flesh? If I am not on the LORD's side I am on

67. ART THOU HE THAT TROUBLETH ISRAEL? 1 Kings xviii. 17.

How trifling was the fault which Eve committed! How little possible did it then appear that that simple act could trouble all mankind unborn as yet, nay all created nature!

And when she was reproved did she suppose that she was to blame? No; "The serpent beguiled me," the serpent it was that caused the trouble. True, and she too, and Adam too. Could he not by resistance have saved all his children? surely he might. The stream of sin had begun to flow, but it was yet so small that his obedience might still have stayed it. But he did not.

How many a stream of evil have I thus set on its course—how soon such streams have swelled—how many have been overwhelmed in its waters!

I may now be troubling Israel, or some parish, or at least some person, and yet not know it. I may think this or that evil practice, or course, or sin, is the consequence of another's misconduct while it is really my own. At all events let me not like Ahab cast the blame on the Church, her ordinances, or ministers.

Yet have I not often done so? And especially when reproved, tried to turn the reproof against the reprover.

68. IS NOT THE ARROW BEYOND THEE? 1 Sam. x. 37.

Is not the mark too high, my soul, for thee to aim at? "Be ye perfect even as your FATHER in heaven is perfect," or "Be ye merciful as your FATHER is merciful." Surely it is useless to attempt to copy so high a pattern.

Bless God then, that there is yet a lower mark, lowered especially for me to attain to, the human life of God; JESUS made to be our ensample.

Is the arrow yet beyond thee? Still there is one nearer yet that thou mayest search for. The Apostle bids us follow him first, that thus we may unconsciously follow CHRIST.

Have I not sometimes been almost in despair when I have thought of the greatness of the work before me: to be made like unto CHRIST; and this in that respect which is most opposed to my natural inclination, even in

ing? Pick up first the arrow just before thee, then His mercy will shoot one further on, and so from step to step, from strength to strength shalt thou advance. Be hasty then, my soul, tarry not, nor be weary; for and yet another work is set thee; the arrow of God's deliverance is yet beyond thee, and ever will it be, till He that is mighty hath given thee rest from all enemies round about.

WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?
S. Matt. xvi. 26.

Whatever a man hath will he give for his life; what will he give for his soul? Nothing until it is too late. Little did I think of the value of my soul when I was careless of the forgetfulness of God. Like a child tossing a priceless diamond over the brink of a deep well, I then lost it for ever!

The Divine mercy has made me see a little more clearly, yet now what do I give? care and anxious thought night and day? earnest prayer, with watching, and almsgiving? frequent meditation and contemplation in the Body and Blood of my SAVIOUR?

What is all this to what has been already given for me?—the glories of heaven exchanged for the sorrows of earth—and what is included in all this? I cannot tell? No mortal heart can fancy what sacrifice the SON of GOD made when He left the eternal presence of the FATHER, and became the companion, the scorn of man—by nature his God, by voluntary mission his Victim. Think of this.

Inquire—What was I once nearly giving my soul for? My invaluable soul—for some light word—my soul for the amusement of a minute—my soul for some thing not worth a farthing. What hath the LORD done for my soul?

WHAT HAST THOU THAT THOU DIDST NOT BEGIN TO HAVE?
1 Cor. iv. 7.

What have I at all that I can call my own? How came it? How long am I likely to have it? Of what use is it to me?—to others?

XVIII.

O

What do I most pride myself upon? What do I take most care about? What do I think people ought to notice me for most? Look? voice? behaviour? religiousness? talents? kindness? dress? youth? words? works? &c.

What is the real value of any one of these? are they my own? could I retain them one minute beyond the Divine pleasure?

How foolish to think any thing of them. My thinking of them at once spoils them by making the risk of loving them the greater.

But I have tried to be humble and I think I am humbler than I was, and wish to be more so. What hast thou of humility which thou didst not receive? True, I have received much of this grace, more than some; is this humility? Am I not proud of my humility?

Oh, LORD, who resistest the proud and givest grace to the humble, humble Thou myself, even if necessary by withdrawing what Thou hast given me—that every atom of pride may be entirely rooted out of me, that I may know myself nothing and Thee all.

71. DOTH JOB FEAR GOD FOR NOUGHT? Job i. 9.

Satan will find out the real motives which influence me, even if I know them not myself. He will make the worst of them certainly; but at all events he is better in one respect than most friends, he will not flatter.

Why do I serve God? Let me try to find this out, before he tells me and all the world at the judgment seat.

Is not my worldly condition very much improved by my being religious? I am more respected, more employed—I am better off than when I was wasteful, idle, ungodly—My pleasures were expensive. There is fear then lest this should be the reason why I continue to serve God.

I am happier too in mind—The peace I now possess is not to be named in comparison with the condition of continual fear and care which I formerly was in.

Is not my health too better? is not my life likely to be longer—now that I am regular in my living?

But beside all this, is not the calm hope of perseverance by the grace of God, and the looking forward to a sentence of pardon for the merits of my SAVIOUR, and an entrance into the eternal joys at His right hand, not all this an incalculable gain.

Do I then fear God for nought?

If God were to send a sure message from heaven, such I could not doubt, and tell me that I need not expect gain anything whatever from fearing Him, should I continue to serve Him?

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Almighty and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope and charity; and that we may obtain that which Thou dost promise, make us love that which Thou dost command; through JESUS CHRIST our Lord, Amen."

ALMIGHTY, everlasting Lord,
To us Thy promised aid afford,
In every grace may we increase,
And taste the sweetness of Thy peace.

In every work and labour here,
Give us to feel Thy presence near,
Calm resting on Thy strength, may we
Find increase of our faith in Thee.

Our fainting hearts too often deem
"Thy kingdom come," a lovely dream,
And sink in sorrow and in pain,
And weep and say, "We pray in vain!"

Oh! visit not this faithless sin,
Renew the fount of life within,
Bid all desponding fears depart,
And brighten hope in every heart.

Give us our neighbour's woe to feel,
And soothe the griefs we cannot heal;
Draw forth our hearts in love to Thee,
The increase of blest charity.

We wait the blessing from Thy hand,
Make us to love Thy just command,
That we the promised end attain,
And rest and joy eternal gain.

Through JESUS CHRIST, Thy SON, our LORD,
Now and for evermore adored,
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT raise,
Thanksgiving, and adoring praise!

E. H.

SAINT MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

"O Almighty God, who by Thy Blessed SON didst call Matthew from the receipt of custom to be an Apostle and Evangelist; Grant us grace to forsake all covetous desires, and inordinate love of riches, and to follow the same Thy SON JESUS CHRIST, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the HOLY GHOST, one God, world without end. Amen."

O LORD, Almighty to command,
Who shall resist Thy will?
Or turn aside Thy guiding hand,
Outstretched in mercy still?

Enchained by covetous desire,
A human heart may be;
Thou callest!—'Tis a word of fire:
Rise, Levi, "Follow Me."

So Matthew at Thy word arose,
Obedient to Thy call;
With love that from obedience flows,
He left his earthly all.

Yet left but dross to follow Thee,
And gained a prize divine;
Thy blest Evangelist to be;
Apostle, too, of Thine.

Oh! give us grace so to forsake
Each covetous desire;
All mammon-worship from us take,
And with Thy love inspire.

That we may learn to follow Thee,
And joyful choose our part;
Devoted to Thy service be,
With an unselfish heart.

Thy love from Heaven brought Thee down,
Our human flesh to wear;
To lay aside Thy kingly crown,
Our poverty to bear.

All glory to Thy Holy Name,
Our Master, King, and Lord,
With FATHER, SPIRIT, aye the same,
Great TRINITY adored!

E. H.

ODD LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S MINUTES AND MEMORIES.

THE SWAN FAMILY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE grand time of the day, when, if there be no company expected at dinner, you are likely to meet the whole family party of the Swans, is breakfast time. Every one, be it a "genius" or a "commonplace," condescends to this house to require breakfast, and thanks to Mr. Swan's business hours, at a reasonably early hour and with tolerable punctuality. During breakfast if any arrangements for the day are made at all, they are brought forward then.

I shall make a few entries of remarkable little scenes that occur, depicting some of the peculiarities, which I believe it is my duty or mission here to attempt to soften.

Oct. 28th. Scene: the breakfast table. Persons present: the whole Swan family, (except William) and Miss Stanwell.

Caroline Swan. Mary, I have been straining my ears to catch the lively conversation you and Sophy have been uttering to one another for the last half hour, but have only succeeded in hearing distinctly "Stoney Hollow," "hammer," "basket."

Mary, (laughing.) Oh! it will not in the least interest you, Carry. Quite out of your line. Sophy wishes to go to Stoney Hollow with her geological hammer, &c., and make a day's investigation there, and I mean to go likewise, because I think there are some ferns there that I should like to add to my collection, and because she ought not to go so far alone.

Sophy. As to that, my hammer is always protection

enough, and if any one spoke to me, I should say, "I am Miss Sophia Swan!"

George. Sophy, how can you talk such nonsense? Father, you do not approve of Sophy roaming about the country alone, do you?

Mr. Swan. Bless me, no, George! Who ever thought of such a thing? Have not they their mother to go with them always? I do not choose to have the girls interfered with in their scientific pursuits.

Caroline. Oh! papa, never mind. Mary and Sophy are going out for a walk together. Will you not have some more marmalade? you always like it with hot rolls: and here is the newspaper too.

Mr. Swan. Thank you, my dear. I want to see if the Assizes are fixed.

Caroline. Mary, you will pass Philter's Pool; that is quite in my line. And the ferns; I mean to go into the fructification of ferns, as soon as I have completed mounting all the slides of pollen of the garden flowers I have collected.

Miss Stanwell. Would it not be pleasant, Miss Swan, to make a collection of slides of the pollen of wild flowers? Your sister Mary's taste for botanizing would be an assistance to you, and as wild flowers are to be found everywhere, Sophy would always have companions in her walks without troubling mamma.

Mrs. Swan. Oh! never mind that. I can generally manage to go with Sophy, when needed.

Caroline. Well, Mary, will you bring me some water from Philter's Pool?

Mary. Quite impossible, dear.

Miss Stanwell. Why?

Sophia. Oh, dear! why we cannot arrange who shall carry the basket of eatables even. There's my hammer and basket, &c., and perhaps I shall have pieces of rock and such like to put in it. We do not mean to get home till dusk.

Caroline. But you could bring me a little bottle of water from the Pool as you returned with some chara in it?

Mary. We should have to take Hunter's Turn to pass Philter's Pool.

Caroline. That would not make five yards difference in distance! Well, never mind. I daresay you would bring me water with nothing in it after all. You neither you know how to collect it.

Miss Stanwell. It would be sisterly to try to learn.

Mr. Swan. I believe if any one thoroughly follows out scientific turn, *as they ought to do* if gifted with a taste for it, it must be by the rule of "one at a time." Caroline, Mary, and Sophia, had better each stick to their own pursuit and perfect themselves. *I hate smatterers.*

Miss Stanwell. How unfortunate for me! I fear, Mr. Swan, I must incur your detestation, for I know a little of botany, geology, and microscopy: I must certainly lie under the smattering condemnation.

Mr. Swan. Bless me, madam, I never thought of such thing! bless me, no! *You* are quite another thing. I was thinking of my daughters.

Miss Stanwell. Would *they* be less likely to perfect themselves by helping one another? Here I offer myself champion of the helping system! I will chaperone the young ladies for mamma, fill the bottle for Caroline, and carry the basket for Sophy, provided it is made a little heavier on my account, I have a voracious appetite on such occasions.

Mary and Sophia. Oh, Miss Stanwell! we will carry the basket.

Mrs. Swan. You noisy people! Why will you not come to mamma for help? We will have the carriage and take everything and everybody, baskets, bottles, hammers, tin cases, and—squabblers. Gunning can drive slowly, and when he has put us down as near Stoney Hollow as the horse can carry us, he can go to Fisher's Cove and put up there; we can all walk there the short way over the hills. It would not be fit for any of you to lunch out of doors at this season of the year. Papa, dear, I wish you could go with us.

Mr. Swan. Bless me no! certainly not! quite out of the question.

Charles Edwin. Why could you not go, father?

Mr. Swan. Bless me: why? because we have several causes to prepare for at the Assizes.

Nina, twining her hand round her mother's; always sits a little round the corner of the long table amongst the array of cups and saucers, close to mamma's elbow,) "Mamma dear, may I go with you all to Stoney Hollow? I will sit close and take up very little room."

Mrs. Swan. James, can you let Charles Edwin stay at home to-day?

Mr. Swan. Bless me, I never thought of such a thing, what for?

Mrs. Swan. To lighten the time a little for William.

Mr. Swan. Bless me, Clara, what hinders your going being with him?

Mrs. Swan. (smiling.) I cannot very well be with William and at Stoney Hollow at one time; and our mother would very much like to go, it would do her good; I am very much with William whenever I am away. I am sorry, though, I need not go; how stupid! I forgot to say Miss Stanwell will take the command for me. I shall stay with William.

Chorus by Miss Stanwell, Mary, Sophia, and
"Oh, no, no!" "Do, Mr. Swan!" "Don't, mamma!"
"We will not go without you," &c.

Mr. Swan. Bless me, ah, bless me! don't make noise. He can stay. He is not of much use in my office.

Nina, kissing first her mother, then her father.
"Thank you, dear papa, thank you, mamma. I am very happy. I shall go and get ready." Exit Nina clasping her hands.

Octavius. Oh, bother! what an awful sell! They will not help for me. I must go to school.

Mr. Swan. George, order the gig; we must be going, we are too late already.

George. I think it is brought round, sir. If Charles is not going will you give me a seat? I shall stir the horse a bit.

Mr. Swan. Bless me, yes, to be sure; come along.

A general rise from the breakfast table ensued. Before I left the room I heard the following colloquy.

Mrs. Swan. Charles, my dear, do not ask William questions you can help.

Charles Edwin. Why, mother? why shouldn't I? I like to hear all about how he feels and all that.

Mrs. Swan. He does not like talking about his sufferings. He does not think it helps him to bear up against them; besides, it worries him to be asked too many questions. Promise me, my dear son.

Charles Edwin. Then I shan't know what to talk about. I like to ask things: then people talk and I hear, that's what I like.

Mrs. Swan. There is a fresh volume of Macaulay on the table; read that to him; it will amuse you both. He will make conversation enough from it; but promise me not to question him about his own endurances or feelings. I will find Caroline and see if she will be able to relieve you after luncheon.

Charles Edwin. I'll promise, mother.

Mrs. Swan kissed him. (Well, I *could* not have done that, even for William's sake; however, she is his mother, and I am only a fastidious old maid. I am thankful that I have my own Charles Edwin!)

We had an extremely pleasant day. The young people enjoyed one another's company, and I think I have made my way with them, being able to make a few helpful suggestions to each in turn. Nina is a sweet young girl. How she enjoyed her holiday! But her evident happiness at hearing her mother's joyous laugh, has quite won my heart, I hope I have won her's too! My scheme will be very incomplete if I do not succeed in persuading Mr. Swan to let Nina finish her education at Hawthorne House.

Mrs. Swan and I discussed old school scenes with considerable animation, and Nina who had been flitting to and fro, collecting everything pretty she could find; moss and lichens, pebbles, and then shells and seaweed at the Cove, bringing them for inspection, admiration, or information; at last became a fixture at our side, entranced by school histories so entirely new to her. We had started from Stoney Hollow an hour earlier than the two girls, who were anxious to remain a little longer, and were now pacing backwards and forwards on the sands waiting for their arrival. "Mamma dear," said Nina

"I never heard you laugh out so clear and happily before. I wish you would laugh like that at home."

"Why, my Nina, Miss Stanwell has been grinding me in that wonderful mill you have heard of, where people are put in old and come out young and blooming again after being ground."

"Oh, mamma, that is nonsense! I cannot understand what is meant by telling such a story."

"The revolution of the mill wheel, dear, signifies the action of the memory, recalling scenes long ago passed by and forgotten for years, hid away as it were in the mists of the trials of life. In recalling those scenes to memory, we grind away as it were the present time, while the past returns with all and even more than its ancient brightness. It is gilded with the brightness of the youthful hope that belonged to it. Thus Miss Stanwell has made me forget that I am nearly an old woman with nine children, and my Nina has heard her mother laugh like a school-girl."

"Not like a school-girl, dearest mother; school-girls are vulgar and foolish."

"Who told you that, dear Nina?" said I.

"Oh! I have heard grown up people often speak very contemptuously, and say, 'just like a school-girl,' when anyone did something awkward or unbecoming, or dressed or spoke foolishly."

"Well, my dear girl, you are very much mistaken, and have misunderstood the expression. 'Like a school-girl' means like an untrained inexperienced person: and, of course, girls are sent to school to be trained and instructed. If you recollect mamma was once a school-girl, so was I, and so have been the greater part of your mamma's friends."

"Oh, dear mamma! I beg your pardon, but you and Miss Stanwell know I did not mean to call you school-girls; at least, I mean like vulgar and disagreeable people."

We both laughed. Poor Nina had got into a difficulty; Mrs. Swan settled it with a kiss, assuring her we knew what she meant.

"I hope mamma and papa will let you come back with

ne for a short visit, Nina, then you will see a real school, or I lodge at one, and then you can tell mamma, you have seen her old room."

Nina hesitated: "I should like it very much, only I should have to leave mamma."

"Suppose mamma were to come too for the first week or so."

"Oh! then I should like it very much indeed."

"Miss Stanwell," said Mrs. Swan, "you must not raise such hopes in Nina's mind, I never go out, you know."

"But I do not know why you should not now make a beginning."

"Ah! I see you are bent on revolutionising us.—Poor William," she sighed.

"Well," I laughed, "I acknowledge I should like to overturn you a little, and I feel as strong as Archimedes."

"Yes," she said, "but like him you have no fulcrum."

"Mamma," cried Nina, "here they come! Do you not see Mary's scarlet shawl, and Sophy with the geological basket, swinging the hammer?"

"Let us go in then, Nina. No doubt they are very hungry, and we know we are."

CHARLTON HALL; OR, HINTS ON THE APPLICATION OF THE CREED.

CHAPTER II.

"And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord."

THE next day was the feast of S. Barnabas, and as the party were breaking up after breakfast, Mrs. Charlton said to her niece, "The children have holidays always on the festivals, so if you like it, Jane, we might take our work and sit under the walnut tree this morning."

"Thank you, aunt," Jane replied, "I shall like it of all things, for I want to ask you more about what we were talking of last night."

In an hour afterwards, they were comfortably estab-

lished with their work in the shade of their favourite tree, and Jane began immediately, "I think, aunt, it was not flippancy as you thought, but a sort of despair, that made me say last night, that I was neither regenerate nor converted. I did not mean to be irreverent."

"I am sure of it, my dear," replied her aunt; "still, if you realised what is involved in being out of the family of God, you would scarcely like to say it."

"But, my dearest child," she added, seeing Jane look much disturbed, "such is not your case. You are one of His own, if you will only believe it."

"I wish to believe it," Jane replied sadly, "I can well imagine, that to feel towards God as your children do towards their father, would be happiness indeed."

"Well then, my dear," said her aunt, "examine the analogy. An earthly parent begins with benefits and kindness towards his child. His care is responded to and rewarded by the gratitude, rather by the confiding love of his child. Has not the ALMIGHTY earned (if we might in all humility use such a word,) your affections by His care?"

"I know it," Jane replied, "but find it hard to realise it. If the blessings of my life proceed from Him, so do the pains. If He has intended to give me pleasure, He has also intended to give me pain."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Charlton, "but follow the analogy still. Our children might argue the same way; papa gives us food and clothes, why does he not give us everything we wish for, ponies each and so forth?"

"That is not quite a parallel case," replied her niece; "they know that his power is limited. We know that our heavenly FATHER's power is boundless."

"Therefore," said Mrs. Charlton, "I gave an instance of a possible thing. The children knew that it had been thought of to get ponies for Fred and Charlotte, but negatived because of their papa's wish to restore Farnleigh Priory. Now why do they not say as you do, 'He gives us as much pain as pleasure, why should we think He loves us?'"

"Because they love you too much, I suppose," Jane replied, "to misunderstand you."

"Exactly," said her aunt, "they trust us because they love us, and therefore we are desired to become like little children." Mr. Charlton now came up, and asked what they were talking of so intently. His wife told him the subject of their conversation.

"Certainly, Jane," he said, "your aunt was the most big Puritan I ever met. I remember her giving Fred great lecture for saying that he was a good boy, which puzzled the poor child so much, that I was obliged to explain away what she said, as that she meant by a good boy, one that had never done anything wrong. But," she continued, "I did not come here to assist in your inquiries, but to propose that we should take the children to Farnleigh Wood, as it is a little cooler than has been, and I like to distinguish the holidays." The proposal was gladly assented to, and Mrs. Charlton and she went to look for the children to tell them of it.

"I forgot to tell you, my love," said Mr. Charlton to his wife, as he handed her out of the carriage on their return; "that I met Cotterill and his brother and cousin, who are staying with him, and asked them to dinner this evening."

"I am glad of it," said his wife, "we have not had Mr. Cotterill here for a longer time than usual." They then retired to prepare for dinner.

As Jane was leaving her room, she heard her name loudly shouted under the window, and looking out she saw the four elder children playing with a large dog, whom they had dressed with one of the boys' caps and the little girls' silk handkerchiefs. She ran down to join them, and the dog, a large spaniel, flew bounding towards her, while she retreated in considerable alarm.

"Oh, you cockney!" cried Charles, "to be afraid of a dog."

"Is no one afraid of dogs but a cockney, Charley?" asked his cousin, as she approached cautiously to make the dog's acquaintance, "I had never seen him before; I thought I had had a complete review of all your pets."

"Oh, he is Mr. Cotterill's dog," he replied; "it is fully a month since we've seen him. Here, here, Cyrus," he exclaimed, setting off again at full speed with the dog

as Jane was summoned in by a servant, and she had scarcely time to see that there were strangers in the room before dinner was announced.

"What a singular name your dog has," said Jane to Mr. Cotterill, as the gentlemen returned from the dining room after dinner. "I never heard of a dog called Cyrus before."

"I have had him for a long time," he replied, "since I was a very young man, and thought the name of a dog a matter of great importance. Nero, Pompey, Cæsar were so common and so heathenish that I could not have them, so I fixed on Cyrus as being as Christian as was requisite in a dog and at the same time singular."

"I think the name exonerates you, at all events, from any unclerical love of sporting, Cotterill," said his cousin, a very fair young man with spectacles. "You never could make such a name audible over the sides of a mountain."

"I thought of that," said Mr. Cotterill, "when I chose it, but I did not think it probable that Cyrus and I should ever wage war on the feathered race, so overruled the objection."

"Why, James," exclaimed the younger Mr. Cotterill, "you are not such a Puritan as to think it wrong in a clergyman to go out sporting?"

"I suppose he would not say that it was right," said his cousin.

"How did you so soon become acquainted with my dog and his name?" asked Mr. Cotterill of Jane.

"I saw the children playing with him, and they introduced us," she answered, smiling.

"But, James," pursued his brother, "I really think that quite slavish, to imagine that you cannot sport because you are a clergyman."

"I did not say anything of the kind," replied Mr. Cotterill, "I merely stated a fact, that Cyrus had not cast in his lot with a sportsman. Why should you insist on my sporting if I do not choose it?"

"Oh, you want as usual to get out of the argument," said his brother.

"What if I plead guilty to the soft impeachment?"

said Mr. Cotterill, gaily; "a very soft one you consider, I know. I assure you, Miss Fenwick," he added, with much gravity, "the emaciated state to which you see me reduced, is mainly attributable to the manner in which my brother persecutes me with arguments."

Jane laughed gaily as she looked at his dark, almost panish countenance, replete with health alike of body and mind, and replied, "If that be all, I do not think you have much to reproach yourself with, Mr. Cotterill."

"Oh, he is incorrigible, Miss Fenwick," his brother replied; "Come, Marshall, and look at the dogs."

When the young men had left the room, Mr. Charlton said, "Have you been to see old Bletson, Cotterill? He has been ill for some time."

"I went one day last week," replied Mr. Cotterill, "to inquire for him, and his wife told me Mr. Turner had been to see him, as much as to say that he did not require my ministrations."

"He has always been a strong Dissenter," Mr. Charlton replied. "I went to see him last evening, and I had scarcely sat down, before he began an attack on what he was pleased to call my error of Baptismal Regeneration."

"What did you say?" asked Mr. Cotterill.

"I said it was not to annoy him with controversy I called, but to see him as a friend, and to know whether there was anything I could do for him. He was very civil, but insisted on dragging me into an argument. I said it very hard, with such folks, to look at things from their point of view, and I suppose without doing so, we cannot hope to convince them."

"The Dissenters have a familiar way of using the name of our Blessed Lord," replied Mr. Cotterill, "which deceives them into the idea that they have a greater devotion to Him than we have. I think their notion is that our forms, as they call them, are a barrier between us and Him, which they are without, which is about as wise as if the hand should consider the arm keeping it at a distance from the body. However, I think we should disarm their prejudices more if we spoke with less reserve of Him as the source of all our blessings."

"I almost puzzled the old man once," resumed Mr. Charlton. "He said 'You forget where it is said, 'Ye are all the children of God, by faith in CHRIST JESUS,' whereas you make an external rite the means of our becoming the children of God.' 'But,' said I, 'you leave out the other half of the sentence, 'for as many of you as have been *baptised* into CHRIST, have put on CHRIST.'"

"What did he say to that?" asked Mr. Cotterill.

"He said something hesitatingly about the baptism of the Spirit, then as if checking himself for want of candour, he added, that certainly did make for my side of the question. But was it not fortunate, your preaching on it last Sunday? for I am sure otherwise I should not have known how to answer him."

"That text is really conclusive," said Mr. Cotterill. "Words cannot be plainer. The assertion, 'Ye are all the children of God, by faith in CHRIST JESUS.' Why? 'For as many of you as have been baptized into CHRIST, have put on CHRIST.' Or if you turn it the other way, 'As many of you as have been baptized into CHRIST, have put on CHRIST,' *therefore*, 'ye are all the children of God by faith in CHRIST JESUS.' In short, our union with Him is the only means by which we can become or continue the children of God."

"Then," said Jane, timidly, "GOD the FATHER rather means the FATHER of our LORD?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Cotterill. "We believe in FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. We are by our LORD's redemption made to partake in His Sonship, as He Himself emphatically says after He had completed that redemption: 'I go to My FATHER, and your FATHER; to My GOD, and your GOD.' 'Your FATHER,' that is because My FATHER. That chain let down from heaven to earth is the theme of the whole Bible, is in fact the subject of GOD's revelation to us, that He has opened a way by which 'all things are ours, and we are CHRIST's, and CHRIST is GOD's.'"

"That is very clear in the order of the first answer in the Catechism," said Mrs. Charlton. "'Members of CHRIST,' then 'children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Charlton, "also in the Apostles' creed, 'His only Son our Lord,' as if He laid a hand on each, the way a drowning man is pulled out of the water, one who is to save him having hold of something immovable on shore, while with the other hand he draws out the poor wretch to his own safe position."

"Not a bad illustration," said Mr. Cotterill, reflectively, "and when we think that He not only touches each, but is both, one with Him who is unchangeable in security and blessedness, and one with us, perishing, weak, and wretched as we are, it is certainly a great mystery."

The conversation was here interrupted by the young gentlemen, who, coming up to the window outside, called to the party within to come and see a most beautiful sunset. They went accordingly out on the lawn, and as they stood bathed, as it were, in the rosy beams which all crimsoning the ground around them, Jane could not help reflecting with wonder and gratitude on the Light which had shed its beams on her own path, dark and dreary as it seemed but a few days before. She had arrived there feeling alone in the world: now she felt as if for ever secured from loneliness, if only she could learn to realise her blessed portion as a member of CHRIST, a child of GOD, and an heir of heaven.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

LECTURE IV.—Continued.

I. THREE days after his arrival S. Paul called
A. D. 61. for the chief of the Jews, and explained to
S. Paul at them that he was not come to accuse his
Rome. His con- countrymen, but that in order to save his
ference with the life from the Jews at Jerusalem he had been
Jews there. constrained to appeal unto Cæsar; and,
Acts XXVIII. showing his fetters, he said, "for the hope of Israel I am

bound with this chain," and this was why he had sent for them. They replied that they had received no letters or accusations against him; but as this sect was universally spoken against, they wished to hear him explain his doctrines. This at an appointed time he did, spending the whole day in proving the Christian Faith from the Law and the Prophets. Some of the Jews believed, others did not, and went away full of disputatious reasonings; of which the Apostle spoke one last word of solemn warning from the Prophet Isaiah,¹ and told them, "Be it known unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it."

S. Paul continued two years at Rome, receiving all who came to him, and preached freely without any hindrance from the authorities, the kingdom of God, and the doctrines of JESUS CHRIST. It was probably during these two years that S. Luke wrote the "Acts of the Holy Apostles."

XI.

The Apostle's captivity was lightened by the proofs of affection he received from many of his children in the Gospel. Epaphroditus brought him relief from the Christians at Philippi, of whom he was the "Apostle," as S. Paul calls him,² or, as we should say, the Bishop. He risked his own life in thus visiting S. Paul, and was sick and very near death, but God mercifully restored him, to the great joy of the Apostle. His sickness was reported in Macedonia, and to relieve the anxiety of the Christians there, S. Paul despatched him with all speed,³ and sent by him an Epistle, addressed, "To the faithful at Philippi, with the Bishops and Deacons."

In this Epistle he gives an account⁴ of the progress that the Gospel was making in Rome; how that the cause of his imprisonment was known through all the emperor's court, and indeed, everywhere else; in fact, some of Cæsar's household unite with him in saluting the Church at Philippi. Nero at the beginning of his reign ruled with great mildness; and, it is said, that he gave the Apostle a favourable hearing, and introduced him to Seneca, a

¹ Isa. vi. 9, 10.

² Philip. ii. 25—30.

³ Philip. ii. 25, ἀπόστολος.

⁴ Philip. i. 12—18.

n philosopher, some of whose writings bear e of his having been acquainted with the pre-
 -ianity. S. Paul intimates that his capti-
 -o discouraging, had stimulated many to preach
 with greater boldness; and though some
 f a spirit of contradiction, and with the hope
 is captivity to be made more rigorous, still he
 t any way, with whatever motive, CHRIST was
 id nothing should prevent his being rejoiced
 e tells the Philippians¹ that though he did in-
 o depart and be with CHRIST, yet his life was
 reserved for the good of the Church. He pro-
 id Timothy to them soon, as the best means of
 for his own absence.² He warns them³ against
 ers, whom he calls "dogs," and against Ju-
 ing, "We are the Circumcision." He sets
 ue life of a Christian, whose standard is no-
 of CHRIST; and he exhorts the Philippians
 m, and those who lived as he did.⁴ He men-
 ent as a fellow-labourer of his, "whose name
 Book of Life."⁵ This Clement was afterwards
 Rome.

While at Rome S. Paul met with a runa-
 - way slave, Onesimus, belonging to Philemon,

a citizen of Colosse, a place not far from
 Philemon was a convert of S. Paul's, and fa-
 - ing the Christians for his charity, and it was at
 - hat the Church used to assemble.⁶ Onesimus
 l him, and made his escape, but at Rome he
 ntact with S. Paul, and through him was con-
 - After this he remained some time with the
 nd ministered to him, being highly esteemed by
 hen S. Paul sent Tychicus with an Epistle to
 h at Colosse, he sent also Onesimus with a most
 e letter to Philemon, begging him for his sake to
 e slave, and receive him as a brother in CHRIST.
 - pistle, as also in that to the Colossians, S. Paul
 Epaphras and Aristarchus, Demas and Luke,

¹ 19—26.

² ii. and iii.

10, 11, 15.

³ Ib. ii. 19—24.

⁴ Ib. iv. 3.

⁵ Ib. iii. 2, 3, 18, 19.

⁶ Philem. 2.

⁷ Ib. 12, 13, 16.

also Mark, the nephew of S. Barnabas, who, though he had once turned back from fear¹ was now so strong in the Faith as to share the Apostle's sufferings at Rome. Onesimus was doubtless received with kindness, and liberated, and he is mentioned as the first Bishop of Ephesus after Timothy.

XIII. Epaphras was probably the first Bishop of Epistle to the Colossians. Colosse, having also Laodicea and Hierapolis under his charge.² However, he was now a prisoner at Rome, with S. Paul, and only able to assist his flock by his prayers, which he did most fervently, as the Apostle mentions in the Epistle to the Colossians. From some expressions in this Epistle,³ we gather that Archippus had the care of the Church committed to him after Epaphras, who had first founded the Church at Colosse. Certain false teachers, afterwards known by the name of Cerinthians, had crept in, and seduced some into worshipping of angels, and into observing carnal ordinances of human device, concerning meats, and holy days, and new moons, saying, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."⁴ The Apostle shows the Colossians that CHRIST had redeemed them from all these things, and that the Church being one with Him, Who was in heaven, far above even the highest angels, they were called to live a life on earth mortified and dead to the flesh, and to this pretended philosophy, which was only a product of the fleshly mind, and was not after CHRIST.⁵ He draws out the effects which should be produced from this union with CHRIST on the most ordinary duties of husband and wife, parents and children, masters and servants.⁶ He tells them that Tychicus shall inform them concerning his own condition and health, and begs them to send this Epistle to be read in the Church at Laodicea, and to read his Epistle to that Church.⁷

XIV. If S. Paul wrote to the Laodiceans, the Epistle to the Laodiceans and to the Ephesians. Epistle is lost, for the one which bears that name has never been received by the Church as genuine. Some, however, think that the

¹ Acts xiii. 13 ; xv. 38. ² Col. iv. 12, 13. ³ Ib. iv. 17, see Phil. ii.

⁴ Ib. ii. 8, 16—23. ⁵ Ib. ii. iii.

⁶ Ib. iii. 17, &c. ; iv. 1—6.

⁷ Ib. iv. 7, &c.

as to his Epistle to the Ephesians, which was at the same time, and sent by the same messenger,¹ who carried that to the Colossians. In fact, Laodicea and Colesse lay through Ephesus. The Christians were very dear to S. Paul. One named Onesiphorus, sought him out diligently at Rome, ministered to him, not being ashamed of his faithful Christian appears to have died soon after, and his family were specially saluted by the Apostle shortly before his own martyrdom, with the hope that Onesiphorus might find mercy of the Lord on that Day.²

The subject of the Epistle to the Ephesians is very much the same as that to the Colossians. There is the same glorification of the glories of the ascended Son of Man, the manifestation of the grace of God which has brought the Church into such intimate union with CHRIST, the graces which flow into the Church from her Divine Head, and the duties which follow from this union. Especially are the duties of husband and wife set forth, since the Church is itself a sacramental symbol of this mysterious union.

It is thought that it was towards the end of this sojourn of S. Paul at Rome that he wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is the Epistle of the Church that it is his, though S. Luke, S. Apollos, and Clement have each been named as authors, in consequence of the style differing so much from the other Pauline Epistles. Probably it was written into Greek either from dictation or from one written in Syriac by S. Paul, and the style agrees with Luke in the Acts of the Apostles. There is no reason for S. Paul concealing his name, against which there was so great a prejudice in Jerusalem.

At the beginning of this Epistle, the writer magnifies the glory of JESUS CHRIST, the Eternal Son, above all creatures, and even the angels themselves, proving it by Scriptures.³ He shows that JESUS is as far above a son as a son is above a servant; that there is another

¹ Eph. vi. 21, 22.

² 2 Tim. i. 16—18.

³ Eph. v. 22, &c.

⁴ Heb. i. ii.

sabbath, another rest to be expected besides that which the Jews enjoyed in the possession of the promised land; that CHRIST is the true High Priest, ordained of God, according to the promise, after the order of Melchisedek, more ancient and more excellent than the order of Aaron;¹ and hence there is of necessity a change of the ceremonial law founded on the Levitical priesthood, and a better covenant is established, which brings the laws of God into the minds of the Faithful, and writes them in their hearts, as in fact God had promised. He shows the transitory nature of the tabernacle, and of the ceremonies of the Old Law, which were but the shadow of the true: whereas JESUS CHRIST is the true Victim, by Whose Blood our sins are for ever blotted out, and His Death the Only Sacrifice, which needeth not, nay, cannot be repeated, being altogether sufficient to reconcile men to God, and bring them into the closest communion with Him.²

XVI. If we glance at the state of the Christians Condition of in Jerusalem about this time, we shall understand more clearly the adaptation of this Epistle of S. James. Epistle to their peculiar trials.

Festus, who had sent S. Paul to Rome, only retained his office two years. On his death the emperor, as Josephus relates, "sent Albinus as governor to Judea. But the high-priest Ananus, [son of that Annas so often mentioned in the sacred narrative,] a man of remarkable daring, and one of the Sadducean party, which distinguished itself by judicial cruelty, embraced the occasion of this interregnum to gather a Sanhedrim of judges while Albinus was yet on his way. He brought some before it accused of transgressing the law, and gave them over to be stoned as criminals." These were evidently Christians, and Josephus mentions the name of one of them, James, "the brother of JESUS who was called CHRIST."³

S. James had as a faithful shepherd continued to watch over the Church at Jerusalem, and we never hear of his once quitting what must have been a most perilous post.

¹ Heb. iii. 7.

² Ib. viii.—x.

³ Joseph. Antiq. Bk. xx. c. 9.

have one Epistle of his, addressed not to any particular Church, but to the scattered tribes of Israel, the elect children of GOD whom CHRIST was to gather together in one. It is mainly directed to show the necessity of good works, without which faith is ineffectual; for it would seem that S. Paul's expressions on justification had been misunderstood, as S. Peter informs us that some of his words were. S. James enjoins the faithful—“Is any sick among you, let him send for the Presbyters of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing with oil in the Name of the LORD; and the prayer of the Lord shall save the sick; and if he have committed sins, it shall be forgiven him:”¹ or, as Bishop Wilson translates it, “let him be absolved.”² The Apostle likewise exhorts them to mutual confession of sins and prayer; concludes by setting forth the power of prayer, and the rewards promised to those who are instrumental in the conversion of souls. In this Epistle are many allusions to impending calamities, which would fall most heavily upon the rich and luxurious.

XVII. martyrdom of James. recognition of James. Hegesippus, a Christian historian who lived in the second century, gives us an account of the martyrdom of S. James.⁴ He tells us that he was called by the Jews, on account of his great piety, the *Just*, that he was a Nazarite from his mother's womb, that he drank neither wine nor fermented liquor, and abstained from animal food and all luxuries. “He was in the habit of going to the Temple alone, and was often found upon his aged knees interceding for the forgiveness of the people, so that his knees became as hard as camels’, in consequence of his habitual supplication and kneeling before GOD.” It was the time of the Passover, and Jerusalem was full, and the Jews fearing that JESUS would now be acknowledged as the MESSIAH, came together to James and said, “We entreat thee, restrain the people who are led astray after JESUS as if He were the CHRIST. We entreat thee to persuade all that are coming to the Feast of the Passover rightly concerning

¹ S. James ii. 14, &c.² Ib. iv. 14, 15.³ *Sacra Privata*.⁴ Quoted by Eusebius, *Eccles. Hist.* Bk. ii. c. 3.

JESUS ; for we all have confidence in thee. For we and all the people bear thee testimony that thou art *just*, and hast no respect of persons." Accordingly they placed him on a wing of the Temple, and cried out, "O thou just man, whom we ought all to believe, since the people are led astray after JESUS, declare to us what is the door to JESUS which was crucified." S. James answered with a loud voice, "Why do ye ask me concerning JESUS the Son of Man? He is now sitting in the heavens on the right hand of the power of GOD, and will come in the clouds of heaven." Many believed and gloried in the testimony of JESUS, and cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David." Upon this the Priests and Pharisees said one to another, "We have done badly in affording such testimony to JESUS; but let us go up and cast him down, that they may fear to believe in Him." And they cried out, "The Just one hath erred also," and threw him down and began to stone him. He did not, however, die at once; but turning round upon his knees, said, "I entreat Thee, O LORD GOD and FATHER, forgive them, for they know not what they do." One of the priests of the family of the Rechabites cried out, "Cease, what are you doing? The Just one is praying for you." But one of his murderers, a fuller, beat out his brains with a club. Thus suffered S. James, the LORD's brother, a man so esteemed that Josephus does not hesitate to ascribe the calamities of the Jews, and the destruction of Jerusalem, to the vengeance of GOD for this crime.

Symeon the son of Cleopas was appointed Bishop of Jerusalem in the room of S. James, and Agrippa deprived Ananus of the high priesthood, while Albinus wrote an angry letter to him from Alexandria, whither some of the more temperate Jews had gone to meet him, in order to remonstrate against the high priest's violent proceedings. But though the Sanhedrim were thus prevented from putting the Christians to death, they were able still to subject them to indignities most revolting to sincere Israelites; they could deny them all access to the Temple and its worship. This was indeed actually done, and the affliction it caused to the believing Jews must

¹ See Jer. xxxv. 19.

most severe. As yet they had claimed all as sons of Israel; now they were treated as heathen Samaritans or heathen, deprived of the Aaronic priesthood, and forbidden the temple where their fathers had worshipped. In such a position of things, one might well be tempted to ask whether the mission of Jesus was more certain than the mission of the Jewish nation, and whether He, for the sake of the Christian Clergy, demanded a ready sacrifice of all part or lot in the promises through which they, the Clergy, could really be the promised Messiah? Therefore, necessary to instruct the faithful in

the Godhead of their Redeemer, more fully than in the promulgation of the Gospel, in order that they might see how far the new covenant transcended the old, and how the old in spite of its Divine origin was before the new. It was time to disclose to the Church the heavenly Priesthood exercised by the risen and glorified Jesus, when they were cut off from the blessing of the Aaronic. It was time to teach them the

Christian worship, their boldness of access to the acceptableness of New Testament sacrifices, that they were excluded from the Mosaic ceremonies. "We have an Altar," they are told, "of which we have no right to eat which serve the Tabernacle."¹

In this light, we see how suitable are all the examples in the Epistle to the Hebrews, to the peculiar position in which the Jewish Christians then were. In the first of those examples of faith recorded in that Epistle, in the eleventh chapter, describes the very case of new Christians at this time. Again, when the temple had prohibited the Christian assemblies, how timely was the exhortation, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is: but exhort one another daily, as ye see the day approaching, as if to prepare them for being driven even out of the walls of Jerusalem, they are reminded that as the sin-offering suffered without the gate, they are to be ready to follow Him bearing His cross."²

¹ Heb. xiii. 10.

² Ib. x. 25.

³ Heb. xiii. 11—15; other examples will occur to the reader.

XVIII.

S. Paul released
from Rome.

First Epistle to
Timothy.

Ordination and
qualification of
Christian Minis-
ters.

After his release from imprisonment, S. Paul went into Spain as he had said.¹ It is reported that he founded some Churches in Gaul, and Arles claims Trophimus as her first Bishop. Some have supposed that the Apostle even visited Britain. However, leaving Europe, he returned into Asia Minor, appointing Titus as Bishop of Crete, and Timothy of Ephesus,² while he himself went into Macedonia,³ and abode with the Philippians as he had promised in his letter to them.⁴ It is thought that while at Philippi he wrote his First Epistle to Timothy, and also the Epistle to Titus. These Epistles contain many directions concerning the internal discipline of the Church.

We gather from the two Epistles to Timothy an account of his consecration to the Episcopal office. He is reminded of the prophecies which preceded his ordination,⁵ for it was not unusual in those days for the HOLY GHOST to signify by special revelation to a prophet the individual upon whom the ministerial office was to be conferred. He is admonished to stir up and neglect not the gift that was in him;⁶ and this Gift was given him by the laying on of the Apostles' hands,⁷ and as we learn from another passage,⁸ the laying on also of the hands of the Presbytery, i.e., some of those Clergy of Ephesus of whom we heard before. There was also committed to him, as a sacred deposit, a "Form of sound words," or Summary of the Christian Faith,⁹ which he was earnestly admonished to keep by the HOLY GHOST, and commit the same to faithful men who should be able to teach others also.¹⁰ He was, however, to be very cautious to whom he committed this sacred trust, and was exhorted to lay hands suddenly upon no man.¹¹ We learn that this 'laying on hands' included the ordination of pre-

¹ Rom. xv. 24. S. Clement says he went "to the extremity of the West." 1 Ep. Rom. c. v.

² 1 Tim. i. 3; Tit. i. 5.

³ Philip. ii. 24.

⁴ 1 Tim. iv. 14; 2 Tim. i. 6.

⁵ 1 Tim. iv. 14.

⁶ 2 Tim. ii. 2.

⁷ 1 Tim. i. 3.

⁸ 1 Tim. i. 18.

⁹ 2 Tim. i. 6.

¹⁰ 2 Tim. i. 13.

¹¹ 1 Tim. v. 22.

1 (as appears from this Epistle) of deacons

therefore gives Timothy¹ rules by which to are fit to be ordained to these sacred offices. or Presbyter (for the terms appear to be used ly, what we call a Bishop being then an apostle ity, as Timothy and Titus) was to be a man of life; the husband of one wife, thus making or even marriage, while a divorced wife was insuperable bar to the ministry; though the of the early Church and the parallel passage² in f widows almost warrant our extending this sen- isqualify men who had been married more than was to be one who had learned to rule his own well; a man of vigilant, sober, and good habits, hospitality, apt to teach, not given to wine, or filthy lucre, no striker or brawler, but patient: phyte or one recently converted, but one in rt among the heathen themselves. The deacons e nearly the same qualifications, for they that the office of a deacon well purchase to them- good degree and great boldness in the Faith. to be proved before being allowed to exercise . Timothy is also to be cautious in receiving an n against a Presbyter.³

There were at this time professed widows, wl. who appear to have instructed the younger dia. women, and were as those called elsewhere, Deaconesses. S. Paul directs that none are sen into the number under sixty years of age, was a woman, who had married more than once,

The Deaconess must also have a character for rks, among which the Apostle enumerates— up of children, lodging strangers, washing the et, relieving the afflicted, and, in fact, diligently g every good work. The younger widows are to ted; and the Apostle would rather they should reditably than rashly take upon themselves vows nence, for he sets forth in very fearful language equence of breaking those vows, saying: "When tim. iii. ¹ 1 Tim. v. 9. ² 1 Tim. v. 19.

they have begun to wax wanton against CHRIST, they will marry, having damnation, because they have cast off their first faith ;" and their vocation will only be turned into an occasion of idleness, talking, and evil-speaking. The Church is not to maintain widows who have sons or nephews capable of supporting them, that it may be able to maintain true widows. To refuse to maintain their aged and poor relatives is equivalent to a denial of the Faith, and is worse than infidelity.¹

The Apostle likewise gives rules for all Christians.² Prayer, intercessions, and Eucharists or giving of thanks are to be offered for all the world, especially for kings and rulers. He admonishes Christian women to be modest and sober in their dress and behaviour, and to be submissive to their husbands. Servants are to be obedient to their masters, and not to be the less so if they are Christians. These rules the Apostle declares to be the words of JESUS CHRIST, and Timothy is to withdraw from the communion of those who disagree.³

In this Epistle⁴ the Apostle warns Timothy that the SPIRIT has expressly foretold that in the latter times some shall depart from the Faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving. This prophecy we shall see fulfilled in the following century by the heresies of the Enekratites, Marcionites, and Manichees. S. Paul charges Timothy to be diligent in repressing false doctrine, especially that of the Gnostics, who, with their endless genealogies and old wives' fables, had already turned aside many. He mentions two whom he had delivered over unto Satan.⁵ Timothy is also to be an example to others ; above all things to give attention to reading, to exhortation, and to doctrine ; and this Epistle is to serve for a guide that he may know how he ought to behave himself in the House of God, which is the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the Truth.⁶

¹ 1 Tim. v. 1—16.

² 1 Tim. vi. 3—5.

³ 1 Tim. i. 20.

⁴ 1 Tim. ii. vi.

⁵ 1 Tim. iv.

⁶ 1 Tim. iii. 15.

XX. The Epistle to Titus is very similar. In it the Apostle charges Titus to stop the mouths of false teachers, especially them of the Circumcision.¹ A heretic is to be admonished a first and second time, and then to be excommunicated unhesitatingly. S. Paul begs Titus to come to him to Nicopolis, where he had determined to winter, and to bring Zenas a lawyer, and Apollos with him, providing everything for their journey.²

XXI. The winter being over,³ S. Paul returned to Ephesus to meet Timothy, and from thence he went to Troas, leaving Trophimus sick at Miletus. Erastus remained at Corinth, where he held the post of Treasurer of the City.⁴ The Apostle then he more embarked for Rome, where he was to finish his glorious career by laying down his life for CHRIST, after whom he had panted and thirsted so long. Before we accompany him thither, we must notice the events that had taken place since S. Paul was set at liberty.

XXII. We have seen that there were a considerable number of Christians at Rome when S. Paul first arrived there, that his preaching tended greatly to increase the number, and that some of those even in Caesar's palace had been converted to the Faith of CHRIST. As yet, however, their numbers were not sufficient to alarm the imperial government, and Nero, as we have observed, began his reign with great mildness. This mildness soon passed away, and after dyeing his hands in the blood of his own mother, he became at once the most bloodthirsty and the most cruel of tyrants.

In the year A.D. 64, a fire broke out in Rome while the Emperor was at Antium, and nearly the whole city was destroyed. It was reported that Nero had himself caused the fire for the amusement of seeing it, and from the vain ambition of re-building it again in greater splendour. This report was confirmed by the Emperor's having put on an actor's dress, and going to the top of an eminence employed himself while watching the sight in singing the

¹ Tit. i. 10—14.

² Tit. iii. 12.

³ Tit. iii. 12, 13.

⁴ 2 Tim. iv. 13, 20.

burning of Troy. This conduct brought upon the tyrant the hatred of the whole people. In vain he offered sacrifices, built houses for the homeless, and sold coin at a cheap rate to the poor: nothing could avert the odium this dreadful catastrophe had brought upon him. Tacitus, a heathen historian, gives the following account,¹ which is very interesting, as being the first distinct notice of Christianity to be found in heathen writers: "Nero, in order to substitute in his own stead victims to the public indignation on account of the fire, inflicted the most cruel torments on a sect of men already detested for their crimes, vulgarly called Christians. Some of them were arrested, and owned themselves Christians; and on their information a great number were taken, whom it was less easy to convict of being incendiaries, than of obstinately hating all mankind. Their punishments were made a sport of; some were covered with skins of beasts, to make dogs devour them; others were crucified, and others again wrapped up in clothes covered with pitch and brimstone, were burned in the night by way of torches." The poet Juvenal² adds to this description that some were impaled on stakes that came out of their throats to keep them upright. Tacitus goes on to say: "These punishments were inflicted in the Emperor's gardens as a sight, whilst he diverted the people with chariot races, mixing with the crowd in the dress of a charioteer, or seated in a car and holding the reins." The result, however, was, as Tacitus assures us, that "there arose pity for a set of men, really guilty and deserving the worst of punishments; but who on that occasion were sacrificed to the inhuman pleasure of one, and not the good of the public." This was the first persecution of the Church by the Romans, and was followed by laws forbidding the profession of the Christian Faith; and these were at once put into practice.

XXIII.

Thus, on S. Paul's arrival at Rome the following year, he was almost immediately brought before Nero, and no man stood with him, but all forsook him. Notwithstanding the LORD stood by him, and strengthened him to confess the Faith: preserved him from death, which he terms being "deli-

¹ Tac. Ann. xv. 44.² Sat. i. 155.

f the mouth of the lion."¹ S. Peter was at the same time, and there are accounts of pro- the calamities about to fall on the Jews deli- two Apostles. S. Paul appears from the Second Timothy to have found means to preach the more than a year to the Gentiles who resorted on all quarters.² It is said that S. Peter was one of the faithful to make his escape from that as he was at the gate, our SAVIOUR ap- pears as if about to enter the city. S. Peter said, "Whither goest Thou?" He answered, "I go to be crucified again." S. Peter gathering from this that he was to be crucified in him returned to await his

He is also said to have seen his wife led to the execution and to have rejoiced that she was now return- ing to her own country. He exhorted and comforted her by name, and saying, "Remember the

The Second Epistle of S. Peter is con- sidered to have been written in the year A.D.

66. It is addressed to the same persons as the First Epistle. He tells them that the LORD JESUS had told him his approaching martyrdom,³ the which He had foretold before His Ascension. He exhorts them to constancy in the Faith after his death, and to be mindful of the words of the Prophets, especially mentioning S. Paul, whose writings, he says, had been wrested by some to destruction.⁴ He gives as a primary rule, in the only Scripture, "that no Scripture is of any private interpretation,"⁵ and warns them against heretics, who, he tells them, will come, and even seduce some of those that bought them. He gives a fearful description of these false teachers, who, promising liberty, were themselves the servants of corruption, and had turned from the right way which once they had followed. These words refer chiefly to the Nicolaitanes⁶

¹ 1 Tim. iv. 16—18.

² Eccl. Hist. iii. c. 30.

³ 2 Tim. iii. 14—18.

⁴ 1 Pet. ii.

⁵ 2 Tim. iv. 17.

⁶ 2 S. Pet. i. 12—15.

⁷ 2 S. Pet. i. 20, 21.

⁸ Rev. ii. 14, 15.

who pretended to be followers of Nicolas, one of the Seven Deacons, and abandoned themselves to the most filthy lusts.

xxv. It is uncertain what was the particular occasion of the imprisonment of the two Apostles. Some attribute it to their having publicly exposed the folly of Simon Magus, who had gained great favour with Nero through the Emperor's fondness for magical arts. Others say that S. Paul converted one of Nero's favourite concubines, who thenceforth refused to be the instrument of his lust. It is quite possible that both these causes might have concurred to bring upon them the vengeance of the tyrant. They were kept in the subterranean prison of Mamertinus, at the foot of the Capitol.

During this imprisonment S. Paul wrote his second Epistle to Timothy. In this he frequently mentions his bonds, though he triumphantly adds, "the Word of God is not bound."¹ He again warns Timothy against false teachers, of whom he mentions some by name who asserted that the resurrection was past.² Again and again he charges his disciple to be faithful, both in keeping the faith pure, and in preaching it boldly; and gives directions how the true doctrine is to be handed down to posterity.³ He foretells a time when men will not receive sound doctrine, but will heap to themselves teachers, whom he compares to the magicians who withstood Moses.⁴ At the conclusion of the Epistle he speaks of his own departure being at hand, and begs Timothy to hasten to visit him, and to bring certain books and parchments with him.⁵ He tells Timothy that Demas had forsaken him from love of this world:⁶ that Titus was gone to Dalmatia, and Crescens into Galatia, by which some understand Gaul, since the Church of Vienne, near Lyons, claims Crescens as its first Bishop. The Apostle mentions four Roman Christians by name, one of whom, Linus, became the first Bishop of Rome after the Apostles.

¹ 2 Tim. i. 12, 16; ii. 9.

² 2 Tim. ii. 2.

³ 2 Tim. iv.

² 2 Tim. ii. 16—18.

⁴ 2 Tim. iii.

⁶ 2 Tim. iv. 10.

xxvi. The two Apostles are said to have been
 Martyrdom of put to death on the same day, the 29th of
 SS. Peter and Paul. June. S. Paul being a citizen of Rome
 was beheaded, and buried on the road to Ostia. S. Peter
 being a Jew of mean extraction was crucified on the hill
 Janiculum. They were about to nail him to the cross
 after the usual manner; but he said that he was not
 worthy of being treated like his Master, so they crucified
 him with his head downwards. He was buried on the
 same spot where now stands the Vatican and the mag-
 nificent Church of S. Peter. Thus was fulfilled our
 LORD's prophecy, "When thou wast young thou girdedst
 thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when
 thou shalt be old thou shalt stretch forth thine hands
 and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou
 wouldest not."¹

LEAVES FROM A CLERGYMAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

"My people shall be satisfied with My goodness."

THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THERE is this very striking and encouraging difference between the pursuits of the world and those of religion—that religious objects are more prized and delighted in when we have them; whereas worldly objects when once they are gained are looked on with comparative indifference. As soon as a man has gained any object of worldly ambition he begins to be dissatisfied, and sets about pursuing something further, fancying that rest and satisfaction are to be attained in that. And so he is drawn on from one object to another. He grows weary of each attainment almost as soon as it is secured, and looks after something else. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." The enjoyment of temporal advantages seems only to teach us their unsatisfactoriness and imperfection, and we are urged to pursue some other object more stable and perfect.

¹ S. John xxi. 18, 19.

On the contrary, religious pleasures are only perceived to be such when they are possessed. Enjoyment, so far from cloying, only gives a real sense of their value and sweetness. It is only in proportion as we possess spiritual riches that we value them. A man who is entirely destitute of them sets no value on them, he can hardly understand how they yield enjoyment to any. A man requires to taste and see how gracious the LORD is, before He can have any relish for His service. S. Peter exhorts Christians to desire still further in addition, (*ἐπιποθήσατε*) the sincere milk of the word, since they had experienced that the LORD was gracious. (1 S. Pet. ii. 3.)

Thus it appears that in order to have any real desire of spiritual pleasures, a man must have some experience of them; and that the more a man has of them, the more eagerly he still desires them. So Eccclus. xxiv. 29, says of wisdom, "They that eat me shall yet be hungry, and they that drink me shall yet be thirsty."

Yet our LORD says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. This means:

1. He shall never thirst after worldly pleasures. The taste of this pure and refreshing stream, shall remove all desire for the dark and troubled pursuits of the world.

2. He shall never thirst again after pleasures of any kind, for he shall have a continual, unceasing supply of the purest enjoyments in the innermost chambers of his own heart. "The water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Our LORD's words do not mean, I think, only as Rodriguez says, "he shall not thirst for worldly things:" this is true, but not the whole. He need not thirst for any pleasures, need not look out of himself for them.

Such a man shall never thirst, in the sense of seeking anything further, as if he found no real satisfaction in what he has gained already. But he shall continually and ardently thirst for deeper measures of that of which he has already tasted. He shall not be distractedly wearying himself to find something to satisfy him, he shall no longer be roaming in pursuit of some object, seeking for some to show him any good. But he shall thirst for more and more of the same stream which he has

d so refreshing. In somewhat the same way, one other words of our LORD, "Blessed are hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." They shall be filled in the sense of not looking out for any other good. They shall be both the true provision which their nature craves, this, the provision, is of such a nature as that the greater longing for it the more it is partaken of. It is the special privilege of spiritual pleasures to satisfy, and to excite the appetite—to appease the impatience of the soul, and to quicken it to deeper measures of spiritual delight. In reality there is always a kind of variety. The song which the redeemed is as it were a new song, though it has been chanted, and so the joys of the saints, which consist in the anticipation of those hereafter, though it were new, partake in the endless variety of the glorified.

The property of spiritual pleasures, to satisfy, the more ardent desire, may be conceived of by comparing with certain earthly pleasures which have the same quality. The two in which it most naturally affections, and exercise of the intellect, are invited to a continued enjoyment, while each gives its separate satisfaction. But is not this what we have in them a ray of eternity? The love of God and the search after truth, both are inspired by the God of Love and Truth, and therefore the property peculiar to the knowledge of God is of satisfying the human soul only as it were for the sake of enlarging its capacities for still further

THE RESURRECTION.

It has the effect a religious expectation of the Resurrection in mitigating the disappointments of life! Discontent arises from the failure of schemes and from finding life gone through without execution as we designed. Then, hardly thinking it worth anything for what remains, many give themselves up to indolent despair.

But the hope of future life gives at once scope and reason for rectifying what is past, and seeking to work for the future. The risen life is but a continuation of the present, in which all present laudable objects may be resumed or continued, at least the habits formed here be exercised, developed, and perfected. It may be like the position of a young man entering active life from college. His pursuits will not perhaps be just the same, perhaps widely different, still the powers, qualifications, and habits he has been acquiring, only now find their appropriate sphere, and true place of exercise. "I had utterly fainted, but that I believed verily to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living."

MERIT.

It is said to be Roman doctrine that it is in such sense required of GOD to reward our works, that it would be unjust if He did not. Others again say that even our best works are only accepted of GOD's mercy, His mere favour, and unclaimed goodness.

But it really would seem that if GOD has promised certain rewards to certain works, He has bound Himself as a matter of strict justice to grant those rewards. He is faithful and *just* to give what He has pledged Himself to. If it be meant that men's works have an *intrinsic* claim, irrespective of GOD's promises, this must be rejected. It might perhaps be said that no work of men's comes up to the conditions on which GOD's promise in strictness depends, and therefore cannot challenge the reward in right of a promise, whose conditions they do not satisfy, and so such works if accepted at all must be accepted of mere free favour.

"Thou, LORD, art *merciful*, for Thou rewardest every man according to his work." So that it is of GOD's mercy, not His justice, that our works are rewarded.

3. GEORGE'S IN THE EAST.

wing account of the proposed increase in the an's Institute of this parish will, we are sure, our readers. Those who have read week after month after month of the assemblies in the Parish l the perseverance shown in the irreverent and outrage on God's House and Service, will feel ing more than the usual efforts are needed to fluence over the large mass of the inhabitants sh. As our readers know, much has all along n this way. There is nothing in the world like e of, and intercourse with, others, to remove mu- ices and distrusts. The work of an Institute, tures, classes for instruction, its newspapers, library ; its rooms for chess, and recreation, and versation ; has just the social element about required, and will, if well and carefully man- e a most valuable instrument in the hands of are devoting themselves to the religious and rovement of the dwellers in this dense and rt of our great City. We heartily commend to all our readers. Many can spare the small n of five shillings per annum, which is the esired by the Committee, and we trust that a y will enrol their names as helpers in this y are unable to give any other proof of their

The fact that such men as Mr. Parker Snow s have been found to volunteer their able help ng in this place, will, it is hoped, encourage rs to give aid in this way. The spread of know- good sound knowledge, is the surest way to get arts of those who are not yet able to appreciate edge of that which is alone best worth knowing. ring appeal for placing the Institute on a firmer it is hoped then be readily responded to.

stitute was established at the commencement of the present e purpose of providing the working men of the parish of in the East with the means of intellectual cultivation and usement during their hours of leisure.

“The appeal for public support in founding the Institute was most liberally responded to. The contributions, both in money and books, were in excess of the requirements stated in the prospectus ; while the contributors included persons of different shades of opinion in Church matters, who nevertheless agreed in promoting this effort to reclaim the population from the deplorable state of ignorance and vice, of which so many sad indications have appeared in those outrages for which the parish is painfully notorious.

“The operations of the Institute have, so far, met with considerable success. A satisfactory number of working men have enrolled themselves as members ; and, while there has been a good average attendance in the reading rooms on ordinary evenings, occasional lectures have drawn crowded audiences. A lecture, by the Rector, entitled, ‘Wanderings in Norway,’ and one on the ‘Arctic Search,’ by Captain W. P. Snow, proved very attractive. One of the churchwardens of S. George’s and an overseer of the parish were present on the former occasion ; and the latter, in proposing a vote of thanks to the reverend lecturer, expressed his gratification and surprise at the numerous attendance, because, in a similar institution with which he was connected in an adjoining district, the greatest difficulty had been experienced in procuring an audience.

“One fact may be mentioned, as showing a genuine appreciation of the Institute on the part of its members. In accordance with the custom at some other establishments of the kind, notice had been given that the Institute would be closed during the summer ; but this arrangement called forth such expressions of regret, that the notice was withdrawn, and the reading rooms have remained open as usual.

“It may be added, that among the most attached members are several youths, who formerly, even while they attended the night schools of the S. George’s Mission once or twice a week, were in the habit of spending many of their remaining evenings in the ‘penny gaffs’ and other demoralising haunts, but who now declare that they find far more real pleasure and satisfaction at the Institute.

“It is under these encouraging circumstances—many other striking evidences of which might be adduced—that a considerable extension of the institute has been resolved on by the committee, provided the requisite funds can be obtained. The rooms at present occupied are much too small, especially for the lectures, and have the additional disadvantage of being used during the day for the schools in connection with the S. George’s Mission. They will also be required by the Mission the ensuing winter for other purposes. Experience, also, has proved that, if the Institute is ever fully to carry out the objects of its original promoters, it must provide for three classes of members. Accordingly, in the proposed extension, a room will be set apart for the more intelligent mechanics, who are capable of appreciating a higher order of literature, and can afford to pay a larger amount of subscription than working men of an inferior grade. The latter, however, will still be provided with their own room, at the same cheap rate and with the same advantages as at present. A third room will be appropriated to younger members ; the great success of

the 'Club,'—originated and conducted by the Rev. Mr. White, Chapel Royal, Savoy,—is another part of London, giving every means to add such a feature to the Institute. It is nevertheless desirable that there should be a coffee-room, free to all the members, where conversation and smoking would be allowed.

The Committee, however, do not feel justified in removing the Institute to more commodious premises, until there is an Annual Subscription List of at least £60; and it is for the purpose of obtaining this income—which all must allow is most moderate, as compared with the importance of the work—that this fresh appeal is made to the public at large. Unhappily, it may be repeated, with as much reason as ever, that the peculiar circumstances of the parish give this Institute a claim beyond that of such an undertaking in any ordinary way: and it is confidently believed that many of those friends, in all parts of the kingdom, who so generously supplied the means for commencing this good work, will be ready to promote its more perfect development: and that many others may now be induced to give assistance.

It is most desirable that the Institute should be placed on this permanent basis in October next; and, as the new premises require considerable alterations, it is necessary that this appeal should be promptly responded to.

The following brief suggestions are respectfully submitted as to modes in which the public may support the undertaking:—

1. *Annual Subscriptions* of Five Shillings and upwards, to produce the regular income required.

2. *Donations in Money*, to meet the immediate outlay for furniture and fittings.

3. *Donations of Books, Chess-boards, Chess-men, Draughts, &c.* & *Lends of Newspapers and Magazines*. Under this head, it may be remarked that the first appeal to the public resulted in the formation of a library of upwards of 600 volumes. These, however, being chiefly religious and educational in their character, there is much of light literature, particularly the works of the best writers of the day—Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Irving, Marryatt, &c.; for it must be remembered that, particularly as regards the new feature of a 'Club,' it is most important to make the Library as attractive as possible.

4. *Personal Service* by gentlemen who, in turn, would act as Instructors in the evening classes to be established in connection with the Institute, as Assistant Librarian, or undertake the superintendence of the Reading Rooms each evening, and, according to the system recently adopted with great success, be in readiness, either by reading or conversation, to promote the instruction and entertainment of the members present. The true philanthropist, it is believed, could only have a more congenial field of labour than is offered here. It

be mentioned that in this as in other respects, the Institute has already had the co-operation of gentlemen differing widely in their ecclesiastical opinions. The proposed extension will of course require a great addition to the number of those who have hitherto assisted in this

way ; and there will be still more scope for such practical benevolence, in the classes which it is hoped will be formed for special instruction in the various branches of useful knowledge. Such aid, however, is not to be obtained in this part of London, and must be sought elsewhere. Any gentleman, having even one spare evening in the week, which he would devote in this manner, might render important service, and is requested to communicate with the Honorary Secretary, 36, Wellclose Square, who will be happy to give further information on the subject.

“ 5. *Gratis* Lectures on various subjects ; a course of which the Committee are anxious to arrange, so as to extend, at fortnightly intervals, from October to May next. Offers from Gentlemen disposed to give Lectures will be thankfully received.

“ Communications to be addressed to the Honorary Secretary and Librarian, C. HOPE JOHNSTONE, 36, Wellclose Square, E., to whom Money Orders may be made payable at the Chief Office.”

Church News.

WE make no apology for transferring to our pages the following Prayers for Missions, from the Bishop of Salisbury :

“ O Almighty God ! Who hast decreed by JESUS CHRIST that there shall be witnesses unto Him unto the uttermost part of the earth ; Who hast also of Thy Providence opened in these latter days a door for Thy servants of this land in many distant countries ;—Grant that these opportunities may be used, not for the mere commerce of this world, but for the true merchandize of heavenly things ; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

“ *R. That Thy way may be known upon earth : Thy saving health among all nations. Amen.*

“ And to this end, we beseech Thee, dispose the hearts of the faithful to give cheerfully and liberally of their substance, as Thou hast prospered them :—Stir up, moreover, the wills of those whom Thou choolest, to offer themselves readily for this work and ministry, and bless them in their training under Thy HOLY SPIRIT ; bless and defend also those who are already gone forth to labour in Thy wide field (especially . . .),—keeping them in safety and health, sound in faith, and fervent in love and holy zeal :—And, furthermore, we pray Thee, O LORD, so hallow the lives of all calling themselves Christians, who sojourn in these far countries,—our merchants, soldiers, seamen, and all other (especially . . .),—that their conversation may be no let or hindrance to the faith of those whom we seek to win for Thee, but rather such as may edify them and cause them to own Thee to be with us of a truth.

“ *R. O send out Thy light, that it may lead us ; and keep Thou us from all selfish and godless living. Amen.*

“ And of all lands, we pray Thee now more especially for these :

“ We pray for India ; that out of the late tumult and sorrow may issue contentment and peace under righteous government in Thy Name ; that we may be strengthened by Thy help to hold the land Thou hast given us for Thy glory and the advancement of Thy kingdom ;—and to this end for a special blessing on him who has gone out from this Diocese to rule Thy flock in Calcutta.

“ R. Cast Thy bright beams, O Lord, on the land in its two-fold darkness. Amen.

“ We pray further for Australia ; and therein more particularly for the Diocese of Brisbane, whither also from hence has lately gone forth the shepherd for that distant fold. We pray for this land also ; that our countrymen, scattered over its wide coasts, may not lose the sound of the Church bell, and the Church prayers of their fatherland ; but may hear of Thee and praise Thee in the same tongue as we who abide by our English hearths ; and so may be still trained with us for a common home in Heaven.

“ R. So let them sing the Lord's songs in a strange land. Amen.

“ We pray Thee also for Japan ; that the light of the Gospel may be rekindled where it so long has been quenched ;—that the new Christians may have the fervour and steadfastness of Thy former flock, cut off long since in one day's slaughter ;—and that to us may be reserved, as it seems, the blessing of planting the faith anew, and fostering it to abiding fruitfulness ;

“ R. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, for a second harvest. Amen.

“ We pray, too, for China ;—Grant, O LORD, that deceit and war may not overthrow the hopes, which seemed fulfilling, of a new trust and a peace favourable to Thy true religion ;—Grant that they, who despise strangers, may entertain more than angels unawares, till their minds are leavened with Thy divine truth ;—Break through, O LORD, by the strength of Thy grace, all that exalts itself against better knowledge in perverse custom and long-followed error ;—so that for no God they may have the One true God, and with us and all Thy faithful in all lands may through CHRIST have access by the One Spirit unto Thee our One Heavenly FATHER :

“ R. And be saved among the number of Thine elect children. Amen.

“ And lastly we pray Thee, O LORD, for Africa : that of Thy faithful and elect many also may be gathered from those inland regions now scarce known. Guide and protect, we beseech Thee, those whom Thy Providence has sent thither to explore and discover. May civilization and a due use of Thy natural gifts in the fruits of the earth be the means to true religion and gifts of the Spirit ; the yoke of the oppressor being broken, and none being carried away from their land, but remaining in the free service of the Gospel. Let Thy blessing rest on the efforts to this end of which our Universities are the centre, and by which our country is closely associated with the work ;

“ R. Comfort Thou her waste places, and make her wilderness like

Eden: so joy and gladness shall be found therein; thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.

"That these our prayers may be more blessed, grant, we beseech Thee, that in all these different lands we may be enabled to plant a native Ministry of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; that each language may thus be hallowed to Thy service, and that Thy truth may find a more welcome and effectual entrance to the minds and hearts of Thy creatures for Thy glory;

"R. All speaking in their own tongue Thy wonderful works, and praising Thee with no strange lips.

"Thus, O merciful God, may the prayer of Thy Blessed Son be brought to pass,—that in Thine own good time all may be one, all who shall hereafter believe on CHRIST through the word of His ministers; CHRIST in them, and Thou in CHRIST, that all may be made perfect in One; until they come to be with CHRIST where He is, and to behold His glory;

"R. The glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father: Amen, Amen."

THE LATE REV. JOHN HARRISON BELL.

We can scarcely permit the remains of the above lamented clergyman to be laid beside the walls of the church he served so long and so faithfully, without a passing tribute to the memory of one who has been long and honourably connected with the cause of Church education, and of the Church, in Essex. Mr. Bell received the rudiments of his education at the Grammar School of Watlingbury in Kent, whence, in the year 1818, he removed to S. John's College, Cambridge. Although a bad fever, which attacked him in the early period of his residence, rendered it necessary for him to abstain from the severe labour required for University honours, he was prizeman of his own college, and graduated as B.A. in the year 1822, and as M.A. in 1825. In 1828 he was appointed Acting Master of the Grammar School, Brentwood, which appointment he held till the year 1851. His faithfulness and ability in the government of the Grammar School had obtained for him the high testimony of many eminent persons who had opportunities of estimating his worth. In the year 1843, he had been presented by Dr. Grant, Archdeacon of S. Alban's, to the little district chapel of Noak Hill, where his diligent but unostentatious fulfilment of his duties endeared him to every class, especially the poor, in whose simple expressions of love and grief are to be found the best chronicle of his ministry—a chronicle which will subsist when names more historical will possess a less enviable lot. In the spring of the present year, he was presented to the small benefice of Kirkley in Suffolk; but an inscrutable Providence did not permit him to enjoy this comparative repose from a life of labour. He had

discharged his duties at Noak Hill regularly until November 20, 1859, when he was seized with a sudden faintness during Divine Service. From this he never entirely rallied; and on the 11th ult. he expired, full of faith, hope, and comfort, and leaving behind him a name which will long be cherished in the county he adorned for so many years.¹ It has been frequently said by those who knew him longest and most intimately, "What were his faults, we never knew." *Requiescat in pace.*

Reviews and Notices.

An Object in Life. By the Author of "Sunlight in the Clouds," &c. Mozleys.

Next to telling a story well is the having a definite object and purpose in telling it. The author of this little work certainly must have full credit given her for the latter part of the work. Her aim and object are conspicuous throughout every page of the work, and we are sorry to say we think it gives a lesson very much needed. Her object is to set before us the picture of a young girl, who with many good and earnest aspirations is in the habit of neglecting every single home duty that comes before her. Sighing for a strict rule of life, she neglects every rule of her home and household, gazing with delight on some "object of life" in the microscope of her own inner self. Thus she utterly ignores the many objects of life around her in her home. The idea that she could serve God in and through those home duties does not enter her head for a long time, though she has no lack of good friends and advisers. The following will describe part of this young lady's day. On awaking in the morning, she is for a long time dwelling on her day dreams, and the wonderful objects to which she would devote her life if she were but differently placed. She is late in getting up, is not down to family prayers, (a common occurrence) gets down to breakfast when her father has started for town—takes no interest in a friend of her sister's, whose letters have just been received, and which they offer to her to read—scorns the idea of caring to hear a letter from her aunt, describing a tour in North Wales—loiters and lingers over breakfast, at a loss to know what to do, though she has refused to help in copying some music for her sis-

¹ He was buried at Noak Hill, where, on the eleventh Sunday after Trinity, the Archdeacon of S. Alban's preached his funeral sermon.

ter. Music, drawing, reading, needlework—all are declined as a last idea, she begins a reply to a letter which should have answered long ago. While at this her little brother begins to mend his glove. This she flatly refuses, and persists in her next is most unkind and disobedient to her mother, who asks her to answer an invitation, (invitations, dinner parties, and her abhorrence,) and at last does it with a very bad grace. Her own letter is put away unfinished, in discontent. She spends a short time in copying out and reading some poet, refuses to read aloud, picks a few flowers for the vase, asks, but leaves them for any one to put in water and so on. She sits down to the piano as luncheon is ready, and until that, taking a book to the table with her, contrary to her mother's wish, declines to go out to call on friends when her mother asks her, and luxuriously ensconces herself in the cushions of a large chair for most of the afternoon. This is a fair sample of a young lady's day, and yet we actually find her asking her mother the rector, for a rule of life, fixed duties, &c. at fixed hours to give way to anything! The bright example and teaching of the rector and his wife, and his wife's sister, do at last convince Anstace Melbourne to see the utter wrongness of her life. "I would rather our readers should now see her in her new course," and this will be described by the account of her conversion after a long and earnest rebuke from the rector.

"It was no idle fit of musing that occupied Anstace's mind on her homeward walk. Her 'dreamings' were turned into earnest thoughts. Last, and now her thought was only how best she might enter on the path which lay before her, how do the work which God had appointed her to do, and bear the cross which He had appointed. Words came to her mind which she murmured to herself as she walked along:—

" 'A cross of gold, of silver, or of wood,
Or of mean straw, hid in each shape of life;
Some trial working for eternal good,
Found in the outward state or inward strife.

" 'Something to wean the soul from things of sense,
To higher aim the weak resolve to brave,
To train our thoughts in lowly penitence,
And bring us to the Cross, the Fount of Grace.'

"She had never felt those words to be so *personal* before. 'mean straw, that is what my cross is to be,' she thought; 'all those little trials and disappointments, little annoyances and vexations, and little self-denials—things which I have despised, and far from worth caring for, except as they worried and fretted me. Surely I have learnt better. 'He that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much,' and I will try to be faithful

little things. Whatever God has appointed for me must be what is good, and if it be a cross only 'of mean straw,' it may be to train me for something higher, or because I am not able or worthy to bear more now. Even this light cross I have thrown off—how often !'

"And memory and conscience opened their accusing stores, and the past showed itself to her as it had never done before—a record of daily rebellion against the will of God, against the lot to which He had called her, the duties which He had placed before her, the cross which He would have laid upon her if she had not thrust it from her. Her heart grew very heavy within her, but there was room for comfort still. If the past was all darkness, save as it told of long-suffering, mercy, and love, yet the future was brightening before her, and Anstace made a fervent resolution, not in her own strength, that what remained of her life should not be wasted as the past years had been.

"It was cause enough for hope as well as for thankfulness that her probation was not over, even in those very things wherein she had hitherto failed ; the same duties, the same opportunities, were still open before her, and she who had so vainly longed for any other lot than the one to which God had appointed her, now felt deepest gratitude in the thought that the very Cross against which she had rebelled was still held out to her, and that her probation still lay in those very things wherein she had hitherto so grievously failed.

"And as she considered this, her resolutions shaped themselves into still more definite form—to be on the watch for every opportunity that might offer itself of exercising herself in dutifulness, in kindness to others, in denial of her own will and pleasure. She did not shrink now, but grew eager in the thought of what she was winding herself up to undertake ; and she quickened her steps the sooner to arrive at home and begin her new life of duty, while in her mind she enumerated the various duties hitherto neglected, now to be made the chief business of her life. Punctuality, careful attention to all the rules and hours of the household, this she was especially bound to, because she knew how the neglect of it annoyed her mother. Sociability—to be ready to talk or to listen according to the pleasure of those around her, to give willing sympathy whenever and wherever it was called for ; to enter with hearty interest into what concerned others, sharing, as far as possible, in their hopes and disappointments, their joys and sorrows. Then to be obliging and helpful as far as lay in her power, to let slip no opportunity of giving help or pleasure of any kind, but rather to be on the watch for them, and to catch at them whenever possible. Not to shrink from being disturbed in her own pursuits, and 'put out of her way,' but rather to aim at never indulging her own will, if it was in opposition to that of another.

"These and such-like resolutions floated through Anstace's mind in the fervour of her newly-awakened earnestness. Anything to repair the past, or, at least, (since the past could never be undone,) to prove her sorrow for it, was her feeling. Well was it for her that her eagerness was tempered and held in check by the sense of her

own entire weakness, and the recollection of her past falls and failures; well for her that the sorrowful consciousness of having no power to perform the least of her resolutions drew her on to cast herself more entirely and more trustingly on Him whose compassions fail not, in whose strength only she might hope to endure to the end."—Pp. 205—208.

The Pew System. A Sermon preached in Rotherham Church, before the Archdeacon of York, by Greville John Chester, B.A. London: Bell and Daldy.

This is one of the boldest expositions we ever read of two most important features in our Church system, viz. the evil of hired pews, and the popular estimate of the office of the Clergy. It is worthy of reproduction in a cheap form, for wide circulation.

The main charge to be brought against the pew system, as it has developed itself of late years, is, that it has cherished an unchristian system of distinction and exclusiveness in the House of God. Those of us who feel bound to oppose that system, are by no means open to the charge of wishing to relieve any man from the bounden duty of contributing according to his means to the maintenance of the worship of Almighty God; on the contrary, we maintain that the principle of sacrifice, or offering, has been of the very essence of that worship, from the time of the First Sacrifice to the present time. We maintain that none, in the sense of exemption, should have their religion for nothing. Freely it should be offered, and as each one is able they must contribute; but not in the scale which is usual in the world's places of amusement, the best prices for the best seats.

Mr. Chester by no means exaggerates the state of things in the following passage:

"Preaching that God is no Respector of persons, and that to make distinctions of rich and poor in public worship is, as says S. James,¹ to 'commit sin,' and to be 'convinced of the law as transgressors,' we place the rich man with the gold ring and goodly apparel in a good place, and the poor man with the vile raiment at a respectful distance from his wealthier neighbour. Dives claims to be protected from contact with Lazarus, and we respect his claim. 'Come,' we cry, or *would* cry if we spoke the truth, 'Come to the House of God, *pay* me and you shall have a place, where, like the self-righteous Pharisee, you may pray *apart*, a place where no brother Christian of *humble* station shall contaminate you with his touch. You have wealth, you wear a gold ring and goodly apparel: take, then, your *choice* of seats, and there in the *best* place worship Him Who regards *not* the outward appearance; humble yourself before God, and learn the graces of humility and to prefer others to yourself. Come, for you are *welcome*!' And to the poor man we say, 'Come,

¹ S. James ii. 9.

and fear not. We wish not in your case to make the House of Prayer a House of Merchandize. Come, there are the '*free seats*' in the cold aisle, under the galleries, near the doors, in a place where the LORD's Table is invisible. Come to GOD's House, and sit beneath the footstool of those wealthier Christians who pay me rent. *I*, the minister of the 'Poor Man's Church,' of the 'Church of the people,' invite you to come.'

"*Such*, my reverend brethren, *such* or *such like* is the language which, if we accept the present system and speak the *truth* and the *whole* truth, we should be compelled to utter. *Are* we, as before GOD, prepared to *defend* that system, and I will add, any longer to *submit* to it? Does it accord with the *freedom* of the Gospel which we preach? Is it in itself *Scriptural*? Can we imagine the primitive Christians, the elect lady and her children to whom the beloved Disciple wrote, choosing the *best* seats and demanding a private box when they came to hear the Word and humble themselves before GOD? Is there nothing of comfort, amidst the jarring inequalities of this world, to think that there is *one* place even here below, where *all*, be they high or low, rich or poor, should meet together as *brothers* in the presence of their common FATHER, Who is the Maker of them all? At all events, my brethren, we cannot deny the fact that under the pew system the people have become what they are. Are we satisfied with their state or not? Are we not deeply responsible for it? Are encroachments of Popish and Protestant Dissenters things unknown? Is immorality strikingly on the *decrease*? Are we content that only a minute fraction of the population ever receive the Blessed Sacrament, without which we are *dead* while yet we live? How long are we to continue to imitate the corrupt practice of the Church of Rome of *selling the Sacraments* which are necessary to salvation,¹ which thing we *do*, disguise it as we may, when we put up the area of GOD's House to sale or hire." —Pp. 8—10.

Poems. By Archer Gurney. New and revised Edition. Longman and Co.

Mr. Gurney is sufficiently well known to our readers, and needs no introduction to their sympathies in his works whether of poetry or prose. His poetry is essentially genuine and most natural, and those who know, as we do, that most of his time is spent in the duties of an active and most energetic parish priest, will feel that his volume is not the work of any mere dreamer. His poems partake chiefly of the nature of songs, and many of them are full of high and beautiful thoughts.

Two Lectures on Church Music. By George Smith, Esq. Greenwich: Richardson.

We are very glad that these Lectures were received so well that a request was made for their publication. In a Lecture, ad-

¹ S. John iii. 5; S. Mark xvi. 16; S. John vi. 53.

dressed *ad populum*, the common sense as well as the religious view of Church music and chanting can be brought out with great effect, and this Mr. Smith has done with thorough point and good humour. It will not be his fault if the innumerable vulgar errors on this most interesting topic are perpetuated in the districts which gave him a fair hearing. Not that we at all believe in the pretended clamour on the unpopularity of choral service; on the contrary, Church music is in every place progressing, and where that is the case the true and sound portion of that music will, where it is rendered carefully and reverently, be distinguished and approved.

In the Lectures before us the history of the chants, and of the hymn and anthem are given in a small space and with every needful detail; they are most readable, and not only advocate the good cause with earnestness and spirit, but in the way in which all matters that concern the worship of God should be—with reverence.

Mrs. Stone's *Handbook to the Christian Year* will be found most useful as a manual for the young on that most important subject, and not only will it give information in a pleasant genial way, but we trust that it will lead to the practical carrying out of that holy system, and that even those among us who are entirely prevented from attendance on daily prayer, will feel that every possible effort should be made to keep in GOD'S House His Holy Seasons, Festivals, and Saints' Days.

Notices to Correspondents.

ETHELDREDA.—We fear that but little dependance is to be placed on the notes to the work in question, neither do we value the Illustrations. The Set of Schnorr's Bible Prints, to be had of Messrs. Williams and Norgate, in London, are most beautiful, and are a speaking commentary themselves in many ways.

F. W.—We have received and forwarded your kind contribution.

THE Churchman's Companion.

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[OCTOBER, 1860.]

A MAIDEN OF OUR OWN DAY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XI.

“Thy work this hour is patience.”

The Baptistry.

WHEN the result of the examination was made known, the Deshons found to their great disappointment that Lawrence had failed. Not discredibly though, for he had very nearly got the requisite number of marks, and had had to compete with boys considerably his seniors; in French, German, and drawing, he had shown himself proficient, but had not done so well in the all-important mathematics, and had got no marks at all for English. It had even been observed that in translating from French and German, he had made use of foreign idioms, and expressed himself altogether in a very un-English fashion, so that in fact, as Colonel Deshon despondingly remarked, his foreign education had been overdone, and he had now at sixteen to set to work to learn his native language.

The poor Colonel was very much disappointed, and could not conceal that he was so, though he reproached no one but himself, and endeavoured always to speak hopefully to Lawrence, telling him that he could try his chance again at the next examination, and that in the six intervening months he would have plenty of time to acquire a more thorough knowledge of mathematics, and the art of English composition.

Lawrence's dark eyes looked rather gloomy for a while,

and he turned down his shirt-collars, and affected a Byronic air for a few days, imagining himself an ill-used genius; but his mother soon laughed him out of this, beguiled him into playing duets with her, and weeding the garden, and confiscated "The sorrows of Werter," "Heine's Poems," and a host of other lugubrious and undesirable books, over which he was nursing his melancholy. She told him she could not account it a misfortune which left him to her six months, after their long years of separation, and was so loving to him, so gay and bright, that Gyneth at first thought she was rather pleased at his failure than otherwise. But one day, when a few friends were coming to dinner, and Gyneth had gone into her mother's room to have her hair braided, they heard the Colonel sighing as he pursued his toilette in the adjoining dressing room, and Mrs. Deshon said, "I am afraid your father feels this impending dinner-party rather tiresome, he is out of spirits about Lawrence. I wish from my heart that Lawrie could have succeeded, papa's son ought *not* to have failed!"

"But surely Lawrence *has* inherited papa's talent, mamma, it must have been because he was so young that he failed, and I should think he is sure to succeed next time," said Gyneth.

"I hope so, but papa fears he is idle, and I may tell *you*, Gyneth, that he is not quite satisfied with him in other ways. He thinks he has a speculative irreverent way of speaking of sacred things, and that he has read a great many unsuitable books, and of course he reproaches himself for having trusted him to the care of strangers, and people of different creed and opinions."

"It is a good thing that he is still so young," said Gyneth, "and don't you think it may be better for him to be at home for a while, mamma, under papa's own eye?"

"Yes, that is what I tell papa, but he does not seem to see it in that light, he never will believe in the good influence he has over his children, and he is so soon depressed. I could forgive Lawrie anything sooner than his having vexed papa, to see *him* sad is the one thing that I cannot bear."

She had been standing behind her daughter as she spoke, but at this moment she bent forward to reach a comb from the dressing-table, and for once Gyneth saw tears in those happy eyes. She did not know exactly in what way to suggest comfort, but lifted her face and kissed her mother with all her heart.

Mrs. Deshon could not be sad for long; in another minute she was full of delight at her successful arrangement of her daughter's hair. "These plaits suit your head exactly, my love," she exclaimed, "and yours is charming hair to braid, it is so long, and soft, and silky. I flatter myself no maid could have produced such a good effect."

"And I shall be sure to like your handiwork better than any maid's, mamma," said Gyneth, stepping forward to look at it in the glass. "Thank you so much for taking all this trouble with my wig."

But she was not so charmed with her braids as her mother was, and in truth preferred her own every-day style, "Locks not wide bespread, Madonna-wise on either side her head," to any more showy arrangement.

"Ah, you don't care about it, I see, but you look very nice for all that," said Mrs. Deshon smiling, "though that white muslin dressing-gown gives you rather a ghostly appearance. Here, Edgar love," tapping lightly at the dressing-room door, "just come and see how well Gyneth looks with her hair this way."

The Colonel soon appeared in answer to this summons, and walked round Gyneth to judge of the effect, but the survey only elicited a grave "very nice, my dear, very nice indeed, but that is not your evening dress, is it?"

Mrs. Deshon clapped her little hands and laughed. "I do believe if Gyneth were to say yes, you would believe it, Edgar. I have thoughts of appearing in that mythical attire known as 'a sack tied round in the middle, and a pitcher on one's head,' to see if you will notice the difference between that and my ordinary costume."

"I know you always look like a lady, my dear," said the Colonel deprecatingly, and so saying, he vanished into the dressing-room again.

But when some time after Gyneth entered the drawing-room, her father put down his book to look at her, and gratified both wife and daughter by observing, "I am no judge of details, my little girl, but I know, you look exactly as I best like to see you."

The guests that evening were a Mr. Hetherington and his wife, who lived at a pretty little country house some miles from Harbourmouth; Captain and Mrs. Ross; a Major Morrison of Colonel Deshon's regiment; the garrison chaplain; and—as Gyneth remarked to Lambert, 'the inevitable Anthony.' There was some talk about the weather, (of course) and then about the extreme smallness of the garrison chapel, which was so insufficient in size for the congregation, that the chaplain was quite grateful to Colonel Deshon for having given up his claim to seats there for himself and family; but the chief topic of conversation was the intended presentation of some new colours to the regiment, by Anthony's mother, the Countess of Eynesford.

Mrs. Hetherington thought it would be a very pretty sight, and begged to know when the day was fixed for it, Colonel Deshon hoped that she would come to the breakfast which his regiment intended to give on that occasion, and Mrs. Deshon confided to Mrs. Ross her intention of having a dance, "a little ball" in fact, that same evening.

Gyneth felt somewhat fluttered at the thought of these gaieties, but Photinée was delighted, and when the ladies retired to the drawing-room after dinner, whirled little Katie round in an extempore valse, declaring it was necessary to begin practising her steps forthwith.

"Only, dear Mrs. Deshon," she said, pausing before her hostess in an intreating attitude, "do have plenty of civilians, one gets so tired of officers; will you not ask that cousin, that clever cousin that Gyneth used to write about? I have a great curiosity to see him, he is witty, spirituel, is he not?"

"Yes, he is very amusing, but I should not have thought of asking him to come all the way from London just for our little party; however, for your especial benefit, Photinée, I will make the attempt, and I daresay Gyneth will not object, will you, my love?"

"I shall be very glad to see him, mamma," said Gyneth, blidly. Why her cheeks were in such a flame, she did not tell.

And then, you know, we must have some very pretty, ming young ladies," said Photinée coaxingly, "I have d so much of the young English ladies, are there y of them as pretty as my sweet Jeannie?"

Not to my taste," said Mrs. Deshon, "but you must expect a mother to be impartial. That little friend ours, Gyneth, Miss Burnaby, I mean, is a very pleasant little thing, do you think she would come and stay w days with us, so as to be present at our little ce?"

Oh yes, I think she would, if Mr. Burnaby is pretty just then, and it would be so delightful to have her, k you for thinking of it, dear mamma."

I'm afraid I cannot lay claim to much benevolence, dear, for I made the proposal from rather a selfish ive, but I shall be very glad if it gives you pleasure. I will talk of it another time." For Mrs. Deshon saw t Mrs. Hetherington, who was doing the amiable to children, had rather come to the end of her little in-rogations, beginning with "How old are you, my pet?" l ending with "Which do you like best, little dogs, or le pussy-cats?" and released her from the necessity of itinuing in this strain any longer, by proposing to her take a turn on the lawn.

When, on returning to the subject the next day, Mrs. shon found that Gyneth really was very much gratified the prospect of Rose's visit, she suggested that they ght as well ask her for a fortnight, instead of the cou-mplicated few days, so Gyneth wrote to ask her to come them the following week.

Lawrence hailed the prospect of having a pretty, lively rl to stay in the house, for he was a person who liked instant variety. He was not content like Lambert with e society of his parents and sister, and was disposed to e rather extravagant in the way of amusement. He ned hard to persuade his father to buy a third riding-orse, and seemed at one time so likely to prevail, that yneth asked Lambert if he could not remind him pri-

vately, that it was not right to encroach on his father's kindness, by asking for more indulgences than Colonel Deshon could properly afford.

"Papa is the best judge of whether he can afford it or not," said Lambert.

"Yes, but, Lambert, you know how unwilling papa and mamma are to refuse us anything," continued Gyneth, "and how they will sacrifice their own wishes for our pleasure or benefit; you have made Edgar see all this, could you not hint it to Lawrie? I think it would come better from you, who are several years older, than it would from me, and I'm sure you have the best right to speak, for you never ask for anything, and are only too self-denying."

Lambert seemed pained rather than pleased at the compliment, and answered, "I do not feel that I have a right, and it might seem like interfering, Lawrence would perhaps be offended."

"He ought not to be; and besides, it is surely cowardly to shrink from saying what might do good from fear of giving offence."

His cheeks flushed so at the word "cowardly," that she was sorry she had used it, and his reply came slowly, "Perhaps it is cowardice which makes me hate interfering, I will think over what you have said."

"I might as well have found fault with Lawrence at once, as implied blame to you, Lambert," said Gyneth, perceiving her own inconsistency, "please don't think any more about it."

But still she was rather vexed at what she considered his unreasonable timidity, it would have been all very well in a child or a girl, but a timid man! the idea was dreadful. She had a truly feminine admiration for strength, valour, and even a certain amount of confidence; the ideal heroes of her girlish stories had always been brave, and daring, and outspoken; and though, of course, she thought pride wicked, she cherished a secret, unconscious respect for proud and determined characters. She esteemed meekness and lowliness as Christian graces, and if she had been asked would certainly have said, that as such both men and women should strive to attain them,

history and in fiction, as well as in real life, once, acknowledged or unacknowledged, was ever lofty, powerful, ambitious people, so only that nation was grand enough, and that they were ever ideal of womanhood was gentle, and meek, as heart could desire, so, fortunately she did shun pride or ambition in herself, but she thought not to indulge her passionate sympathy with the conquering spirit of vigorous manhood, even as in the heathen exploits of the Siegfrieds, and of the Nibelungen Lied. It is so very easy natural for a maiden to admire the strong and valiant, that she may find it difficult to reverence could the meek who yet shall "inherit the earth," in this our day when strong-willed, strong-voiced with plenty of self-confidence and abundant 'muscle' abound in novels and in poetry, and are to universal applause. And strength and courage, are all beautiful and noble, only it will make idols of them, and think scorn of those self-distrusting spirits, who seek neither power nor fame, but pursue their unobtrusive round of duty and almost secretly, and who yet all the while exercising a life-long heroism, and winning great palm of victory, which is reserved for the lowly in heart, for children and childlike souls. She sometimes admired Lambert very much, and with pleasure that he had acquired that perfect courage, in which as a child he had been deficient there was something positively painful to her situation of manner, his trick of blushing, and the demonstrative way in which he sat by, when he was done or said of which she knew he must dis-
Even his unselfishness occasionally provoked she was dismayed when she found that the remark about Lawrence's wish for another as his giving up to his brother his share in the horse which, though occasionally ridden by her, was generally considered his. He did not in any formal way, but just left Lawrence to suppose that he did not care about riding, and excused him-

self to his father by saying he had planned to accompany the ladies in their drive, or to take Edgar a walk. He missed the constant rides with his father, which had been one of his chief home-pleasures, very much, but told himself that it did not matter, and that his regret was mere selfishness; in his humility it never occurred to him that he had sacrificed Colonel Deshon's pleasure as well as his own. For Edgar had spoken truly when he said that "papa loved Bertie better than any of them," he honoured his son inexpressibly for his pure and steadfast perseverance in right, his firmness in overcoming his physical fears, and had the utmost trust in the soundness of his judgment, and the value of his diffidently-expressed opinions. Gyneth he scarcely knew, and he was sometimes doubtful and anxious about his other children, but of Bertie he felt *sure*; and there is nothing pleasanter than that sense of repose which is felt in the company of one of whose goodness, and candour, and guileless sincerity, one can feel perfectly secure. So the poor colonel was not very well satisfied with his exchange of companions, though he owned it gave him a good opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Lawrence, and sometimes really got interested in their discussions on French history, and the merits of the rival poets of Germany, Goethe and Schiller.

Rose's arrival gave a pleasant little diversion to the thoughts of all; Colonel Deshon was pleased with her bright good sense, and winning manner, his wife liked the gaiety of spirit which harmonized so well with her own, Lambert admired her kindly disposition, and freedom from affectation, and Lawrence was charmed to discover that she had been more than once abroad, and could talk with him of Paris, and Bonn, Rhine scenery, German characteristics, and French cookery. Gyneth was very happy in her friend's society, and even the blunt Fanny became sociable with her directly, while Edgar claimed her as an old acquaintance, and the little one lavished on "Wosie," the kisses and coquettish graces which she had hitherto thought proper to reserve exclusively for Anthony.

Rose had an infinite store of riddles and puzzles for

the children's amusement, and even beguiled Colonel Deshon into a series of fruitless guesses as to how the sentence, "There was an old woman and she was as deaf as a post," could be made into two lines which should rhyme, without altering the position of any of the words. He fairly gave it up, but on a hint from Rose that a little liberty might be taken with the concluding word, Mrs. Deshon who was very quick of apprehension, produced the following lines,

"There was an old woman, and she
Was as deaf as a p, o, s, t,"

which was universally pronounced to be the right solution.

Lawrence next propounded the well-known puzzle of how many cats did a room contain, which had in it,

"Un chat en chaque coin,
Trois chats vis à vis de chaque chat,
Un chat sur la queue de chaque chat."

And Colonel Deshon, who had either never heard it before, or had forgotten it, innocently supposed it to be a useful exercise of mental arithmetic, and instructed Edgar to solve it thus: "One cat in each corner, that's four; three cats opposite to each cat, that's twelve: twelve and four make sixteen, and a cat on each cat's tail makes sixteen more, which added together produces thirty-two."

But this triumphant conclusion was hailed with a peal of laughter from all but Lambert and the mystified Edgar, who concluded that either papa or he must have made a mistake in their arithmetic, and was much relieved when Gyneth explained: "Don't you see, Eddie, there were only four cats after all? for each cat, as it sat in its corner, had the three others opposite to it, and each likewise, we are intended to suppose, had its own tail coiled up under it."

What Gyneth liked better, however, than this holiday nonsense were the long, intimate talks which Rose and she had together whenever—which was not very often—they found themselves *tête-à-tête*. Rosie entered so warmly into all her hopes, and plans, and longings, was

so truly and innocently grieved to hear of the wickedness and misery of the town, so full of sympathy with her disappointment at not being able to give some little help to those who needed it so much.

"I declare," Gyneth one day said, "I feel tempted sometimes to offer to help Mrs. Parry in her schemes, only I'm afraid mamma would not like it, and Bertie"—

"Would put on that little scandalised look which so amuses me," laughed Rose; "these Parrys are a sort of charitable Guerillas, are they not? who prefer fighting against ignorance and vice in their own independent fashion, instead of enrolling themselves in the regular army, with the rector for their head. Don't be a Guerilla, Gyneth. Papa says we ought not to be self-willed in our charity any more than in anything else, and there must be a danger of becoming so when one ignores the proper authorities."

"But suppose the proper authorities won't have anything to say to you, won't take you into their army, even as a recruit, what is one to do then?"

"Not turn Guerilla! no, by no means; but do the little scraps of duties that fall in one's way, and be such a good, patient, proper, orderly little darling, that at last the general of the regular army will begin to say to himself, 'Ah, this little person has more in her than I thought; she hasn't joined the Guerillas, she knows how to be patient, and keep in her proper place, I will enlist her as a recruit forthwith!'"

"Then I must live on hopes," said Gyneth, laughing, "and of course I am very young yet, and so can have no excuse for impatience; it is not as if I had been waiting a long, long time for an opportunity which never came. Besides, Rosie, if no work comes to one to do, it must be, I suppose, because one is not good enough to be fit to do it."

"That is a wholesome way of viewing the matter," answered the little Rose, with a half-arch, half-pensive air, "but now, Gyneth, tell me what is it that you would like to do if you were allowed and encouraged?"

Gyneth hesitated and picked a flower to pieces, as though embarrassed how to reply. "I don't know,

Rosie, I don't indeed ; but if the general took me as a recruit, of course he would tell me what to do. I thought perhaps I might have taught in the Sunday-school, but Lambert said something to Mr. Weatherhead about it, and he said that he had sufficient teachers for the girls at present, but that one of the boys' classes was to lose its present teacher soon if I were inclined to take that."

"Then you have that to look forward to?"

"No ; for papa and mamma do not wish me to undertake a boys' class, they say the Harbourmouth boys are so rude."

Rose thought to herself that Gyneth, with her gentleness, her earnest, reverent manner, and patient temper, might very likely have acquired a stronger influence over the rude Harbourmouth boys than would be gained by a rougher teacher, but she did not like to seem to question Colonel Deshon's judgment, and only said, "It is a good thing that the girls' school is so well provided with teachers, it shows that there must be a good many people here who take an interest in it."

"Oh, yes!" said Gyneth readily ; "and if the work is done, it would be silly and egotistical to grieve because I have not the doing of it. Only in such a place as this it seems as if there must be work for every one, even for me, if it could be apportioned properly."

"Is there any garrison Sunday-school ? I suppose the chaplain would be a proper authority to work under."

"No, the soldiers' children go to Mr. Weatherhead's and Mr. Gordon's Sunday-schools ; there is a week-day regimental school which I have visited with mamma once or twice. We went once to hear the chaplain catechise the children, which he does every Wednesday, and once we went to help the mistress to cut out some work for them."

"And you will often go again, I daresay ? Well, that is something ; and then you know some of the soldiers' wives, don't you ? Is not it for one of them that you are working now ?"

"Yes ; at least I am making some little Sunday cloaks for her children. Poor little things ! they have been kept from church and school because they have had no clothes fit to go in ; there are five of them, and the father

is only a private, so you may imagine how poor they are."

"What a number of little ragged children there are in those small streets near the railway station!"

"Ah, yes, but those are not soldiers' children, not anything half so respectable, and it is just such wretched little things as those that I most want to help. Miss Weatherhead told me that she had thought of getting up a working society to make clothes for the poor, something similar to Mrs. Gordon's, only rather differently regulated, but that she couldn't get enough ladies to join it."

"But are there no tradespeople's daughters who would be glad to help? Surely there are numbers of shops in the town?"

"Yes, of course; and Augusta Weatherhead said that her father did propose to ask some of the shopkeepers' daughters to join the society, but that she had persuaded him not to do so, for she didn't wish to be brought into contact with those sort of people."

"Little goose!" exclaimed Rose energetically; "why it is precisely 'those sort of people' whom one longs to unite with oneself in any little scheme for doing good. And the contact need not have been very much, for I suppose the workers were to do their share of work at their own houses, were they not?"

"Yes, I believe so, and I almost wonder Mr. Weatherhead allowed himself to be over-persuaded; but he thinks so much of Augusta's judgment, and I don't suppose he quite understood her real reason for objecting."

"I should think not, for he would surely have despised such a silly reason as that. What did you say to her about it?"

"Not anything at first; but I suppose she saw I looked a little blank, for she added that her aunt Clarissa had warned her not to have anything to do with shopkeepers' daughters, as they were sure to be familiar and presuming, and attempt to patronise her on account of her youth. So then I said I thought many of them must surely have too much right feeling to do that; but she seemed incredulous, and I didn't like to say any more."

"Did you tell your brother Lambert all this?"

"Yes; but he only said, 'Poor little girl! How Lewis would laugh at such fine-ladyism, wouldn't he? It is just what he most despises.'"

"Yes, indeed. I was going to say Miss Weatherhead was not worthy to be a clergyman's daughter if she had such absurd notions; but perhaps we ought to imitate your brother's charity, and only say, 'Poor little girl!'"

"But sometimes one enjoys hearing a little bit of hearty indignation."

"Such as Mr. Grantham prefaces with, 'Now I am going to be particularly uncharitable,' yes, it is great fun, especially as he is really in a perfectly good humour all the time. But I think I like his bits of hearty admiration best, particularly"—and there she stopped.

Gyneth looked at her, and, much to her surprise, the Rose grew rosier beneath her gaze. She soon recovered herself and went on talking; but the subject of Mr. Grantham's peculiarities was not renewed.

CHAPTER XII.

" 'Tis summer, joyous summer-time!
In noisy towns no more abide;
The earth is full of radiant things,
Of gleaming flowers and glancing wings.
Beauty and joy on every side.
When noon is in the flaming sky,
Seek we some shadowy, silent wood,
Recline upon a mossy knoll;
Cast care aside, and yield the soul
To that luxurious quietude."

MARY HOWITT.

THE 2nd of August was Gyneth's birthday, and Mrs. Deshon was determined that it should be quite a gala day, though as Colonel Deshon had accepted for her and himself an invitation to dine with the Governor of Harbourmouth that very evening, she could not take part in the home festivities. Several plans of amusement were proposed, but at last it was agreed that Gyneth, Rose, Lambert, Lawrence, Fanny, and Edgar, should go in a boat across

the harbour to a little village, in the church of which were several very curious old dresses, of which the three former wished to take impressions; that they should have a picnic dinner and tea in a wood adjoining the village; and should row back again in the cool of the evening, arriving at home in time for supper.

The morning rose gloriously fine, and the waves danced in golden sheets around the boat that conveyed the merry party to their destination. A fresh breeze from seaward, leaving a transient bloom on Gyneth's cheek, and making her look for the time being as bright and beautiful a young damsel as any one could wish to see. She sat leaning over the side of the boat, one little hand dipping in the water, for the childish pleasure of feeling the waves rush against it, while the other was taken possession of by Edgar, who was seated between her and Lambert. On one of her fingers was a ring, a birthday gift from her father and mother, and by no means the only present which she had received that morning,—for the arrival of a beautifully illustrated edition of Tennyson's poems had testified to Mr. Grantlam's remembrance of his little cousin's tastes, and from the grandmamma had come not one but many gifts: books, and things of various sorts, chosen with loving care, as likely to be useful to her child. The letters which had accompanied these were safe in Gyneth's pocket at that moment, too pleasant to be parted with, though Lewis's was only a hurried scrawl which ran thus:—

“DEAR GYNETH,—I really have not time to write a respectable letter, but lest my little philosopher should imagine that I have forgotten her birthday I must dash off a few lines. I do not know whether Granny gives reliable reports of herself, but at any rate you will be glad to hear that I thought her looking well when I was with her last Sunday. Since you left her, however, she has taken up an affectation of age which is painful to my feelings, and has invested in a pair of spectacles, which she by no means requires, and a bonnet of inconceivable magnitude which she informs me is ‘the proper thing for

an old woman!" I object strongly, but my influence is nothing when it has not yours to support it. When are you coming back to us? Tell Edgar my friend's Crystal Palace excursion came off with great success, some weeks ago, and the school-children were as fascinated with the various monsters there as he could have been. I hear you have transplanted the Rose to Harbourmouth for a little while; remember me to her, and give my love to all the family. I need not tell you that I shared your disappointment about Lawrence, we will hope for better success next time.

"If Lambert does not write to me soon, I shall denounce him as an idle boy. How do you mean to spend your birthday, I wonder? you will be very happy, I hope, and believe, and perhaps may feel less like the lugubrious Lord Ronald at eighteen than you did at seventeen. Child, how young you are still!

"Your affectionate cousin,

"LEWIS F. GRANTHAM."

"Do you think," said Gyneth, looking up with a radiant smile, "that papa would spare me to go home with Rose, and spend a few days with grandmamma, Bertie?"

"Already!" said Lambert, smiling too, though in a different way.

"No, no, Gyneth," said Lawrence, "assuredly no. What is to become of me if you and Miss Burnaby both desert me at the same time? I shall expire of ennui."

"Not at all," laughed Rose; "you will then bestow all your energies on mathematics, recreating yourself occasionally by sitting down quietly to meditate, and 'evolve' something or other from the depths of your moral consciousness, after the fashion of the German described in Friends in Council."

"No, that will not be possible to me. I shall be sighing and singing, 'O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück,' with variations, deprived even of the consolation of my meerschäum, which the Herr Papa has so unmercifully proscribed."

"Poor fellow," said Gyneth, patting his head caressingly

as he leant towards her with a would-be piteous air, "you must forget all your troubles actual and possible for to-day ; and see, there is the church spire peeping through the trees, so we shall soon be at our destination."

They had but a little way to walk after they had landed, before they reached the church, but the sexton, who had possession of the key, lived further on, and Lambert volunteered to go and fetch it, while the rest of the party seated themselves on some felled trees, which were lying near the churchyard gate.

But ere he had gone a few steps Gyneth sprang after him.

"Bertie, let me go with you, Do you like this? Are you glad we came?" And she looked up at the grey, ivy-mantled church, and the green trees that bordered their path, as if she found it a pleasant change from the bare Harbourmouth common, with its modern-looking buildings."

"Yes, I like it very much ; I am only afraid that Miss Burnaby, and Lawrence, and Fanny, will find it dull."

"Rose won't, I'm sure ; she likes quiet pleasures much better than you imagine. If Fanny and Lawrie are bored I can't help it. I wanted to do something that you would like, Bertie."

"Thank you," he said warmly.

They walked on a little way without speaking, then Gyneth said, "I want to consult you ; among her other gifts dear grandmamma has sent me five pounds to do as I like with ; what would you advise me to do with it?"

"In what way?"

"Oh ! don't you know. I thought you would have guessed ; I mean what good can I do with it?"

He hesitated so before replying, that in a spirit of mischief she suggested, "Suppose I give it to Mrs. Parry to buy clothes for the Cannibal Islanders."

He looked at her wonderingly, and she hastened to add, "No, that is only nonsense, of course. I do really want your advice, Bertie."

"Mr. Weatherhead is going to establish a night-school, and he wants money very much for that, I know. He talks of commencing it on the first of October, if he

et funds sufficient,—perhaps you would like to bute something towards it? If not, and nothing comes before you, there is always the offertory, that seems one of the best ways of giving, because it

is not intrusive," finished Gyneth. "Yes, I have felt but I think I should like to give something to the night-school. Thank you for telling me of

it, I had meant to tell you in any case, I thought you would be pleased to hear of it."

Yes, indeed, it is quite birthday news. What a pity you are going back to Cambridge, Lambert, you might become a teacher."

Perhaps they will do very well without me; and besides I am not sure that papa and mamma would have liked it. They like us to be all together in the even-

ing! but I am sure they would have consented if they found you really wished it: I wish I were a boy, they would let me do something."

Lambert did not answer she looked up at him, and asked, "Bertie, I see you think me one of the 'Mrs. Wiggle' class, more anxious to put myself forward, than that good should be done. I am so stupid, I always teeter between feverish energy and languid do-nothing—and now I begin to feel the do-nothing fit coming and so am clinging more desperately to the remains of my energy."

Can't you strike the golden mean?" said Lambert, smiling.

She shook her head. "I wish I could, but it is hard to determine what the golden mean is. Mamma thinks I am so languid even now. I can't be eager and interested in flounces and things of that sort!"

Is it necessary that you should be?"

That is what I want to know; mamma has been buying a dress for me to wear at our party, it is to be awfully charming, and I am to be excessively delighted with it, of course, but I know I shan't be."

Do you think it too gay?"

"Yes, for me; I shall look like the jay in peacock's plumes; and—Lewis will be sure to laugh at me!"

"Why should you think so? I dare say he will never notice it at all," suggested Lambert, consolingly; but it must be confessed that Gyneth was not so comforted by this idea as she ought to have been.

"Lewis is a person who *does* notice ladies' dress," she said, in a constrained tone. "Is this the sexton's cottage we are coming to? What a picturesque little well that is at the side."

The sexton, a small, sharp old man, a cobbler by profession, accompanied them back to the church, descanting on the beauty and antiquity of the brasses which they wished to see. "And what I tell my wife," he garrulously continued, "is, that if the custom had been kept up of having these brasses for monuments, people's dress would have continued more sensible-like than it is at present. For see what a silly figure a lady, now-a-days, would cut, with her flounces and her cram-boline,—asking your pardon, miss,—depicted on her tombstone!"

"What a pity mamma isn't here," whispered Gyneth, much amused. "Think of my finding an advocate for my views on dress, just at this moment; he must have divined our previous conversation."

But when they arrived at the church, and she was called upon to admire a brass which represented a lady with an immense half-moon-shaped excrescence, fastened on each side of her head, and under which all vestige of hair was carefully stowed away, she felt a little disposed to doubt the justice of the old sexton's commendations of the sensible-like costume of mediæval times.

Lawrence seemed rather inclined to make merry with these and other peculiarities of the quaintly-coiffured dame, with her seven equally quaint daughters, whose hands for ever clasped, as if in ceaseless prayer, awakened widely different thoughts in the reverent mind of little Edgar.

"Is that to show how good they were?" he said, pointing them out to his eldest brother, who had already begun to take the impression of another brass, represent-

ing a steel-clad warrior. "Lawrie shouldn't laugh at them, should he?"

"No!" and Lambert's blue eyes were lifted with a look of surprise, too gentle for reproach, to Lawrence's mocking face. "Stay by me, Eddie, and I will show you how to rub part of this knight's armour. I can't trust you to do the head, since this is your first attempt."

Gyneth and Rose soon covered the lady and her seven daughters with paper, and Lawrence retreated into the churchyard and lay down on the grass, requesting them to call him when they got as far as the half-moons, as he wished to see that they "took that highly important part of the impression properly." He professed to be going to sleep, but looked so ennuyé, that Gyneth presently went out to him, and coaxed him into commencing a sketch of the exterior of the church, which he admitted to be "passablement jolie." Fanny sat down near him, to study a ponderous "History of Architecture," which she had insisted on bringing with her, and in which she soon became so much engrossed, that the conversation which Lawrence at first tried to keep up with her, deteriorated into a sort of "cross questions and crooked answers."

Those within the church were almost absolutely silent, and extremely diligent; but after a while Gyneth's hand became so tired that she proposed to rest for a time, and after going round the church together, examining whatever seemed worthy of remark, the two girls wandered out into the churchyard, and sat down on a stile a little way off from Lawrence and Fanny. On the other side of the stile was a field, where some sheep were grazing, and the tinkling of the sheep-bell pleasantly filled the pauses in the young girls' talk.

"I like those old brasses, don't you, Rosie?" said Gyneth, thoughtfully; "quaint as they are, there is something very solemn and touching in the speechless intercession of those clasped hands."

"Yes, and don't you remember how fond you were of that carved stone figure of a lady in the abbey church at Malvern? What a pleasant time that was that you

spent with us there! I should like to go there again; shouldn't you?"

"Very much; I have got the sketch you made for me of that kneeling lady still; stiff and ungraceful as her dress, especially the ruff, makes her look, I have a great affection for her."

"I know you have, and you wrote a story about her, or at least a story suggested by her monument; and you promised to show it to me, and never did, you naughty thing!"

"Ah, I have got it somewhere, but I don't know whether I can find it for you; it is about a lady in olden times, who had one son, a very bad, worldly sort of man, whom yet she loved very much, and she did all in her power to win him over to be good, and prayed for him night and day, but at last when he was absent she fell ill and died. And when she was dying she commanded her attendants to have a stone figure of her, kneeling, and with hands clasped, placed on her tomb, where her son might see it, if ever he came there. So this was done, and after a time her son came from France, where he had been spending his days among gay, irreligious companions, and he came down to the place where his mother had lived, to settle some money business. When this was done, he was going back to France again, but the evening before he started it occurred to him that he should like to see his mother's monument for once, so he got the key of the church and went in. It was a moonlight evening, but just as he entered the church a cloud obscured the moon, so that at first it was so dark he could scarcely see where the monument was; but suddenly the moon shone out again, a great flood of silver light came down the nave, and there was his mother, a white, still figure, 'luminous, ghost-like, death-like,' with bended knees, and hands clasped in prayer, interceding for him it seemed, as she had so often done in life. He had expected only to see a common slab with name and date, and the unlooked-for vision melted him into sudden grief and awe. For the first time for many years, he too knelt and prayed, and that prayer was the beginning of a new and better life."

"What a pity it is only a story," said Rose, "it sounds it might have been true. And so the sight of the lying stone lady at Malvern suggested all that to you. Do you never write anything now, Gyneth? I 't seen you write anything more than a letter since I been with you."

"O, grandmamma warned me against giving myself to story-writing, she said that in my home, among my brothers and sisters, I should find plenty to do, and that it not let myself be engrossed by fictitious interests. I ought to be alive to all that might be passing around me. So I have obeyed her and not written anything, but sometimes I feel a sort of hunger after my pursuits."

"I daresay, and I don't think Mrs. Deshon can have taught you to sacrifice your tastes so entirely. I should think it was moderation and not total abstinence that was meant to recommend. Have you ever shown your tales to your brother any of your stories?"

"Bertie! no indeed, he would think them too silly to worth the trouble of reading."

"I should make him read them," said Rose, with a little nod of her head; "if I were you I should wait till I had beguiled him into sharing my pursuits with me, and letting me share his, he is too lonely and too reserved, Mr. Grantham said so the other day, saying that he hoped you would draw him out."

"I am not sure that even Lewis himself could do that, but very much to see them together, Lewis is so extremely fond of Bertie."

"Yes, you would have liked to have heard Mr. Grantham and Mr. Willis talking of him one evening at our house."

"Ah, that reminds me," said Gyneth, "how is Mr. Willis? does he still remind you of Chaucer's prioress?" Rose laughed, "I was very naughty that day, wasn't I, Gyneth? The poor man had a cold just then, I believe, it was not fair to judge so hastily, Mr. Grantham liked his voice and manner in church very much."

"There was nothing in the words, but Rose's deepening frown and hurried manner again struck Gyneth with surprise."

"Shall we go back to our work again, Rosie?" she said, and they left the stile and re-entered the church. At about three o'clock Lawrence came to the door, and called Gyneth out, showed his finished sketch, and declared himself to be famishing.

"Poor boy!" she exclaimed, "is it really so late? There is a most charming wood behind the sexton's cottage; we had better adjourn there at once, and prepare our meal. I am afraid poor Eddie must be very hungry."

"Not he; his dear old coddle of a tutor in there took care he should not be, he brought a small multitude of biscuits in his pocket for him, and sent him out here to eat them, while you were sitting on the stile."

"Bertie thinks of everything!" exclaimed Gyneth, admiringly, "and I, unnatural sister that I am, was for letting you all starve! Let us make haste with our preparations now. Where are the baskets?"

"Under that tree there, and I hope, Gyneth, that they contain something really *appétissant*; as for Fanny, she is going to make her dinner off string-course mouldings, and dog-tooth ornaments, for that great architectural book was all she chose to carry."

"She counts on sharing with me," said Gyneth, taking up a basket of very promising size and weight; and summoning Rose and her brothers to join her, she set off for the wood.

Rose entered warmly into the fun of laying out the sylvan repast, and flitted about like a veritable woodsprite, ably assisted by all but Lawrence, who declined to bestir himself till the viands had been unpacked, when with the laughing quotation, "'So when everything was ready, down came the Trolls, some had long noses, and some had short, and some had no noses at all, and they ate, and they drank, and they tasted everything,'" he took his seat beside the mossy table, and proceeded to help himself and everybody else to the good things which Mrs. Deshon's care had provided for them.

Gyneth jestingly regretted that she had no "sauer kraut" to offer him, and a little good-natured teasing followed on his avowal that he had made his mother promise to provide an "omelette aux herbes fines" for

his supper, but he condescended to pronounce the picnic fare very good, and declared he should make a note of the wonderful fact that nothing had been forgotten, not even the salt !

Edgar was enraptured by the sight of a little shy squirrel, who peeped at them for some time through the branches of an overhanging tree, and then, alarmed at being noticed, darted off oh, so swiftly, so friskily, and ensconced himself in the furthest recesses of the wood ; and Gyneth found an inexpressible pleasure in watching the sunlight flicker through the green leaves overhead, and in listening to the soft low rustle of the summer breeze, as it stirred the heavy foliage of the elms, and wooed into tremulous motion the delicate fronds of the ferns.

Rose insisted on decorating her friend's hat with fern-leaves and different kinds of feathery grasses, and the girls and Lawrence spent the rest of the afternoon in rambling through the wood, while Lambert and Edgar went back to the brasses.

A sort of primitive tea was supplied by the sexton's wife at about seven o'clock, and after this the little party set off on their journey home.

It was moonlight, not sunlight, which glistened on the waters now, and the waves were silvery, and the shores looked dim and distant, and the bright, still heavens seemed near. Gyneth had Rose next to her now, and sure of her sympathy, ventured to quote those beautiful lines from the "Baptistery,"

" The heavens do in thy bosom sleep,
In their immensity,
With hosts that range th' ethereal deep,
Dark bosom'd, glorious sea !
And there the moon in deeps of light
Doth make herself a glorious place,
While, through the mantle of the night,
Glass'd in thy watery world the heavens behold their face."

She said no more aloud, but thought over in her mind the whole noble poem, echoing with full heart the last verse,

" Types of Baptismal blessings ever winding,
Ye my sad weary ways at every turn are finding,

With sounds as of celestial dew,
 On streams that come to view,
 Bear me, great flowing fountains, bear me still
 Upon your heaving breast ;
 Bear me yet onward to th' eternal hill,
 Where I at length may rest !"

The craving for rest, the weariness of life and life's work, of which she had spoken to Lewis, still at times possessed her, though at other times a fresh, healthful fount of hope and gladness welled up within her. She combated these fits of faintheartedness manfully, praying for strength and patience, owning herself not as yet meet for that rest which it needs the wings of a dove to attain to. "By two wings," says the author of the "Imitation," "a man is lifted up from things earthly ; namely, by simplicity and purity : " and when those wings are ours we may "flee away," but not before.

THE TE DEUM.

"We praise Thee, O God. . . ."

WE praise Thee, LORD, we with our feeble voices,
 And Nature, with her grand majestic tones ;
 The green-hued earth beneath Thy smile rejoices,
 The mighty sea, the lowliest flowers, the stones.

Praise ! It is echoed from our hearts' full gladness,
 In the first freshness of our childhood's days ;
 From the relieving drop when years bring sadness—
 Does not Repentance own her cross, and praise ?

Is there dissension in the world around us ?
 A war of hearts, a strife for *self* and *will*,
 Man forming plots that frighten and astound us ?
 Oh, Thou ! man's Maker, canst say, "Peace, be still."

Is there on earth the wail of want and sorrow ;
 By lowly hearths cold Famine's spectre head ?
 Then bid man look to Thee, and seek to borrow,
 The prayer of humble faith—for daily bread.

Yea, day by day Thou givest what is needing,
 Grace for the soul, and food to nourish life ;
 Mercies unnumbered, unperceived, proceeding
 From Thee, the Giver—mercies great and rife.

And when our hearts look proudly to their treasures,
 When we gaze fondly in our children's eyes ;
 Shall we not sound our praise to Thee, Who measures
 Our meed of bliss—the Great,—the only Wise !

Praise to Thee, FATHER ! praise for e'er resounding,
 Honour and glory through unnumbered days ;
 Praise from the fourscore years of earth life bounding,
 And from the portals of our death-beds—PRAISE.

GENIUS AND FAME.

One said, " W I had genius and fame, I should be happy."

STAY, dost thou know
 What thou desirest so ?
 Genius and Fame—an heritage of grief—
 Successes small and brief—
 A life of wo !

Man may not lift,
 Or even try to sift
 His burden, when the Master lays it down :—
 A child is bound to own
 Its FATHER'S gift.

Yet thankful be,
 If it is spared to thee
 To bear the burden of the gift of song ;
 For thoughts that throb and throng
 Breathe misery.

Wander through life—
 Mild blessings rich and rife
 Dwelling alone upon the present care :
 There is more need for prayer
 Than mental strife.

And what is given,
 Or from thy longings riven,
 Take as of God Who rules us for the best,
 In all things for the rest
 Look up to Heaven.

F. C. R.

MISSIONARY BISHOPS.

(From the Colonial Church Chronicle, June, 1860.)

"A few days more, and one whole year will have gone by since the Bishop of Capetown's proposal for the foundation of Missionary Bishoprics was formally submitted to the Church; to the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury through the Bishop of Oxford, and to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel by the Bishop of Capetown himself, in the shape of a definite scheme for the maintenance of a bishop over that portion of the original diocese of Capetown known to us some time since as the Sovereignty, and now as the Free State. A committee of the Lower House was at once nominated to report upon the subject, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel very properly determined to reserve its decision until that report should have been issued. The report was duly presented last February; but it was not discussed. Finally, on the last evening of the winter session, the Upper House would appear to have taken up the whole question *de novo*, and after a valuable debate upon its general bearings, referred it to a committee of the Bishops, whose report, we presume, conjointly with the report put forth in February last, will be the subject of renewed discussion in a day or two. So much for the progress of this grave question down to the present date.

"Now it is just conceivable that some may be tempted to regard this long delay in the light of a warning to the Colonial Churches to trouble their spiritual mother henceforth with as few knotty questions as possible. For ourselves, we find no fault. The proposal was new, and wanted sifting. If good men thought they saw objections, it was on all accounts better that they should have plenty of time to urge them, and to weigh the answers to them. Assuming the scheme in outline to have been never so unexceptionable, it was yet most important that nothing appertaining to it should even have the appearance of being done in a hurry. But, in particular, the whole idea needed to acquire more distinctness before the fathers of the Church at home could reasonably be expected to aid in giving it its first practical direction. And sincerely believing that the emphatic words of the Bishop of London, used by him in the course of the last debate—'My only desire is that the matter should be settled in the best possible way,'—may be confidently accepted as expressing the heartfelt wishes of every member of the Episcopal Committee, we hope it will not read like a disparagement of the labours of the earlier committee if we here record our thanks to the Bishop of Oxford for his motion for the recommitment of the question; the practical effect of which has been to fasten on the House of Bishops their appropriate responsibility in determining a matter in which the Episcopal order has so peculiar an interest. We have no charge then to bring against the past. On the contrary, it is obvious that the debate will now be resumed with great advantage, and we have a good hope that the year's delay will be abundantly justified by the result.

"We may not, however, conceal from ourselves that the approach-

sion will probably need, as much as it will deserve, all the
 cess and judgment which the best friends of the proposed
 y Bishopricks in both Houses may have it in them to exert.
 we anticipate any serious difference of opinion on the main
 at stake ; so far, we trust, the cause may be considered to
 won, even if it was doubtful before, from the moment when
 able Primate announced his deliberate adhesion to it. But
 tiest opinion in favour of what any man esteems to be the
 not bring him any very deep satisfaction, except just so far
 as himself free to regard that opinion in the light of homage
 to the truth itself. Novel as may be the recent proposal,
 its relation to our modern ecclesiastical usages and tra-
 nay, unrecognised as it in large measure must be by the
 dy of those ancient Canons, whose prime intention, it must
 ally remembered, was to regulate the inter-relations of the
 d of Faith, and which therefore assume for the most part as
 lone just that Apostolic work the best way of doing which
 now to be the great topic in dispute ; still there can be no
 that scheme, we are persuaded, other than is necessarily
 in the original design of the Episcopate. That which is as
 . Paul's days cannot be absolutely new. That which, having
 actised by S. Paul, has never been forbidden by the Church
 bishop since, cannot be uncanonical. But when to the argu-
 m the Divine institution and original purpose of Episcopacy,
 orical argument is added, the combination of the two appears
 ; for they exhibit a coincidence as complete as it is possible
 ive between any Divine principle whatsoever and the results
 ctual application to this disordered world. Only the suppo-
 hat Episcopacy was Divinely appointed to perpetuate what
 as began, can adequately explain the historical facts of Episcopal
 ment. And the uniform testimony of Ecclesiastical history
 it morally certain that the universal Church for many centuries
 etrated through and through by the most unwavering and posi-
 viction that as the Presbyters were designed, in regard to every
 rical function alike, to be strictly the deputies of the Bishops, so,
 ne time of the Apostles, Bishops were Divinely ordained to be
 mediate delegates of CHRIST ; the worthier, surely, to be styled
 legates, the more closely they follow in His footsteps who was
 ted to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-
 d, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight
 blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the
 ble year of the Lord.' If the tribes that people South-Cen-
 frica answer to the description of the ' poor,' and the ' captive,'
 be ' blind,' and the ' bruised,' and if the prophetic office of
 st has devolved since Apostolic times primarily and directly upon
 ps, it cannot be but that the whole design of such a Mission as
 e proposed for the Zambesi country is according to the will of
 ; nor is Convocation likely to deny it.
 but it does not follow because a given principle is radically sound,
 there is no call for circumspection in the use we make of it.

Here it is that the wisdom and far-sightedness of both Houses is likely to be the most heavily tasked. Those who have the subject most at heart, and have thought most about it, will be the last to complain of us for venturing to invite attention to what we hold to be the principal landmarks that should be kept in view in the discussion.

"In the first place, while it is, no doubt, the common wish of all concerned so to guide this new movement as by means of it to cement the union between the Home and the Colonial Churches more closely if possible than ever, it is manifestly a first condition of any such excellent result that the *confines*, so to say, of the respective positions of the mother and the daughter Churches should be clearly apprehended and acknowledged. For example, any decision that Convocation may arrive at is certain to be faulty, if it is based on the supposition that the Colonial Churches are under legal disabilities, which in point of fact have no existence. The very first step is to get all purely *imaginary* difficulties well out of the way. We believe that the Bishop of Capetown evinced not only good taste but sound judgment in taking counsel in this matter of the English Bishops. But that soundness of judgment is, to our mind, only made the more conspicuous by the obvious reflection that the subject upon which the counsel is sought is one with which it would be impossible, we think, to show that any Colonial metropolitan is not perfectly competent to deal, with no other advice than that of his provincial Synod. The Colonial metropolitans, to the best of our knowledge, are not under any oath of obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury restraining them from the exercise of all those metropolitical functions, whereof the power to consecrate other Bishops, under the conditions imposed by Canon law, is undeniably and inalienably one. And if the South African Church were to send out Missionary Bishops into the interior of Africa at the rate of one a month for the next five years, the imperial and colonial Governments would have no more right to meddle or complain, than to interfere with a corresponding multiplication of Wesleyan or Independent Missionaries. It is true that in all human probability an adverse decision of the English Bishops would have the practical effect for some short time of making a canonical consecration in South Africa impossible. It is even more to the point—none, we are persuaded, will more readily acknowledge this than will the Bishop of Capetown himself—that most of the Colonial Churches still stand related to the Church at home rather as daughters than as sisters, and that any immediate good that might otherwise ensue from the consecration of Missionary Bishops at the present moment in South Africa would be certainly counterbalanced by any unnecessary violation of that dutiful temper which is at once the strength and the ornament of the filial position. But the Home Church is not without her peculiar temptations on the maternal side; and at any rate she must address herself to the task of counselling and guiding her vigorous offshoots, as remembering that every successive year brings them nearer to maturity; that the drawbacks of their ecclesiastical *status* are compensated by the enjoyment of liberties unknown to herself; that those liberties are *facts*, which no suspicion or dislike of

the part of some Churchmen in England can change or affect in the slightest degree, and which all genuine Colonial Churchmen—g body!—hold very dear; and that, therefore, any advances coming from the ecclesiastical authorities in this country, and intended to draw the mother and the daughters closer to each other, must be dictated by the temper of genuine, motherly, large-sympathy, and not by the spirit of jealousy and repression; and cords will presently snap, and the rebound will be the worse.

And, we trust that due allowance will be made for the natural bias of the Bishop of Capetown's point of view, when he asks that Dr. Livingstone's appeal to the English Church should be entertained in thorough earnest, but that the mission should be conducted with a bishop at its head. We believe that the mention of the distance of this country from the proposed field of action suggests a tithe of the difficulties in the way of a sound and sound judgment from this side of the world concerning the work to be done, and the right way of doing it, in South-Central Africa. A more pregnant difference between the respective advantages of the *standing-points* is implied in the fact that the Home Bishops are busy with their own work, and that the African Bishops are busy with theirs. And one who has mastered his position—the Bishop of Capetown has mastered his, and who is urged by that sense of responsibility and that practical wisdom which is lent to the whole Church in the marvellous change which has passed over Southern Africa within the last twelve years,—one who has made this proof of his ministry, has earned a personal title to be listened to when he propounds his plans for the adjacent regions, and his friends at least may well urge in his behalf. To take a point,—the Bishop of Capetown's appeal for a Bishop for the Cape has been met by the statement that the population is not large enough to warrant the appointment of a Bishop to that country. The merit of this objection is best answered by a story, for the truth of which we believe we may vouch. Some years before the theory of a Colonial Episcopate was thoroughly established, it was proposed for the Cape of Good Hope what we heard pleaded not many years ago as a sufficient remedy for all the spiritual wants of S. Africa,—it was proposed to give Southern Africa an Archdeacon. A good and able man was soon found for the contemplated post. But it was suggested, on second thoughts, that before so grave a responsibility should be incurred, it ought first to be ascertained that was work in Southern Africa for an Archdeacon to do. Formalities were instituted, and the evidence was deemed unfavourable. The scheme, which now occupies three Bishops, and calls for more, was not to be for one Archdeacon! And accordingly, and perhaps provisionally, the Archidiaconal scheme fell to the ground. Now this story does not prove that the Archidiaconry of Southern Africa was not a man's hands might not have turned out merely an agreeable dream; or that even the Bishopric of Capetown, if it had been directly bestowed at first, might not have remained undivided to this

hour. But this one thing it does prove, that the Spirit and Providence of God working with a good Bishop on the spot will find cultivable soil, where more remote and irresponsible, though well-intentioned, observers have been able to see nothing but a hopeless desert, and will presently turn into a fruitful field—albeit not without its weeds and stubborn patches—what else might have remained a wilderness for centuries. Only let the right man be sent to the Free State, and we are quite content to take the Metropolitan's word for it that he will find plenty to do.

“ But the rock on which deliberative bodies, in applying themselves to practical questions like that now before the Church, are likeliest to make shipwreck of the best intentions and the finest opportunities is that tendency to excessive caution and over-minute providing which would reduce the executive as nearly as possible to an automaton, and in fact would almost anticipate Divine Providence itself. There is a certain order of sagacity which is great in the fertility with which it accumulates difficulties in the way of all decisive action. Not that the difficulties are of course, and all of them imaginary. Let it be taken for granted that there is not one of them but has a certain measure of likelihood and reality about it. But the error committed is that of eliminating from the calculation precisely that which perhaps cannot be calculated, but must not therefore be ignored, the power of God's blessing shielding and prospering a righteous cause, deliberately undertaken for His honour, and in submission to all that can be learned beforehand of His will, and persevered in with unfaltering steadiness, patient wisdom, uncomplaining self-denial, indomitable zeal. And this first error leads naturally to another,—the radical blunder of supposing that at any rate to be guilty of excess of caution is certainly to err on the safe side. In deprecating such a spirit of preparation for the experiment of Missionary Bishoprics, we are impelled by more than conjectural fears. Fault has been found with the Report of the Lower House as being too limited. What seems to have been expected by some was nothing less than a *conspectus* of all the various conditions, including financial details, under which the Committee should be prepared to recommend the creation of episcopal seats beyond the Queen's dominions as in every case absolutely safe. Of course it was competent to the Committee to attempt to produce a cut-and-dried directory of that description. We think they did much better to avoid beginning what they could never have finished. In our judgment, it is one of the principal merits of the Report that it is content to indicate certain broad principles and lines of action, leaving it to the proper authorities to narrow and apply them in each new instance, as occasion may require. And it is our earnest hope, that whatever decision Convocation may finally arrive at, and in whatever form that decision may be expressed, no narrower policy may prevail.

“ There are, however, at least two leading topics arising out of the main question, one of which is touched upon but very lightly in the Report of the Lower House, and the other only indirectly, which may be expected to occupy the chief attention of the Bishops; viz., the guarantees for the future orthodoxy and good discipline of the Missionary Churches beyond British territory, and the question of

implication of the new Missionary Sees. And, indeed, these appear to involve every point of any very serious moment possibly arise out of the subject. For if all Asia and Africa be portioned out into Missionary Sees to-morrow, so that every one should be fairly at work among a people more or less disposed to him, and so that all the Missionary Churches so founded, they were weak or strong, should be linked together in one brotherhood with the Church of this country, no member of our communion, we suppose, would lift up his voice for delay. But it is possible that any Bishop may prove disloyal to the Church of him forth; and it is felt that a Bishop far away in Heathen-land might be heretical at less cost to himself than in the colonies or at home, and would also have uncommon facilities for carrying his influence with him. And again, it would be a manifest evil that we should be so entirely liable to have Missionary Bishops returned upon our bosom as one may say, and that, too, dispirited by failure; and it is, therefore, highly desirable that the best security that can be given should be taken that the Home Church, in sanctioning this plan, is doing it under conditions the most likely, with God's blessing, to prevent it from discomfiture and ill-repute. And this all the more, as the proposal for Missionary Bishops has rivals, not to say enemies, who will watch it pass from words to works with jealous eyes, and if it exhibit in its working any weaknesses or flaws, will not, we are sure, be slow to 'cover' them. We have no ambition to intrench upon the office of the Bishops. But the following remarks irresistibly suggest themselves, even upon the most superficial survey of the case. The Committee of the Lower House is not far from the mark in demanding that 'the guarantees for the future orthodoxy and good discipline of Churches not yet existing must be found chiefly, under the blessing, in the prudence and enlightened wisdom of the Bishop and his assistants who form any particular mission.' But we think we have proved upon that statement. We would add plainly,—Better to have Missionary Bishops than not have sound and honest Churchmen who have so learned obedience to their spiritual mother, and are so full of all reserves, as to have no thought of evading either Liturgical duties, but have subscribed both because they believe both, and because it is second nature to teach, preach, and use both in their straightforward sense. But even this is not enough. If the Bishops are to be expected to regard their Missionary brethren as brethren indeed, and recognise as a matter of course the orders of those to whom they shall ordain, they have a clear right to demand guarantees, additional to any that can be afforded by mere personal trustworthiness. And yet *legal* security, as distinguished from personal, there cannot be. The nature of the case excludes it. So the question is narrowed down to this simple point, that the tie must be a purely canonical one, and that the pith and marrow of that tie must be wholly moral. A great experiment in the history of our established Church! And yet we have not the shadow of misgiving for the result. There is no disposition on the part of the Colonial Churches—let all who need it take comfort in that—to throw off their allegiance to the Church at home, or ev-

relax one single cord that may help to bind them to her. Only let the Missionary Bishops be bound up as intimately as possible, through the Provincial system, with the adjacent Colonial Churches, and we believe that the restraints of human laws will be found weak, compared with the holier and stronger influences that shall presently consolidate those Colonial Provinces, and shall, at the same time, hold every separate Colonial Province true and steady in its collective attachment to the parent Church of England.

"As to the multiplication of Missionary Bishoprics, we heartily wish that there were the slightest prospect that that part of the question would soon become urgent. It is a point, however, which it may be advisable to entertain theoretically at once; and it is plain that there are two ways of dealing with it, the *direct*, and the *indirect*. The Committee of the Lower House seem to intimate by their Report that of those two methods they prefer the last. We hope the Bishops will endorse that opinion; for if the Home and Colonial Churches, being supposed to be already agreed that Missionary Bishoprics are right in theory, and practically wanted, can come to terms as to their respective shares of responsibility in the matter, and can discern beforehand the broad primary principles by which the responsible Churches should be severally guided in proceeding to erect a Missionary See in any given case, we doubt most seriously the wisdom of attempting to put more on paper. But the immediate question, as to the extent to which such Bishoprics might prudently be multiplied in any one portion of the world would be involved, and would at once begin to proceed to a natural and healthy solution; and the odiousness of an apparent restriction on the fulfilment of a Divine command would be avoided."

ODD LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S MINUTES AND MEMORIES.

THE SWAN FAMILY.

CHAPTER V.

Nov. 5th. Saturday evening. Present, Mr. and Mrs. Swan, Miss Stanwell, Charles Edwin, Octavius and Nina. (Caroline, Mary, and Sophia, not having appeared since dinner. George has, as usual, ridden over to Cumbertown. Henry, who announced at dinner-time some chemical entertainment he was preparing to be ready in the evening, has not yet made his appearance.)

Octavius. Nina, cannot you find another cookery book for me?

. Another, Octavius! Mamma has lent you three
own, papa and mamma hunted this morning among
opley's old books and found three more for you,
anwell gave you Miss Acton's Cookery, and George
t you two more from Cumbertown, that makes nine!

les Edwin. What do you want them for?

Octavius. Oh, bother!

les Edwin. What are you looking for?

Octavius. Bother!

Swan. Octavius! I forbid the use of that vulgar
word. Oh, b——, yes, mother, but Charley does
a fellow so.

Swan. Octavius!

Octavius. Yes, mother, I will try to recollect.

Swan. I should like to know myself what subject
these cookery books can possibly have for a boy of
age.

Octavius. Well, mother, first of all I wanted to know
how to dress my fish that I catch ought to be dressed.

Swan. What can that signify to you if you get
well dressed when you want to eat them?

Swan. Bless me! of course it does, Mrs. Swan.
Nothing signifies that a boy wants to know!

Octavius. Cook said half my fish were not worth dress-
ing and I said if she said that, I—

Swan. Hush! I do not want to hear such tittle

Swan. Bless me! nonsense; let the boy alone.

Octavius. Did you say, Octavius?

Octavius looked at his mother, so did I. She continued
saying, with her head a little lowered, and a faint tinge
on her pale worn cheek.

Swan (striking the table.) Speak, Octavius, what
do you say to the cook?

Octavius jumped involuntarily at the noise and loud tone.

Swan sat calm and quiet. (Used to it, I thought to
myself.)

Swan. Bless me, ma'am, I did not mean to frighten

Why did not the boy speak? I will be obeyed in
my own house.

Mrs. Swan looked up and said, "Octavius, you should never hesitate to obey your father, even if it should seem contrary to my wish. I obey, much more should you."

I saw "bother" forming itself in the young gentleman's throat; happily for him he swallowed it in time.

Octavius. Father, I was only going to say, I said to cook I would dress the fish myself.

Mr. Swan. Bravo, boy, and a very good resolution too; nothing like doing things yourself, I say.

Miss Stanwell. I think it was a very rude answer to an impertinent speech, but I agree with Mrs. Swan in thinking such stories are best left where they were invented.

Mr. Swan. Bless me, ma'am, I do not allow even my wife's guest to interfere in my domestic affairs.

Miss Stanwell. I beg your pardon, Mr. Swan; you are quite right. I was certainly guilty of the offence of thinking aloud. Excuse me.

Mr. Swan. Oh! granted, ma'am, granted. Say no more about it.

Charles Edwin. Go on, Octavius, what else did you want the cookery books for?

I saw in the young gentleman's eye that his brother was indebted to his parents' presence for not getting a couple of the said cookery books sent at his head; (I rather like Octavius, and forgive him the upset of my work-basket.)

Mr. Swan looked up.

Octavius. I got interested then reading about cooking different things, and what I want to find out now, is how to make Alicompane if you must know, Master Charley.

"Alicompane!" we all cried with a burst of laughter, that relieved the atmosphere.

Octavius. Well, you may laugh. But I have an idea in my head. I could make such Alicompane flavoured with a Seville orange and bitter almonds, with a dash of Curaçoa, as you have never tasted in your life!

Mr. Swan. And why don't you, boy?

Octavius (hesitating.) Why, I have no money; and perhaps mother would not like it, and—

Mr. Swan. Bless me! what does that signify! Set to

work, boy, and do it. You may turn out another Soyer.

Mrs. Swan. It is Saturday night, James, I cannot have messing in the kitchen to-night, and the articles he requires are not in the house. Besides, Seville oranges are not to be obtained before the end of January.

Mr. Swan. Stuff and nonsense, I say. Bless me, am I not master in my own house? There is half a crown, Octavius, (throwing one on the table.) Get your pony and go to Cumbertown, and buy what you want: I'll see to the cook. Faddle about Saturday night.

Mrs. Swan. James, please do not send Octavius out in the wet. It has rained all day. It will do on Monday. He can bring the things back with him from school that he wants. Consider,—the man—the pony.

Mr. Swan. He shall go, I say. I suppose he can rub down the pony himself. What do I care about the man!

Mrs. Swan very quietly crossed the room, but as her hand touched the door I saw the peculiar flush spreading round her throat, which recalled old schoolday remembrances, when she was not ashamed to shed tears on my shoulder.

A stillness of some minutes ensued.

Miss Stanwell. Really, Mr. Swan, Octavius will have his ride in the wet for nothing. Seville oranges cannot be procured at this season.

Mr. Swan. What provokes me, Miss Stanwell, is my wife's absurd interference the moment a child really develops a taste or bent to any one pursuit. Now Octavius has been a great anxiety to me.

Miss Stanwell. He fishes perseveringly, Mr. Swan.

Mr. Swan. Ay, fishes; yes, he does. But a man cannot fish in a house, you know. Now Octavius judiciously managed may become as famous as Soyer; and if you had nine children, Miss Stanwell, you would know what it was to look out for some line for each one to get his living in.

I did not like the turn the conversation was taking (nine children indeed!) so I said, "I once knew a boy who could amuse himself fishing in a house."

Mr. Swan. Indeed!

Miss Stanwell. Yes! I said to him once, 'My dear boy, you cannot catch any fish there,' and he answered, 'Oh! never mind, I can see my float bobbing up and down in the water, and that is pleasure enough.' Now you know a bucket and a fishing line would have kept that boy employed and happy.

Just at that moment a tremendous explosion shook the house, a rattling of glass followed. Mr. Swan, Charles Edwin and I involuntarily started to our feet, and caught one another by the hands, and then Mr. Swan and I rushed from the room, leaving Charles Edwin wildly exclaiming, 'What is it? what is it?' The same suspicion occurred to us both. 'Henry!—the chemicals!'

But we found the mother before us. We each brought a candle, but Mrs. Swan found her way there in the dark or nearly so. She was seated on the floor, pale, trembling, her face wet with tears, and with Henry's head supported on her lap.

Our first idea was that he was dead; but Mrs. Swan had all her senses about her. In an unnaturally calm voice she said, "James, Octavius has not yet started, send him for the doctor."

To do Mr. Swan justice he was downstairs before I had recovered the shock.

The servants crowded into the room and the sisters. All stood aghast. Mrs. Swan continued giving orders in the same tone.

"Berners and Jane, move Mr. Henry's bedding into the cradle-room immediately. Caroline, dear! go to William and tell him gently what has happened. Mary, fetch Charles to help us carry Henry. Sophia, get my medicine chest in the cradle-room." Thus she went on! In an incredibly short space of time Henry was lying in bed in the cradle-room, his scorched face covered with flour. He remained breathing heavily and still insensible, while his mother trembling in every limb, went quietly about, trying different means to recover him back to sense.

At length, Mrs. Swan, having prepared aired linen had Henry taken out of bed, and a large quantity of cold water dashed over his face and shoulders. This had the

desired effect. He opened his eyes, and presently inquired where he was. "In the cradle-room, my boy, with William and your mother. Shut your eyes now, and try and recollect. Some accident happened to you in your own room. In about ten minutes he inquired, "Is the window blown out?"

"Yes," said Nina, "every single quarry; oh, what a pity!"

A sign from her mother hushed her and sent her out of the room.

Next came, "All my bottles and things?"

"Never mind *them*, Henry, they can all be replaced. Try and keep quiet."

It was a relief to hear the sounds of horses' feet, and presently Mr. Horley the medical man, and Mr. Swan entered the room.

After a careful examination of Henry, Mr. Horley turned cheerfully to Mrs. Swan and said, "Set your mind at ease, dear madam, there is no great harm done after all. He will be all right again in a week, and no true chemist if not at work again as hard as ever, and a little more carefully."

Mrs. Swan described the long fainting.

"Partly the effect of the gas," said Mr. Horley, "and from this blow on the back of the head." (He showed Mrs. Swan a large contusion at the back of Henry's head, it was very much raised, and yet scarcely bled at all.) "He must have struck against some obtuse surface in falling. We will put a few leeches on at once. It is a mercy this was not his temple! Something may have been driven against his head by the explosion. The eyelashes and eyebrows will soon return, and as the burns are only superficial, you cannot do better than persevere with the flour." He then compounded some medicine, and turned to speak to William.

"Well, my dear old sufferer, how goes it with you? I have been too busy to look in upon you for these three weeks. You know I can do you no good, I only come to learn how to bear pain. Ah! my poor fellow, I see! This upstir has been worse for you than for anyone else."

William Henry pressed his hand, his face was convulsed with pain, and he did not utter a word. Mrs. Swan came to the side, and observed as his anxiety was at the first look and words pronounced how it was.

Mr. Horley gently said that it was a fever.

"Do not distress yourself. It is only an accession of nervous pain," he said, "we will soon clear it away with ether and opium."

The medicine chest was in requisition again, and a draught quickly administered to the sufferer. Mr. Horley gently reminded him that there was no danger now to his brother or mother, and everything was in a fair train to be all straight again. "If you had spoken, William, instead of enduring, you need not have suffered so long without relief."

"Ah, sir, you would not yourself, if you had been lying here."

Mr. Horley was evidently caught.

"Well, you are better now?"

"Oh, yes, I feel the relief in every limb!"

"Now, my dear lady," said Mr. Horley, turning briskly to Mrs. Swan, "the sooner you get to bed the better."

Mrs. Swan. I will sit up and attend to Henry.

Mr. Horley. Indeed you will not. Mr. Swan will not let you. You are more than worn out already. You have plenty of young ladies here, all ready to do that. Swan, my good fellow, just order your wife to bed for me, I have known this five-and-twenty years she never disputes your word, like a good wife as she is."

Mr. Swan. Bless me, yes! Clara, you must go to bed.

Mrs. Swan. How will you manage?

Miss Stanwell. Trust Henry to me, my dear friend. You know I have had plenty of experience, and I really should like to sit up to compose myself.

Mr. Horley pivoted short round on his heel, and measured me with his eye, from the bow on my cap to my shoe-ribbon. "She will do," he said coolly. Then recollecting himself, added, "How may I call this kind lady, Mrs. Swan?"

The introduction performed, I received my instructions,

and remarked, "that being installed as nurse for the night, I must give my first order to clear the room of all unnecessary visitors."

"Quite right, ma'am, quite right," said Mr. Horley, "I see you understand your business. Good night."

And like a sensible man he was the first to decamp, and was followed by the rest immediately: Mr. Swan only stopping to thank me, and say a kind word about putting a burthen on his guest, &c.

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER XV.

"TAKE this basket home with you, Joseph," said Mr. Weston, "and be careful to tell your mother about the medicine, and say I will come to see your father to-morrow as early as I can."

"Thank you, sir," replied Joseph, "I will be at the school as soon as mother can spare me. I dare say I can come in good time, as I shall not have to go to the town now after anything."

"I shall be glad if you can," said Mr. Weston, "and tell mother from me not to fret, but to trust in God, and pray to be enabled to submit to His will. He will take care of her, and make this trial a blessing to you all, if you look to Him."

Joseph made his bow with tears in his eyes, and went quickly home, where his arrival with the needful things, for his father (now laid up with a bad foot,) and with food for the children, roused his mother from her sorrowful mood, and made her acknowledge that God had not left them to suffer uncared for. Mr. Weston's message she felt as a sort of reproof, for both she and her husband were people who feared God, and generally tried to do right, but still had not learned to trust in Him perfectly, and to feel that He ordered all things for the good of His servants. They therefore feared troubles very much, and were inclined to complain at disappointments and vexa-

tions, forgetting that in little things as well as in great, we are being tried and exercised by our Heavenly FATHER for our improvement. Nor while we have His grace, and the promise that all shall work for our good, need we care whether it be His Will to try us by a public and general visitation, together with others, or by some trouble peculiar to ourselves. Mr. Weston hoped that the illness of Bland might (though at the time a heavy burden besides the sickness of the children) prove a benefit to the whole family; and while he tried to supply their wants, he encouraged them to receive without complaining or idle sorrow, that it was the will of God they should suffer. And neither Bland nor his wife turned away from the advice of their kind pastor. And when they found unexpected help, and day by day relief, so that they were saved from the extreme distress they feared, they learned to pray with more sincerity, "Thy will be done," and to look to God to give them daily the strength, and comfort, and sustenance they needed.

Joseph's improvement during this time was very marked, for he was anxious to do all he could for his mother, and she found him useful in many ways, so that he exerted himself, and became tolerably active and handy, instead of sitting idle, fancying he was too lame and sickly to do anything.

He managed to help with the younger children in the evening, and to get the things wanted for his father, in time to appear soon after the rest of the boys, and Mr. Weston began:

"What is the explanation of the next petition in the LORD's Prayer, given by the Church Catechism?"

Thomas. "I pray unto God that He will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies."

Mr. Weston. Why is it that we are taught to ask only "Give us our daily bread?"

Arthur. Because bread is the most important thing, we could not live without it. And Mr. Fenson told us one day, that bread meant food in the Bible, for Joseph's brethren were asked to eat *bread* with him, when he made a dinner for them.

Mr. Weston. Yes, it is used to express the things we

sustain our bodies, all the food, and clothing, and without which we should perish. We may also the health and strength needful to enable us to daily work, or the medicine which in sickness is as much as food. God Who made us, knows we need these things; and besides, the command thus to pray, have we any promise that they shall be given? *Ans.* "The lions do lack and suffer hunger, but who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing good."—Ps. xxxiv. 10.

Ans. "Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be bold; dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be blessed."—Ps. xxxvii. 3.

Ans. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—S. Matt. vi. 33.

Weston. You observe that all these promises, like those in God's Word, are made to His servants, and has an express condition attached to it, that we seek the kingdom of God. Therefore, those who are not fearing and serving God, or who seek first every thing for the body, have no right to claim these promises, or to complain if they are left destitute. Now we say these words, what should be first in our hearts as of most consequence?

The Bread of life for our souls, that they may be strengthened.

Ans. That God would fill our hearts with His love, and cause us to live to Him by every word that cometh out of His mouth.

Weston. Right, we pray first for all things needful for our souls, such as chiefly the Bread of Life in the Blessed Sacrament; and also for the Spirit which He is ready to give forth on all who seek aright and ask. And if thus our chief desire is for the things of God, shall we pray for things beyond those needful for us, and be anxious to receive every comfort and indulgence we may see?

Ans. No, for we cannot set our hearts on heavenly and earthly things, and if we wish most for eternal gifts, we will not care so much for having many comforts, and like rich people.

Mr. Weston. "Having food and drink," says the Apostle, "let us be therewith content." These are promised, and are what it please God to give us strength to use them, we must thankfully receive His joy that while only such are our portion we have greater treasure laid up in heaven. *see that*, we should never care for splendour here, but it is the trial of our faith to know that our crown and robe of glory are as yet invisible to us. And when shall they be given us?

Charley. Day by day.

Mr. Weston. We are to ask and to receive from FATHER'S hand our daily portion of food and drink for our body. The grace and strength, that we need for the guidance and help He sees good to give us the food and raiment and other supplies that we are to look on them as freely given from His love. As most of you will have to earn a daily support, you may feel that these words than others who have been supplied for them. But though many have great riches in store, abundant fields and great revenues, the enjoyment of them, is the daily gift that God keeps them in life each hour, and which He could take away all their possessions. Their abundance is not that they may enjoy themselves in fish comfort and luxury, but it is a testimony for the glory of God. If any of you are in more fortunate circumstances, and are rich in wealth, remember you still have need of God's blessing to ask and to be thankful for. In your daily portion, your Heavenly FATHER sees that you be thankful still, for He will also see that you will find that also good for you. What is not absolutely needed God gives us in abundance much for enjoyment and happiness. Be thankful. Our daily bread is as the manna of the Israelites on the wilderness; we must use it to strengthen us for our journey.

possession, our true riches, our eternal enjoyment waiting for us far from change or decay, our chased for us by CHRIST's precious blood.

ll now go on to the following words, which while l us to humble repentance before God, teach us exercise love and pity to each other. Of the first and of our great need of pardon, as well as of the God through which we hope to attain it, I have spoken to you in explaining the beginning of the we will therefore now dwell on the condition our re makes to the petition. What is it? and re- words He adds afterwards on this subject.

me. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our" (S. Matt. vi. 12.) "For if ye forgive men spasses, your Heavenly FATHER will also forgive t if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither ir FATHER forgive your trespasses."—S. Matt. 5.

Weston. You see that our LORD not only comes to pray to be forgiven, only as we forgive others, s besides the declaration that unless we do fully cefully do so, God will not forgive us. No part ture is clearer or more enforced than this. And y here, but on another occasion in a parable ad- to His disciples, CHRIST teaches us this great nd warns us of the danger of neglecting it. Do member the parable I mean? Look at S. Matt. 1—35.

n they had read the verses Charley said, "I should have thought anyone could have done like that i. When he had no more to fear, and that large ad been quite forgiven him, he must have been so ul. I wonder how he could be cruel to another t, and for so little."

Weston. It must be cause indeed of deep wonder tonishment to the blessed Angels to see how often rvants of CHRIST, (not only freely forgiven their s by Him, but knowing that He has paid for the ion of that heavy debt,) yet demand from their servant all that they imagine they have a right to and think the least unkindness or inattention to

their wishes or rights a heavy offence possible. I fear few can say that they like the servant who so ill repaid his master. Few who hoping that God will not reprove or reward them as their sins deserve, excuse, and quick in passing over all wrongs neglect others may have been guilty of the contrary, some are eager to find fault if they have been vexed or ill-used. I direct this blame particularly on any one of you who desire that each of you should think of his own conscience, how far he has imitated God, and the mercy which puts another's rule for his own behaviour to his compass.

We shall perhaps understand this better if we look at what we all hope for, and examine the promises of God from His mercy, that as we forgive so we shall be forgiven; to others we shall also receive. In this we are not often by forgetfulness and carelessness outwitted worse intentions, disobey God?

Robert. Oh! very often indeed, I am.

Mr. Weston. Often, and without excuse, how, or in what degree, owing to our want of care in examining His Will. But will He regard such transgressions?

Edward. That He will forgive them, how weak and imperfect we are, and that we do right.

Mr. Weston. Yes, we expect such sins to be reckoned against us; we hope these sins of temptation, &c., to be admitted in our favour, perhaps that we did not mean to do wrong for CHRIST'S sake to be dealt with leniently; therefore we ought to deal with ourselves, if we forget or fail in their conduct to us, or if of displeasure, by not falling into temptation, or vex us in word by harsh or unjust accusations, or when any of the reasons for our sin causes too many to speak of, how ought we to behave?

There was a short silence among

whom felt that the answer to this question was very different to their own conduct. At last Alex said, "We ought to be patient, and pass it over with good temper. But masters and commanders must see that they are obeyed;" he added, in a tone of a question, looking at Mr. Weston.

"Certainly, Alex," was the reply, "that is quite another thing. They have authority that they may rule others, and are bound to enforce their just orders, and to mark offences to correct them. To such, of course, obedience is due, or a punishment is deserved; and a master or commander neglecting to rule well with sufficient firmness, introduces disorder and evil. You have seen something of this, I dare say."

"I had rather sail in a ship with strict officers, if they were good men," said Alex, "than with careless ones."

Mr. Weston. Only the feeling of private and personal vexation must be subdued; we must forgive and act kindly as far as possible, and allow none of the vexations to bring a feeling of anger and unkindness. The remembrance of the offence must be put away, and not allowed to remain at all in our minds, for so we pray that our offences may not be remembered. Again, we all have at some time committed graver sins, in actual disobedience and wilfulness, how do we hope they will be dealt with?

Richard. That when we have acknowledged them and repented they will be forgiven.

Mr. Weston. Entirely? or that the punishment for them should hang over our heads, and that we should continually be made to feel in danger?

Richard. Quite, we hope, and God has said, "I will blot out their sins, and their iniquities I will remember no more."

Mr. Weston. True, and therefore are we so entirely and perfectly to forgive and forget the harm done us, and the offences we have received. If in thankfulness and love to our Heavenly FATHER, and to our Blessed LORD, we so pardon and treat with free kindness all from whom we have received wrong, we may trust to obtain also on our repentance full pardon. But if we withhold our love and pity from others, if we desire to see them punished,

or wish them any evil in return for their bad conduct, we see our own sentence here; as we have done so shall it be done to us. It is an awful thought, boys, that in such a case we cannot use this divine prayer without turning it against ourselves, and in fact asking God to remember our sins, to punish them and to withdraw His love from us. But I trust none of you will so forget Whose servants and disciples you are, as to indulge anger and revengeful thoughts. Let the remembrance of your Divine Master praying for those who nailed Him to the Cross, let this prayer as you use it continually be your safeguard, if ever you are tempted to allow feelings of vexation or ill-will to remain after any injury, (be it a light word, or a grave wrong) think seriously on these solemn words, forgive us our trespasses *as* we forgive them that have offended us. Think of the time when you shall behold the SAVIOUR seated as Judge on His throne, and shall find mercy only as you have shown it. I warn you against little failings in this, because they lead to greater. No one who has not practised ready forgiveness in his daily strifes or annoyances, can be prepared to answer with gentleness and forgiveness greater wrongs.

Robert. It is wonderful to read how some men have forgiven and helped their enemies. I like such stories very much.

Charley. I always like Richard the lion-hearted, because he forgave his wicked brother, it was so brave and noble of him.

Mr. Weston. And in the lives of Christian heroes and martyrs, such as S. Stephen, we hear of forgiveness for mortal injuries, and prayer and kindness returned for violence and wrong. It is as you say noble conduct thus to act; and by the example of our Blessed LORD, we as Christians are bound so to act. Yet you will often hear that it is mean to put up with an affront, and shows spirit to revenge or punish it.

Why did Shaw quarrel with some of you the other day and occasion so much disturbance in the school, but because a boy told him it was like a coward to bear a little laughing, or submit to have a tale told of him? Whoever said so, and thus tempted him to anger was

very wrong, but this shows you that to bear injustice and harm, is not always considered noble ; and that you must be ever armed with the grace of the HOLY SPIRIT, if you would follow our LORD in this heavenly meekness. And remember that your whole behaviour must be consistent. Do not bear with one whom you cannot easily resist, and be harsh to another who is more in your power. Do not provoke anyone, when he has in irritation compelled you to give way, or quarrel openly. This reminds me of a story told of Colonel Gardiner, whose name perhaps you have heard.

Alex. I know about him, he was a very good and brave man. Our steward lent me a book about him.

Mr. Weston. He was a true and consistent Christian, in his duties to his king and country, as well as in private life. Once when pressed to engage in a serious quarrel, and to defend his honour in a way contrary to the laws of God, he at once refused, saying (as he well had proved) that he feared not death, but he feared God.

However, try to be of a meek and gentle temper, not giving others cause for anger, nor fancying they give you any ; and when real grievances arise, forgive as you would be forgiven. Especially, do not forgive half, and keep a remembrance of unkindness in your minds, but put it clean away, and do as you pray GOD to do to you, that is, as if no offence had been given.

SAINT LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

" Almighty God, Who calledst Luke the physician, whose praise is in the Gospel, to be an Evangelist, and physician of the soul ; may it please Thee that by the wholesome medicines of the doctrine delivered by him, all the diseases of our souls may be healed ; through the merits of Thy SON JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD. Amen."

ALMIGHTY GOD, Who unto man hast giv'n
 Gifts manifold ; to him hast Thou revealed
 Secrets of Thy deep love in flower and field,
 In rock and cave, in earth, and best—in Heav'n ;
 So hast Thou granted the physician's lore,
 That men, when sick, may learn to love Thee more.

Thou to sick sinners once didst send to
 The blest Physician Luke, whose gospel
 Was as Evangelist his voice to raise,
 To sinners sick to death glad to reveal
 The healing knowledge of his risen Lord
 So into sin's death-wounds life-balm he

Led the faint, weary soul unto its rest
 The fevered thirst he slaked in that dew
 That flowed for sinners on dark Calvary
 When there they madly crucified the Lord
 O wondrous death ! that healing might
 That dying sinners eye might look and

Let not Thy servant Luke have toiled
 Or ministered for nought to souls' distress
 But from his wholesome medicine may
 Thy precious love that we full blessing
 That all the sickness of our souls be healed
 And our sure cure in JESUS be revealed

THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER

"O Almighty and most merciful God, of Thy goodness
 we beseech Thee, from all things that may hurt us
 in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things
 we have done; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen"

Oh ! what can hurt a soul redeemed
 On whom the light divine hath been
 The stain, the thought of sin !
 For that will wound, and bruise, as
 As though a legion foes dwelt there
 It gives a mountain's weight to
 To harbour sin within.

Almighty God, most merciful,
 Of Thy great love so bountiful,
 Keep us from day to day,
 From Satan's prevalent assault,
 From every willing, wilful fault,
 Lest we grow blind, deaf, dumb,
 Hear us, O God ! we pray.

That we may ever joyful prize
 The privilege of sacrifice,
 To yield ourselves to Thee !

That we unwearied ever run,
 T' accomplish that Thou would'st have done,
 So through Thine ever-blessed Son
 We may accepted be.

E. H.

CHARLTON HALL; OR, HINTS ON THE APPLICATION OF THE CREED.

CHAPTER III.

“was conceived by the HOLY GHOST, born of the Virgin Mary.”

At luncheon the next day, Mrs. Charlton proposed that they should take a walk to see a poor woman who had been taken suddenly ill, and obliged to take refuge in the Lodge.

“This is a very common story,” Mrs. Charlton added, “her husband’s father is a working carpenter, and finding him growing old and failing, he sent for his son that he might help him in his business. She, poor thing, was waiting the birth of her child every day, and has had to travel twenty miles, as they did not like to annoy the mother by postponing their journey.”

“Where was she going to?” asked Jane.

“Farnleigh, where her father-in-law lives,” replied Mrs. Charlton.

They walked to the lodge, and were shown by the neat matron who presided there into an inner room, where a nice young woman lay in bed with a diminutive of silky dark hair beside her. From her answers to inquiries, it appeared that she had been in great distress even the necessities of life lately, in consequence of illness her husband had had in spring. Having satisfied her mind as to her present expenses, Mrs. Charlton turned to the outer room, where Jane had remained. Mrs. Rolleston, the lodge-keeper’s wife. “Poor thing,” Mrs. Rolleston was saying, “I don’t know what she could ever have done to deserve such trials. It would

bring tears from a stone to hear all she has suffered from poverty and hardship, and she, such a sweet innocent. I never give her a cup of gruel but she thanks me as if I was giving her thousands."

"But, Mrs. Rolleston," said Mrs. Charlton, "we should remember, that the most innocent and highly favoured, and one far better in every way, suffered just the same,—the Blessed Virgin, our LORD's Mother."

"But, ma'am," the good woman replied, "she could have no fear like this woman when she was His Mother, for she might be sure He would take care of her."

"But," said Mrs. Charlton, "that might be if the Blessed Virgin had known all we do about Him before He was born, but it is not certain that she did. The angel had not told her plainly. She certainly had the support of knowing, like Sarah before Isaac's birth, or her own cousin Elizabeth, that the birth of her Son was specially promised and cared for by GOD, but she had a long journey, just like this poor woman, and at the end of it not such a comfortable place to stop in."

"Indeed, what you say is very true, ma'am," Mrs. Rolleston replied, "I never thought of it that way before. She had only a stable to go into, for the inn was full of her betters."

"And how wonderful is it to think that our Blessed LORD, our GOD, was actually such a little baby as that one inside, not even beautifully dressed as an infant prince would be, with a nurse to amuse and tend it as well as its mother, but poorly dressed, His mother His only nurse, no servants, no comforts, but passed by without notice, as this poor thing and her baby would have been, had this happened to her in one of the crowded towns through which she passed.

"So you see, Mrs. Rolleston," added Mrs. Charlton, "we need not wonder how poor Mrs. Kemp could have deserved such a trial, when we see our LORD and here suffered a much greater when He was such a little baby as hers is now."

After some more conversation as to the probable wants of the invalid, the ladies took their leave of the good woman and turned homewards.

"What a nice shady walk this is," said Jane, as they turned along a path which led by a shorter way from the lodge to the house.

"I am very fond of this path," Mrs. Charlton replied, "your uncle had it made expressly for me before Philip was born. The summer was intensely hot, and poor Mrs. Rolleston dangerously ill, and I of course went every day to see her. The heat knocked me up so that I was obliged to stay quite quiet for a day or two; and when I came out again, there was this nice little shady path for me. I think," she added, "it is a serious thought that it was not humanity such as we feel it, encompassed with comforts, that our Blessed LORD took upon Him, but such as that felt by poor Mrs. Kemp, destitute, comfortless and despised."

There was a pause. "But, aunt, you do not mean that it is wrong to have these comforts," said Jane.

"No, I did not mean that," replied her aunt; "some one has beautifully said, 'He suffered want, that we might abound; He hungered that we might feed on the tree of life; He thirsted that we might be refreshed;' and I think we may so sanctify our earthly blessings that such might be said of them as well as the spiritual sense in which it was first said. Still it struck me even painfully when you reminded me of this little path, how different my own lot has been from that we were talking of, sanctified by the Mother of our LORD."

"But, aunt," Jane replied, "don't you think that it is right to think that if trials were better for us than blessings, God would give them to us?"

"I do quite think so, Jane," replied Mrs. Charlton, "and one often sees that blessings have as beneficial effect on some people as afflictions have on others, just as wine and cordials are good for some disorders of the body, while nauseous and lowering medicines are for others."

They now approached the house where the children were at play, and Jane was quickly claimed as their most efficient assistant, while Mrs. Charlton went in to prepare a basket to be sent down to the poor woman at the lodge.

CHAPTER IV.

"Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried."

THE next morning while the family were still lingering in the breakfast-room, after that meal was concluded, a note was brought to Mrs. Charlton, faintly traced in pencil, as follows :

"DEAR MRS. CHARLTON,

"Sir Philip has been obliged to go to London for the day. Could you without inconvenience, come over for a few hours and sit with me? If you do not like to leave the little ones, you can bring them, as mine will be delighted to see them, and Adelaide can safely be trusted with them.

"Your affectionate

"LETITIA THORNCLIFF."

"Poor Lady Thorncliff," said Mrs. Charlton, "she wants me to go over and spend the day with her, as Sir Philip is gone to town."

"How long shall you stay?" asked Mr. Charlton.

"I shall return in time for dinner," she replied, "unless something unforeseen occurs. Would you order the carriage for me at eleven?" she added, as he was about to leave the room.

"Lady Thorncliff is an invalid, Jane," she said to her niece, "and likes me sometimes to go and sit with her for a morning. I should like you to see her, as I think her no common example of a suffering Christian."

"I should like going very much, aunt," Jane replied, "if you please. Will you take the children?"

"I think of taking Charles and Philip," Mrs. Charlton replied, "the elder ones can be trusted to play by themselves."

The drive to Thorncliff Park was uninteresting as to scenery until they arrived at the demesne itself, which, though boasting few natural advantages was pleasing from its fine old trees and beautifully kept turf.

They were shown on arriving at the mansion, into a

ely furnished drawing-room, where a plain but looking little girl soon joined them.

is your mamma to-day?" Mrs. Charlton asked, first greetings were exchanged.

had a better night than usual, but is not so well the little girl replied, "Adelaide will be here in or two; for mamma knows you are come."

ad scarcely finished speaking, when a young lady the room.

quired little acquaintance with her history to read quiet, gentle manner, the habitual subjection of and anxiety, to the necessity for active exertion.

ama is ready to see you when you please, Mrs. 1," she said, "she is better now than she has ring the morning."

went up stairs to the invalid, and were shown large handsome room, with a bow-window commanding a view of the park, at which sat, or rather reclined on a sofa, Lady Thorncliff.

ose on their entrance and greeted Mrs. Charlton with affection, and shook hands kindly with Miss 1. "I find," she said, "Sir Philip knew your

Major Fenwick well in their schoolboy days.

be very glad to see you here," she added, addressed.

ared by what Mrs. Charlton had told her that of Lady Thorncliff, Jane looked upon her with of reverence, and was quite surprised to see her young. She might be about six-and-thirty, but did look so much, and her countenance, though pale and was still beautiful. Her high intellectual forehead, blue eyes, her nose and mouth formed with every beauty and refinement, a profusion of light brown hair, and a complexion like the fairest lily, showed her to be a woman richly endowed with personal charms, their possessor for the first time lately been.

a table beside her stood a vase with a few of her favorite flowers, daily replenished by Adelaide's care, a Bible and Prayer Book, a copy of the "Christian Year" and one or two books of devotion.

hope your niece will not think me unsociable," she

said, "if I ask her to go with Adelaide to see the garden. I have been suffering a good deal this morning, and feel only equal to your company," she added with a smile.

"I have been thinking this morning," she continued, as the girls left the room together, "what a blessing nervous illness is, it makes one feel so intimately dependent on our dear LORD for each moment's care, almost for one's reason. It helps one to suffer with Him Who said, 'Thy *terrors* have I suffered with a troubled mind,' more, I think, than mere bodily pain."

"I think so," replied Mrs. Charlton, "and it is remarkable for how long a time our LORD's sufferings seem to have been principally mental, in fact until just the end."

"He tasted of all that He might feel for all," Lady Thorncliff replied, "I was doubtful this morning whether to send for you, fearing that I might be shrinking from part of my allotted cross, I felt so very much Philip's being obliged to leave me. Then on cooler reflection, when I was a little better, I thought that was an overstrained, morbid view, and that I ought to take what solace there was for my weakness, and leave myself to Him to deepen my trials, if He saw me able to bear it."

"I am glad you decided so, my dear friend," replied Mrs. Charlton, "I cannot help feeling that is the more correct view of our discipline here."

"I am sure of it," replied her friend, "I have felt lately that it is a much more difficult thing to accept self-denials coming unforeseen, than to make and bear them oneself. For instance, to bear with perfect cheerfulness some delicacy, procured, perhaps, with trouble and expense, being spoiled, than it would be to fast voluntarily and of set purpose."

"I think so," said Mrs. Charlton, "or to bear wakefulness at night, than to sit up for some purpose of self-denial."

"Yes," said Lady Thorncliff, "and in the same way I thought it better to keep my faith," she added, with a smile, "for those things in which I want it so continually, than to weaken my nerves by a whole day without Philip, when I could have you instead."

"It is wonderful," she continued, after a pause, "how

he Psalms speak the language of physical suffering such as we may have now, though the cause is so different. 'All my bones are out of joint: my heart also, midst of my body, is even like melting wax,' and are such expressions."

' said Mrs. Charlton, "it is the natural expression of pain, suffered and in some cases shrunk from, not from me, for trouble is hard at hand, and there is nothing to help me.' It always seems to me that self-interest is only good as they conduce to that state of resignation, shown forth in His own words 'Nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done.'"

"I think so," said Lady Thorncliff, "and He does not give any instance to have put Himself in the way of suffering without some other higher purpose."

"How few there are so utterly devoid of human compassion!"

"He was," said Mrs. Charlton. "It does not seem that the sympathy even of His Mother and Saint Joseph was given until the last. And the mysterious nature of His sufferings, in His clear knowledge of all that was yet before Him."

"That," said Lady Thorncliff, "we cannot have in the degree He had, but in the degree we may, when ill and without hope of recovery," she added, in a voice that faltered, "is an aggravation. I try to say to myself," she continued, after a moment's pause,

"Live for to-day, to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares will bring to sight;
Go, sleep like closing flowers to-night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

Mrs. Charlton was glad for her friend's sake, that the conversation was here interrupted by a knock at the door and a request from the children to be admitted.

"This is my hour for receptions," said Lady Thorncliff with a smile, "I am generally better able for a little conversation now than later."

The children ran in amid many cautions against noise. Adelaide and Miss Fenwick to their respective places. Little Julia ran over, and sitting down on her father's footstool, laid her head on her knee, and while Mrs. Charlton was talking to her brothers, said softly,

"Mamma, I wanted to ask you a question. Is any one ever crucified now?"

"I think not, my child," said her mother; "why do you ask?"

"Because, mamma, Mr. Cotterill said in his sermon on Sunday, that we ought to be crucified," the little girl replied, with a very serious, half-alarmed face.

"You did not understand him, my dear," said Lady Thorncliff, "he did not mean that we should be nailed on wooden crosses like our LORD, but that we should be crucified with Him in a spiritual sense. What was the text, Julia?"

"*'Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him,'*" the child replied.

"Well, then," said her mother, "it is not that *we ought* to be crucified with Him, but that our old man *is* crucified with Him; do you see the difference?"

"Yes, mamma," Julia replied.

"Now I think what Mr. Cotterill said was," pursued her mother, "that our old man had been crucified in our baptism, and that we should live so that he should remain so. Do you understand it now?"

"Not quite, mamma," the child replied. "What is our old man?"

"It is the name given in the Bible to the sinful nature we inherit from Adam," said her mother. "In our baptism this was crucified. We were made free to serve and please God, as Adam was, before he sinned. The power of sin in us was crucified. Now do you remember who was crucified along with our LORD?"

"Yes, mamma, the two thieves."

"Do you remember anything they said?" asked her mother.

"*'One of them said, If Thou be the CHRIST, save Thyself and us.'*"

"Yes," said Lady Thorncliff, "now, what did he mean, do you think?"

"He meant, I suppose," Julia answered, "that He should get down off the Cross and help them down too."

"And what would they have done then?" asked her mother.

suppose," replied the little girl, "they would have me, and when they were able, have gone out to do."

"Possibly," said her mother, smiling, "but first they must have had their wounds cured, must not they?"

"Julia replied, "but it would be a very long time before they were well."

"They might recover. Now, nails were put through their heads or their hearts, were they?"

"Julia replied, "that would have killed them in a moment."

"Exactly," said her mother, "then in our baptism, our sinful nature was crucified, and if left as it was then it would have perished, but if we give way to it and indulge it by doing what we know is wrong, it is as if we took it off the cross and made it well again and fed it. Now do you understand it, my child?"

"I think I do," Julia answered very seriously, "when I feel as if something was pushing me to do what I am not to do, it is as if my sins were asking me to take them upon the Cross."

"Yes, darling," said her mother, "and you will not despise them, but think that it was to save you from what our SAVIOUR suffered to have His tender Feet and Hands so cruelly hurt."

"He had come down from the Cross when they took Him, mamma, could we never have been saved?" asked the child.

"It seems not, Julia," replied her mother, "S. Paul says, 'We were reconciled unto God, by the death of His Son.'"

"And was that what He meant by 'It is finished!'" asked Julia.

"We may suppose it was, darling," said her mother. "And then," continued Julia, "the disciples came and took Him down off the Cross and put Him in Joseph's tomb."

"Not immediately," said her mother; "what happened first, after His death?"

"The soldiers came and broke the legs of the two thieves."

thieves, and ran the spear into His side," answered Julia.

"And why did they not break His legs, Julia?" asked her mother.

"Because they saw He was dead already," answered Julia; "but it was very cruel to do it even to the poor thieves," she added, in a tone of horror.

"It was indeed," said her mother, "very shocking. And now, my darling," she added, as she stooped and kissed her little girl's curly head, "go over and ask your brothers to come and tell me what they are teasing Mrs. Charlton about."

Mrs. Charlton came over and resuming her seat by Lady Thorncliff, said, "Your boys are entreating that Charles and Philip should come over and spend next Thursday with them, as it is their papa's birthday, and also his little godson's, but I cannot allow it. I am sure it would be too much for you. You would think," she added, smiling, "that four boys could not be together without mischief."

"No, indeed," said Lady Thorncliff, "I should like it much, my little man ought to be with his godfather on his birthday. I assure you I should not be anxious, for Emma is perhaps more strict, from not having been long with them."

Emma herself appeared at this moment, to summon the children to dinner and the elders to luncheon.

"Your mamma seems pleased with your new nurse," said Mrs. Charlton to Adelaide as they repaired to the dining-room.

"Very much so," replied Adelaide, "she is very neat and obliging, and keeps the boys in great order," she added with a smile.

"They think themselves almost too old to submit to a nurse," said Mrs. Charlton.

"They are only the age of your boys, you know," Adelaide answered, "though they look so much older, and papa cannot bear to have them made young men of. Though we call her nurse," she added, "she is really my maid and Julia's nurse in one; as Ellen, mamma's maid, has so much to do attending her, for she will not let me

hat is really useful for her, fancying that I am
or it."

ould not be equal to the real fatigue of nursing
" replied Mrs. Charlton, " and it would be very
your mother's health and spirits to see you
ut and looking ill."

ow entered the room, where the noisy boys pre-
ther conversation.

FOR THE FORMATION AND MANAGE- MENT OF BIBLE CLASSES.

supposed by many that much of the difficulty
sets the Church of England in preaching the
o the masses, is owing to a certain stiffness,
alleged by them to be part of the traditional
of an establishment. Whether, however, we
is to be in some measure true or not, there is
doubt a strong feeling prevalent on the subject,
s found different vents according to the particular
bias of the persons entertaining it. To it on the
l we owe the popular services at S. Paul's and
aster Abbey; and on the other the services at
Hall, and their more recent and perfectly legiti-
velopement, preaching in theatres.

no part of our object at present to pass an opi-
any of these movements, but simply to adduce
testimonies to the wide-spread feeling of the ne-
of some kind of action. All schemes, whether aim-
ealing with our people *en masse*, as in the cases
ted, or at a closer, personal insight into individual
which is thought by many to be "the missing link"
ystem of evangelisation, are matters for thankful-
Almighty God, in so far as they are indications
eased Christian activity, and aroused Christian

Of these movements, however, whilst some lie
very grave objections in theory and practice, it

may be said generally that they strike at the root of the parochial system. Now it is a common feeling among Churchmen that any scheme of Christian usefulness, which does not aim at *supplementing* the parochial system, stands at least on a doubtful basis. At the same time, in metropolitan parishes at any rate, the work of the parish priest is in a great degree of a *missionary* character. There is, in most London districts, and indeed in most of our provincial towns, a large class of people who never enter any place of worship. Yet they are living souls given into the care of Him whom God has placed over them, and, as such, must ever be objects of tender solicitude to the heart of their spiritual pastors. It is impossible for many reasons to get them to church, and even supposing this possible, they could hardly at once join in the services with any measure of devotion. Many of them are ignorant of the commonest elements of the Faith ; nor is it likely that it should be otherwise. Brought up in squalid homes, in which the Name of the Most High is hardly ever heard except in oaths, how are they to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God ? It is then in dealing with this practically heathen population that the necessity of some other mode of teaching, besides the stated ministration of the Church is first seen. What is required is not something to supersede the offices of the Church (God forbid !) but in some cases to prepare for them, in others to supplement and expand their teaching. It appears now to be acknowledged on all hands that one very effectual method of accomplishing this twofold work is by the agency of "Bible Classes." Originating with those bold men, who fearlessly upheld the doctrines of Grace in a godless age, these instruments of imparting His teaching have been grafted on to other systems, and adopted by other schools of theology.

No objection of the character frequently urged against such movements can possibly lie against Bible Classes, provided that the people are taught that they are not meant to *supersede* the Church's services, but either to lead men to them, or to deepen the convictions, and kindle the devotion of those who do serve God in His Sanctuary. Feeling very deeply that when judiciously man-

classes are a powerful engine for good, the these pages ventures in all humility to offer to of those who have not yet made trial of them, hints for their formation and management.

As to the *formation* of Bible Classes, it must be remembered that they have or ought to have a twofold object: the instruction of the ignorant, and the edification of the faithful. It is obviously not easy, if it be not possible, to combine these two distinct objects, therefore, when a sufficient staff of clergy renders it possible, it is well to have two or more classes, each with its own object. Many will need to be told in the instruction the simplest truths of the faith. Of this class more cannot fairly be assumed, than that they believe that there is a God. Gradually then, and with care, lest the blaze of a full revelation should be too much for them, must the message of Gospel grace, and the love of God be told to such. God as our loving Father must be distinctly put before them. His readiness to receive sinners, the unlimited extent of His mercy, His tenderness to the penitent, and at the same time His hatred of sin, must be sharply and clearly brought before them, having laid a sure foundation, and kindled in their souls a flame of love towards their Blessed Saviour. It will be time to instruct them further in the mysteries of the Christian faith, and teach them its deeper truths. Here the specific object of the first sort of class must be dropped, and merge itself in that of the second, which is probably, as a matter of fact, best composed of converts. To these it would not be out of place to speak of the higher walks of Christian life, and illustrate the path of perfection, as exemplified in the earthly life of our incarnate LORD. To the first class nothing could be more applicable than the parables showing the return of the prodigal son, the lost sheep; to the second it would be well to endeavour to open out the direction which our Blessed LORD gave, as e.g., in the Sermon on the mount, or the Eucharistic discourses in St. Luke's Gospel. *Simplicity* would be necessary in both, but it would be essential in beginning a class. It is of course left to rest with the discretion of individuals,

whether it is well to take a gospel, and go systematically through with it, or to take a subject and work it out thoroughly in all its details. In any case it would be desirable that the members of the Bible Class should know at the beginning the line of instruction to be given, in order that they themselves might in private, so far as their circumstances permitted, think, read, and pray over the subject. It would be necessary of course to print and distribute bills announcing the time and place of the classes, but it does not do to depend too much on this method of making them known. In such cases there is nothing like a personal invitation, and many a hard heart that would simply disregard a printed notice, could not so easily put aside the indisputable proof of interest in his eternal welfare, which a pastoral visit evidences. The shepherd who would save his people, must go like the Good Shepherd, and seek the lost, nor must he ever relax his seeking till he finds.

Every parish priest almost is a missionary now, and the one particular branch of mission work which we are discussing can never be adequately carried out, unless the other details of that work are also cared for. Spiritual writers tell us that no one devout practice can stand alone, and so it is equally true in the pastoral life, that one work hangs upon the other, and there is a beautiful chain of inter-dependence between its varied avocations. More than this, before we can insure a regular attendance at our Bible Classes, it is necessary to know the hour at which our people can attend. The writer remembers being rather struck by the manner of a clergyman, who in giving notice of one of the Church's festivals, told his people that as the hours of Divine service evidently did not suit them as at present arranged, he should be glad if any of them would come into the vestry and name an hour which would suit them, and at that hour there should be a service. Now, without absolutely committing oneself to the letter of this proceeding, there is much in its spirit from which it is possible to take a hint. We must never forget, as many of the clergy *do* forget, that we are the people's servants for JESUS' sake. Provided only we can win souls, let every other con-

sideration give way ; let the hour at which our people can come for spiritual instruction be never so inconvenient, we must be ready to meet them at that hour.

So much for *time*,¹ now as to *place*. This is a moot point. Some advocate holding Bible Classes in school-rooms, others in rooms hired for the purpose in the lowest part of the parish. Where, however, the schools are near the people whom you want to attract, there seem to be obvious advantages in favour of them. They are, or at least ought to be, clean and well-ventilated ; and these are important advantages, not lightly to be sacrificed. It is, however, often nearly as difficult to get the people to the schools as to the Church, and in this case it would be well to have a room *among* them, differing externally from their own abodes in no point save that of cleanliness. In this choice of place the circumstances of the parish or district must of course guide each. Now, *supposing*—and we are going herein to suppose a great deal—that you have got your people together, that you have had two or three days' visiting in the most obscure and filthy lanes and alleys or the most outlying hamlets in your parish, and have numerous promises of attendance, then it is that your real work begins ; for you have to undertake, secondly, the *management* of a Bible Class, of which we shall treat in our next number.

A NEW CHAPTER ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

THERE is no subject upon which for several years past, there has been more talking and writing than Education. No science has made greater progress within the last five-and-twenty years than the science of teaching. And yet it would be impossible to find any business on which

¹ It may be well to suggest that the middle of the week—Thursday perhaps—is the best day for a Bible Class for *instruction*. It is, however, customary in many parishes to hold one on the evening of Sunday immediately after the service. In this class, however, you would simply have your church-going people, and therefore its end would be to endeavour to deepen the Sunday's teaching.

equal pains have been bestowed with so little good result as the schooling of the great mass of the children of the people. We would appeal to any impartial man to say, whether he thinks that the young of the present generation are growing up a more God-fearing race than their parents before them grew up. And if there be no improvement in this respect, we are certainly going backwards. There is no such thing as a nation standing still in godliness; it must either be making an advance, or it will still fall farther and farther behind. And this seems, in a measure, to be the case in England at the present day. Each successive generation grows up as ungodly in its temper as that which went before it; and this in spite of all our talk about education, and in spite of the improvement which has taken place in the whole science of teaching. Reading and writing, history and geography, arithmetic, singing, are taught in our schools generally, ten times more efficiently than when they were children who now are parents. Books, pictures, maps, and all manner of school apparatus, are ten times better than they were a quarter of a century ago, and at the same time as much cheaper. If Christian education consisted in these things we should have no cause for complaint. But we need hardly say, that excellence in all these subjects has nothing whatever to do with a consistent walk in Christian holiness. And when we see, as too often we may see, our *well-taught* children going home in the evening from their schools, and observe that as they go they are ripe for cruelty to any animal that may fall in their way, for pilfering wherever there is opportunity, for the indulgence of foul words and immodest actions, for insulting their betters, and speaking evil of their teachers; when we think of the ready lie which at home accounts for coming in late, and of the disobedience and disrespect shown to parents, the disobligingness and unkindness to brothers and sisters, the greed and the selfishness and the whole unlovely and unloving conduct which these poor children exhibit;—we cannot but feel that there is a fault somewhere; and begin to suspect that while we have remembered to teach the order of the Kings of England, and the counties from Cumberland to Cornwall, we have forgotten something—

a something very important and practical, and intimately connected with the daily and hourly life of the Christian child. What is that something? it may be said at once by the candid reader. "Religion! you have not spoken of religion as a subject to be taught to the children, and of course, if this has been forgotten, you must not wonder at such results as you have spoken of. Children must be taught religion! You must take the Bible and teach them that. Make the Bible the foundation of all your teaching, and then all will be well." But, dear reader, this *has* been done; the Bible *has* been put into the hands of our children; they have been taught to read it through, hard names and all.¹ In most of our National Schools, the children will tell, for example, the names, dates, and parallel history of all the kings of Judah and Israel; they will say in which countries each of the Apostles preached, and when, and where, and how he died; they will repeat the story of any of our LORD's miracles or parables which may be asked for: and alas! alas! the best and readiest scholars in these respects are often those who when out of school are the most forward in the mischief and the wickedness which we *must* see, and *ought* to deplore. For it will not do to say, "Oh, children will be children;" and to wink at their faults because they are the faults which all children have, except a few sickly, old-fashioned ones, who are pronounced not long for this world. It is obvious that the children who in our streets are cruel or filthy, who are rude, who pilfer, who swear; and who at home are false, disobedient, unkind, and selfish, are not those little ones of whom our Blessed LORD declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven. There must be still a fault somewhere; something yet has been forgotten, and that something is not religious instruction. "What is it, then?" the impatient reader may ask. "What one element is wanting to a complete education, when you have taught the Bible as the groundwork, and useful common things as the superstructure of your system?" *Pace tua*, my

¹ Excepting the Apocrypha, which "the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners;" but which is seldom to be found in a school Bible.

friend, this is what has been most commonly forgotten—Godly training—the training of each individual soul to know its relationship to God,—its dependence upon Him, its need of Him in this life, and its only hope of Him hereafter; to feel that God's Eye is upon each one of His children everywhere and at all times; to believe (without shadow of doubt or question) that “God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil;” and that He will reward the godly with everlasting life, and condemn the ungodly to everlasting fire, as certainly as He will send to each of us a last day, and exact from every one of us payment of the debt of nature. Where training of this kind is bestowed upon children it will only be in rare and exceptional cases that we shall be disappointed of the fruit of holiness. And this is the training which has not been generally given as yet, and the results are the absence of the fruit, and the choking growth of weeds, and briars, and tares. Now we believe that our candid reader will admit that this is a fair account of the present state of education among the mass of the people. *It has been* pretty much the same among the middle and higher classes of society. The present writer remembers that when he was a boy, he was taught the secular subjects which might be useful to him in the world. He was taught the Bible, and he learned to say the Catechism with a view to Confirmation; he was taught kindly, yet with the severe corporal punishments which had happily not gone out of fashion in those days, and he respected his teachers thoroughly; yet he was never spoken to earnestly, seriously, privately, on the necessity of a godly life; on the cultivation of personal holiness, on the difficulties, dangers, and temptations to which a schoolboy is exposed, on the ways of overcoming temptation, and on the means of grace which were provided for him: he was never encouraged to open his griefs, or taught the comforts of pardon and peace. And this great deficiency in his education the writer will probably mourn all the days of his life. But few were better off in those times. The bodies and the minds of children were cared for, but their souls were almost entirely without instruction.

A movement for the better began some years since in the great Public Schools of the kingdom ; it has now extended to many of our Grammar Schools, and to a few of the Middle Class or Commercial Schools. It is just beginning to extend to our National and Parochial Schools, and we may hope that the next twenty years will, under God's blessing, witness a complete reformation in these throughout the length and breadth of the land. It must be remembered we are not anxious that they should send out better scholars, there is little shortcoming to be made up under this head ; but we believe that they will send out better Christians,—children who will feel, as well as know, their duty to God and to their neighbour, who have been taught to watch over their words and their works—ay, even their thoughts, to examine them and give account of them, to lay bare their inmost hearts and most secret feelings, to live under the Eye of God, dutifully and lovingly offering to Him the service and the honour of obedient sons. Good reader, is not such a change devoutly and earnestly to be hoped for ? Can it be for one instant supposed that the state of our poorer children could much longer remain as it is, without its producing a great and terrible strife and revolution in our country ? “ That *the soul* be without knowledge is not good,” and if these thousands and ten thousands of CHRIST's little ones were to be denied what their brothers and sisters of the richer classes are enjoying, the evil of their ignorance would be increased to an infinite extent. This however cannot be and will not be ; such is the generous and loving temper of those who have been and are being trained in our upper schools on God-fearing principles, that they day by day become more devoted, and are learning constantly to give up more entirely their means, and—what is better still, themselves, to extend to their brethren in humbler position the blessings which themselves have enjoyed. Scarcely a week now passes that we may not read of some fresh, self-sacrificing effort to reach the masses of our children, and bring them up in the faith and fear of God, in a saving knowledge of the Blessed SAVIOUR, a tender reverence for the inspiration of the HOLY SPIRIT. And, when we

read these things, we take heart to believe that this tide of self-sacrifice will not be arrested, but that it will still flow on towards the realization of that blessed time when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.

And oh, gentle reader, that we could make all to see and know, that in this spread of godly principles of education the true progress of mankind consists. We like to talk of progress now-a-days, and here indeed we may behold it, in the soul of a nation drawing ever nearer and nearer to Almighty God. We like to talk of our liberty, and here indeed we may secure it, for God's "service is perfect freedom," and no God-fearing person ever was or will be a slave to man or devil. We like to boast of our civilisation, and here indeed we may discover its highest and most blessed form, when all ranks and classes have learned to set their faces like a flint against lying and swearing, dishonesty and oppression, intemperance and impurity, when they are not ashamed of godliness, of acknowledging their dependence on God for everything, and of seeking His help and His blessing in the ways He has appointed. We love to talk of our arts and sciences, our manufactures and inventions, and where shall we most hopefully seek for men of the brave heart and the clear eye, and the creative brain, and the steady hand, save in those who have learned first the mastery over themselves, who seek every good and every perfect gift from above, and who, even for the most mechanical skill desire to be filled (like Bezaleel and Aholiab of old,) with "the SPIRIT of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship."

It is hardly necessary to point out on the present occasion, the means by which this mighty revolution in our general education will be brought about; we know how the change has commenced in our higher schools, through the increasing devotion of our clergy to the work of Christian education, and it is not difficult to foresee the time when their labours will be extended to the lower class schools also, not, (as now is commonly the case,) to the extent of their obtaining the necessary funds, and superintending the instruction, but by themselves taking that

instruction upon themselves, and carrying it through with the care and patience which it demands, and which probably few but those who have priestly qualifications will ever be able to bestow. Of course, such an undertaking must ever be beyond the powers of the parish priest, who will be engaged with other ministries. It must devolve upon men specially devoting themselves to the task, and seeking no higher reward for their self-sacrifice than the consciousness of working for CHRIST and His little ones.

Le bon temps viendra! the good time *will* come, dear reader, only let us pray for it.

J. W. H.

A SCENE AT S. PHILIP'S, CLERKENWELL.

ON the high ground above Gray's Inn Lane, commanding from its position an extensive view of the metropolis, stands the Church of S. Philip, Granville Square, Clerkenwell. It is not a peculiarly inviting part of London, nor is the Church externally possessed of any beauty. Its claim to the sympathy and prayers of Churchmen rest upon the deeper and more enduring foundation of its share of the inward gifts of the King's daughter, "who is all glorious within." Yet this Church was the scene of a very solemn and affecting service on Monday, September 10, 1860. On that day the mortal remains of one of its choristers were committed to the ground. The poor boy had all his life been ailing. One night his parents went out, and as they were going out themselves, desired him to remain at home, and not go to church. In the course of the evening he went into the room of a neighbour, and whilst there he chanted the Psalms for the evening. When he had finished them he fell from his chair, and was taken up quite dead. As he was the first of the choir of this church who had been called to his account, it was determined to have a choral burial. Owing however to the limited means at the disposal of those connected with the church, it was found impossible to convey the choristers to Highgate Cemetery. The only part of the service, therefore, which could be celebrated cho-

rally, was that part of the office which is said in church. At a little after one o'clock the body, preceded by about thirty choristers and three clergy, entered the church. As the procession passed up the centre of the church, they sung the solemn introductory sentences of the Burial Office. The lesson was read by the Rev. W. R. Wroth, incumbent. After this the choir preceded the bier out of church, singing the *Nunc Dimittis*. The service throughout was Gregorian. As the preacher on Sunday evening, the Rev. W. Baird, Assistant Curate of S. Matthew's, City Road, had alluded to the death of the chorister, and to the coming service, the church was filled by a numerous and devout congregation. There was scarcely a dry eye in the Church. Thus already has S. Philip's borne the fruit of its earnest teaching, and its life-like services. Long may it continue its hidden and silent work for God's glory, and may our LORD garner from its worshippers many souls redeemed by the Blood of His Passion! There is still, we believe a debt,—owing to the extensive improvements which have been made in the interior of the church. The prayers and alms of churchmen are therefore asked for this, which promises to be one of the most successful works in the metropolis.

SHORT EXTRACTS.—No. III.

BUT honestly speaking, is it not the case with nine out of ten who decline to remain throughout the Eucharistic Service, that they grudge the extra half, or perhaps, in rare cases, three quarters of an hour, which they would then have to give to God, to meditation, and to prayer? To argue with those who are bent upon continuing an evil custom because it favours their own ease and gratification, is simply waste of words: I would merely ask them on which side their regrets will be most likely to be when their day of life is nearly closed, the having spent too much or too little time in God's service? Many there are, however, who have a real desire to do right, but do not see sufficient reason for abandoning their present practice. Such persons I would ask fairly and impartially

to consider what has been adduced in the foregoing pages, to look the question honestly in the face, as far as may be, apart from prejudice induced by custom, and to ask themselves whether the continuance of a custom which was reprobated by the early Church, and which has not the slightest countenance from the liturgy of the Church of England, must not of necessity be wrong:—and being wrong, whether it ought not to be abandoned. Who can tell what blessings he has not already lost by not offering up his prayers to God at the time when, as the greatest Christian teachers that the world has known have asserted, prayers are of *peculiar* avail with God, because offered in connection with that Sacrifice through which alone a sinner's prayers are heard? Who can tell how many blessings he may in future lose, or how much additional sin he may have to answer for at the Great Day, who, after warning, continues to despise that “continual remembrance of the Sacrifice of the Death of CHRIST,” and to turn away from the one great Objective Act of Christian worship offered by the Church in obedience to her LORD's command?—*From Rev. J. E. Vaux, on the Presence of Non-Communicants.*

The Children's Corner.

THE DROP OF WATER.

THERE was once a little streamlet that rose at the foot of a beautiful, wide-spreading elm-tree. It was such a lovely spot, the noble old tree waved its long branches, and made the most delicious music with its rustling leaves; and the little spring gushed up from among its old gnarled roots, and after resting a moment to recover breath, went murmuring away over the stones and moss. And the old tree understood its song, and the little birds understood it, and the soft winds understood it. And they all took up the burden of it, and made a most beautiful chorus. And this was what the rivulet chanted, and the birds, and trees, and winds re-echoed. “Oh! how good and bountiful is the Great God, Who made this beautiful world! how beautiful! how very beautiful

it is! I never thought when I was quietly living down in the dark, that all this loveliness was spread above my head, and now I am free, and can wander whither I will." And the little brooklet danced and laughed in the bright sunshine for very joy. And when it looked up at the sun, it wondered if that were the throne of the Great "All-FATHER," and then it hushed its murmurs and went on more soberly for awhile.

By-and-by other little streamlets came rushing down to meet it; they seemed all hurried and breathless, for they had most of them run down-hill a long way, and when they came up to its side, they murmured "How glad we are to see you! We have been running and running to come up with you;" and then they threw themselves into its bosom, and made such a merry noise and music for very joy. After a time the little stream grew quite large, till it wondered at its own size when it saw how far and wide it stretched along. There never was a more beautiful stream than it had become; sometimes it rushed down over bold, large rocks, dashing and foaming over them, and forming little cascades and waterfalls here and there; and then it ran on quietly for a while, gurgling under the old bridge, and gliding among the stones and knotted roots of the old trees, and then it would heap itself together under a broad, shadowy oak or thorn, and form the most beautiful mirror conceivable. It would lie quite still, as if tired of its roaming way of life, and wished to reflect awhile, and so it did—it reflected the beautiful clouds in the bright, blue sky, and the drooping branches on the mossy banks along its sides. And the sweet blossoms of the hawthorn would drop from their stems and float on its smooth bosom. And the little birds would come and dip their beaks into its pure water, and sing a song of gratitude beside it. And the village maidens would come and twine bright blossoms in their hair, whilst they leant over its smooth surface which served them for a mirror.

Then the winds would come and whisper of all they had seen in *their* wanderings, and what had happened out on that broad ocean to which the stream was hasting, and it would tremble as it felt the soft kiss of the breeze, and became quite agitated with joy; and sometimes the

bright sun would look down on it, and the poor stream used to feel quite abashed at the honour, and would become hot and all of a glow. It used to feel much happier when the gentle moon smiled on it at night, it felt very happy then, and would return its gaze trustingly and lovingly. And the sweet queen of night would come out and ride through the skies with her train of bright stars, the stream thought there could be nothing more beautiful than she was, and used to wonder how the little flowers could fold themselves up and put their buds under their leaves when she was to be seen. And she said so to a fine rose one day; but the haughty beauty answered that it might be all very well for such a cold-natured thing as the streamlet, but for her part she did not admire such a very pale style of beauty, that the sun was much more to her taste. And so the stream turned for sympathy to a little bird who had built himself a nest on her banks: he was a very sober-looking bird, and kept very quiet and silent in the day-time, when all the warblers in the neighbouring thickets and woods were singing their beautiful songs, and trying who could do best; but nobody knew better than the little stream how beautifully he could sing at night. Oh, it was the most exquisite music in the world! He would pour out his soul through his little quivering throat, the luscious notes would come gushing up one after the other in the clear night air, so sweet, so full, that the stream hushed its murmur, until one night the little bird begged it would continue its sweet music, for he liked, he said, to sing to its accompaniment. So they became the best friends in the world, and used to make the most beautiful music one can imagine. They sang of the blue sky and of its veil of silvery clouds, and the gentle moon that cast her soft rays on the waters, and the glorious stars that followed her whithersoever she went.

Now the stream was not all one large body, but was composed of countless numbers of little drops, which had each one the power of doing at least one good and beautiful deed.

Some of these little drops seemed not to care for anything but dancing and dropping from place to place. As long as they could catch a glimpse at the sun, or hang

upon a blade of grass, and then drop down again into the water, they thought of nought else. But there were some others who remembered what the fair naiads sometimes came up from their grottoes to whisper, and would often cool a parched leaf, or refresh a drooping flower, and fling fresh drops on the green turf-banks by the river-side. And people used to see the pure glistening water running on and on, refreshing the parched ground, and doing untold good, and they thought what a blessing the river was; but they none of them remembered that it was all produced by the union of good done by each tiny, tiny drop, that it was the many littles that made up the whole. But though they did not observe this, others did, the little sober-looking bird, and the trees and flowers knew it.

Now there was one particularly pure drop of water, that rushed on dancing and laughing with its innumerable companions, dropping here and there, and glistening in the sunlight, with no thought of anything but pleasure, till one day—it was a bright sunny summertide, and though the gentle moon had bathed all her favourites the flowers the night before in soft, cool dew, yet they were now withering and drooping with the heat; the haughty sun had been glaring down upon them all the morning; and now towards noon he appeared more brilliant than ever, and seemed to feel no pity for their sufferings.

There was a beautiful cluster of blue forget-me-nots, that grew very near the water's brink, but alas, just far enough out of its reach not to be refreshed by it. Oh! they were very beautiful, those little blue blossoms! they looked as if their petals were formed of bits of the bright blue sky, and a bright star had come down and nestled in the centre of each one. Their slender stalks were bending towards the stream as if imploring it to take pity on their beauteous burden.

Then the tiny drop of water thought, "How much I should like to drop on the bosom of that bright blue flower! and see it once more hold up its head, and look refreshed!" and it asked a little zephyr, who was playing on the bank among the branches of a tree, to bear it on to the plant, and the laughing zephyr breathed lightly on the water, and curled the surface into tiny ripples, and

so in the form of light spray the drop reached the blossom, and sank on its breast: and the glowing starry eye beamed with new lustre, and the dimmed blue leaves revived, until the flower looked as fair and fresh as before. And after a time the drop of water was changed into a drop of pure dew, and when morn came on it was drawn from its hiding-place up into the still and boundless sky, and from thence it saw a little homely blossom lying panting on the turf, and it dropped down on it so gently, so lovingly, so very very softly, that the little flower scarce knew that it was there, until it felt itself reviving under its gentle influence. Now this little blossom, though homely and unpretending in appearance, possessed the power of turning the simplest drop of water (provided it was pure and undefiled) into sparkling nectar, that the fairies drank from goblets formed from the lily-of-the-valley bells. And so the little drop was thus transformed, and at night his friend the little sober-looking songster, came and drank it up, and afterwards poured out the most ravishing of all his sweet songs, and whilst he sang the little drop was again distilled, and stood in the little bird's eye, and then rose up in the clear air like pure incense towards heaven, for the little bird sang a vesper hymn of thankfulness, and gratitude, and joy. And up in the clear blue heavens the little drop found others that like itself had been drawn up there from the earth by their longings and attempts to do good, many of its old companions were among them, pure drops, that had formerly formed a part of the same stream from whence it came. And they united themselves into a body, and floated together through the great blue vault of heaven, and when they looked down upon the earth and saw it was parched and dry, and that the flowers drooped and withered for lack of moisture, they prayed to be sent down by the strong breath of the wind on the earth, it was most often "Favonius," the great western wind, who would blow and condense them all together, and then give a great blast, and send them down towards the earth, and everything would look so freshened and revived; and then the other clouds would feel ashamed that they did not do some good too, and they began at last to

think if a few drops like that would do all this, what might they not achieve? And then they imitated the example of the little cloud, who never dreamt what double good it was doing, never imagined the "unconscious influence" it possessed, but ever went on its way without a thought of what the world or the clouds or anything else would think or say; and so the great clouds would float about, waiting for a fitting season to do *their* part, and when it came they discharged their cool waters on the earth that teemed with renewed life in gratitude, or when the "burden and heat of the day" were great they would over-shadow the "dreary land," "a shadow from the heat."

And after a long, long time, when the little drop had been doing much silent good, and had become purer and purer, for every good action, every hidden deed of refreshing, had made it less and less earthy, had taken away from it more and more of its impurities, rendering it clearer and refined: it one day fell into the sea, but instead of being mingled and lost in the waters of the ocean, it was received within a shell, whose exterior was ugly, very ugly, and the interior dark and gloomy, and at first it felt very miserable and *useless*, closed in there, for as soon as the shell had got it, it shut its mouth and kept it a prisoner closely and securely; and there it remained a long, long time: when, oh, wondrous transformation! on the shell being one day drawn up from the depths of the sea, on opening it the little drop of water was found transformed into a Pearl of great price!

A. H.

Church News.

OXFORD CHURCHMEN'S UNION.

THE following statement will be read by all Churchmen with great interest. The report is the substance of the different views put forth by the Laity when they were invited to advise on the work of the Clergy.

Report of the Committee appointed at a general Meeting of Clergy and Laity, held July 30, 1860, and adopted at the adjourned Meeting held August 27, 1860.

Your Committee consider it their duty in the first instance to gather together so much of what was said at the meeting of the 30th ult. which appointed them, as seemed to command general acquiescence.

It appeared to be admitted (though not quite universally) that young men do not contribute a fair proportion to our Congregations.

(a.) Among the labouring class the absence of quite young lads was considered to result from the circumstances of their social position giving them no other holiday; and after marriage very frequently from the want of good clothes and the desire to assist their wives at home. While it is notorious that there is no adequate sense in this part of the population, of attendance on Public Worship being an *obligation*.

(b.) From the middle ranks of Society—Shopmen, Clerks, &c.,—it was universally admitted that only a small proportion attend the Services of the Church; and those, speaking generally, with little interest or attachment.

In adverting to the causes which have produced this state of things it was strongly denied that it arises from any neglect of Pastoral visiting. It was also affirmed by several speakers that the Church possessed more hold over the population than was at first sight apparent, and that she ought by no means to consider those who do not join in her worship as lost beyond recovery. Upon the whole it was considered that the evil is to be traced to a combination of very various circumstances. And it will be seen upon examination that these circumstances may be ranged under those which are of a religious, a secular, and a mixed character.

Under the first of the heads it was alleged—

1. That the number of Clergy in Parishes was generally insufficient.
2. That their teaching was not sufficiently clear, uniform, and positive on points connected with the constitution of the Church and the position of the Laity in it.
3. That Sermons appealed too much to faith and too little to reason.
4. That our congregations are not instructed so well as they should be in the use of the Prayer Book, and that pains are not taken to qualify them for joining in the singing.
5. That the Services of the Church are often made too long, and are not so cheerful and inspiring as they might be.
6. That many persons are driven from our Churches by the Pew System, and by the failure of Churchwardens to provide accommodation for casual worshippers.

SECULAR CAUSES.

1. Under this head it was alleged by several speakers that the Clergy do not mix socially with their people, so as to establish mutual sympathy. Also,

2. That enough is not done to provide innocent amusement and recreation for the young after they have left School.

Under the head of *Mixed Causes*, which have contributed to the alienation, in so far as it exists, of the young from the Church, stress was laid,

First, On the little influence which the Clergy have exercised on the education of the middle class. In passing through the Universities, the upper classes fall largely under the hands of the Clergy; the education of the poor is almost entirely in their hands. But for the middle class they were said to have done so little that the influence of the Church has ceased even to be looked for or appreciated.

Secondly, It was mentioned that the literature which circulates among the upper and lower middle has nothing of a Church character in it. Nor have those classes had any opportunity of learning what the Church is doing or what help she requires.

Thirdly, It was said that while there are many Lady Visitors of the poor, Laymen have not been encouraged to work in connection with the Clergy, or in any way to make acquaintance with their poorer neighbours. This it was suggested by one speaker might be done in a directly religious way by societies of Laymen acting under the Clergy; or simply by individuals making it their business to mix among their poorer neighbours, with the view of counselling them in temporal matters, or at least showing them sympathy.

Your Committee have further to report that at their first meeting they found themselves unanimous in desiring that some effort should be made in Oxford towards remedying the evils above enumerated, and they considered that the first step should be the formation of an Association which should have for its object the promotion of a closer and more active co-operation of Clergy and Laity than had yet prevailed.

They at once therefore proceeded to draw up rules for the establishment and government of such an Association, which they beg to submit to the Meeting as part of this Report.

RULES.

I. The object of this Union is to promote the close and active co-operation of Clergy and Laity, by any of the following means, or others which may be conducive to the same end :—

By meetings for conversation and mutual improvement.

By circulating Books and information on subjects of interest affecting the work and condition of the Church.

By holding friendly intercourse with neighbours, with due reference to the parochial system, for the purpose of encouraging young men to take a personal interest in religion.

By instructing the ignorant.

By taking steps to provide improved lodgings for artizans, labourers, or casual travellers.

By Lectures, Readings, Singing Classes, and Musical Entertainments.

By providing places and means of recreation suitable to the seasons of the year.

By providing refreshment rooms for working men with a view to encourage temperate habits.

II. The Union may lend its aid in forming separate Associations, either general or local, for any of the foregoing purposes.

III. The Union shall consist of *Members and Associates*.

Members.

IV. Any Confirmed male member of the Church of England, who is willing in any way to work in association for the spiritual or temporal good of his brethren, shall be eligible as a Member.

V. Any person wishing to become a member shall be proposed at one meeting of the Council hereinafter referred to, and his name shall then be placed on a Notice Board for one fortnight in the Room or Office of the Union, and balloted for at the next Meeting of the Council; black balls in the proportion of one to four to exclude. But all parochial Clergymen shall be admitted without election upon paying a subscription to the Union.

VI. A Subscription of at least One Shilling Quarterly shall be required from each Member, and must be paid in advance.

VII. All Subscriptions shall be considered as due at Christmas, Lady Day, Midsummer Day, and Michaelmas, yearly.

VIII. The affairs of the Union shall be managed by a Council consisting of a President, Treasurer, and Twenty-two others, two of whom shall act as Secretaries; of which number of twenty-two, one-half shall be Clergymen, eight at least being parochial Clergymen, and the other half Laymen; five to be a Quorum.

IX. The Bishop of the Diocese for the time being, shall, if he will accept the office, be Patron, and shall be entitled to preside at any Meetings of the Union or Council.¹

X. The President shall always be a Clergyman in Priest's Orders.

XI. The President, and Treasurer and Council shall be elected by a majority of the whole of the Members present at a General Annual Meeting, of which ten days' notice shall be given, and which shall be held on the second Monday in each year, unless the Council shall see fit in any year to name some other day in the month of January as more convenient.

XII. Persons not being Communicants of the Church shall not be eligible to the Council.

XIII. The President shall hold his office for one year, and the Treasurer and the rest of the Council for three years, one third of the Council retiring every year; but all members of the Council shall be capable of re-election.

XIV. Any vacancy in the Council occurring during the year may be filled up at any Ordinary or Special Meeting of the Union, ten days' notice being given.

XV. The Council shall have power from time to time to make and rescind By-Laws for the management of their own and General Meetings, and for the establishment of Special Associations; and to

¹ The Bishop of Oxford has accepted the office of Patron; and the Warden of All Souls' College has been elected President.

provide Rooms, Assistant Officers and Servants, and whatever may be necessary for carrying out the objects of the Union.

XVI. The Council shall annually, at their first Meeting after the General Annual Meeting, appoint out of their own number two Secretaries for the year ensuing, one of whom shall be a Clerical, and the other a Lay-Member.

XVII. The President, or in his absence, one of the Members of the Council to be named at the time, shall take the Chair at all Meetings of the Union or Council, and shall have a casting vote.

XVIII. All By-Laws which shall be made shall be communicated to the next General Meeting.

XIX. A Statement of Accounts and a Report of the proceedings of the Union during each year, shall be submitted to the General Annual Meeting, as provided for in Rule XII.

XX. The Secretaries shall summon Meetings both of the Council and Union, keep a Register of Members and Associates, keep Minutes of the Proceedings of all Meetings of the Council and the Union, prepare the Annual Report, and receive Subscriptions, which shall be handed over to the Treasurer.

XXI. The Treasurer shall keep the Accounts, which shall be open at all times to the inspection of Members of the Council, and prepare the Annual Statement.

XXII. Special Meetings of the Union may be called by one of the Secretaries, or by any five members ; seven days' notice, in writing, of the Meeting and of the particular business being given.

XXIII. No additions to, or alterations in, the Rules of the Union shall be made until they have been submitted to one Ordinary or Special Meeting of the Union and confirmed at a subsequent Meeting. a majority of votes being requisite for the adoption of such additions or alterations.

Associates.

XXIV. The Council shall have power at their discretion to enrol any persons as Associates, on the recommendation of a Member of the Union ; each Associate shall pay at least One Shilling quarterly in advance to the Funds of the Union,—such Subscription to be collected by the Member recommending.

XXV. Persons subscribing to any separate Association in connexion with this Union shall also be entitled to be enrolled as Associates.

XXVI. Associates shall be entitled to attend ordinary or special meetings of the Union without the power of voting or being eligible to the Council ; and shall be admitted to the privileges of the Members subject to any regulations or by-laws made by the Council or any general meeting regarding them.

XXVII. The Council shall have power to take such steps as shall be necessary for co-operating with the Church Institution or other Societies or Unions which may have kindred objects in view, subject to the approval of a General Meeting.

THE Churchman's Companion.

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[NOVEMBER, 1860.]

A MAIDEN OF OUR OWN DAY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Take thy banner! may it wave
Proudly o’er the good and brave.”

LONGFELLOW.

As Lady Eynesford wished to present the colours to her son's regiment in person, it was necessary that she should come to Harbourmouth, and the Deshons accordingly invited her to take up her quarters at their house for a day or two. Lady Grace had gone to the Highlands with her brother Lord Eynesford and her married sister; so the countess arrived at Harbourmouth with no other companions than her maid, and her pet dog, which strange to say, was not a black silky spaniel, nor a fat white poodle, but an immense bloodhound, very handsome and very stately, but so fierce of aspect as to be the terror of poor little Edgar's life so long as it remained in the house. It had belonged to the late lord, and since his death his widow had taken it into peculiar favour, so much so that Anthony jealously observed, “Emperor” had usurped the privileges of the youngest son.

But Lady Eynesford by no means limited her affections to her dog, she was passionately fond of her children, and so large-hearted in her sympathies and interests that Anthony declared he could never come near her

without being obliged to hear a pitiful story of some "Polish beggar or runaway nigger," whom she had taken under her protection. Laugh as he might about it however, he lent a more duteous ear to such tales than either his brother or sister, and for this and other reasons had become an especial favourite with his mother, so that it was at the cost of some self-sacrifice that she had allowed him to enter the army. Not even to keep him near her though, would she consent to his entering the guards; if he were to be a soldier at all, he should be a real hardworking one, join a "marching regiment," and take his chance of bad climates and bad quarters with the rest. There were other "bad" things however to which she could not so easily reconcile herself to exposing him, and it had been an immense relief to her to consign him to Colonel Deshon's guardianship, and to receive from Mrs. Deshon a promise that she would watch over him "as if he were a son of her own."

She knew from Anthony's report that this promise had been well kept, but still she was glad of an opportunity to see with her own eyes how her darling was treated, and it was in the best of spirits and humours that she arrived at Harbourmouth, and took up her temporary abode in her cousin's house. She had a tall fine figure, and her strongly-marked and rather plain features were softened in effect by the silvery-whiteness of her hair which she disdained to conceal by any artificial means, her forehead was as high as her son's was low, and her dark, bright, wonderfully-intelligent eyes seemed to bespeak so much mental power that Gyneth decided immediately Anthony's slender intellect must have been derived from his father, contrary to the usual rule of sons inheriting their mothers' qualities.

Gyneth had not much expected to like Lady Eynesford, but ere she had been one whole evening in her company she owed to Rose that she *did* like her heartily. It was a great point in her favour that she had professed indifference to light popular music, and requested Gyneth to play to her "something of Beethoven's;" moreover she had once had Mendelssohn to stay in her house, and spoke with rapture of his compositions, and though she

declared he was "caricatured" in the "seraphael" of Gyneth's favourite "Charles Anchester," she owned to having read the book with interest, and did not think Gyneth silly for admiring it. She on her part was amused and pleased by her little cousin's musical enthusiasm, though rather astonished at finding how decided were the tastes and opinions of this maiden of eighteen. "Grace is three years older, but she has not half so many 'idées fixes,'" she observed confidentially to Mrs. Deshon.

The mother smiled as she answered, "Gyneth is such a quaint old-fashioned little thing in some of her ways and words, that she often surprises me, but I assure you she is not one of those tiresome people who insist upon having ideas upon *everything*. The very name of music makes her eloquent, but on many subjects she is absolutely mute."

"Ah that is a comfort; it is a great pity when girls get a habit of laying down the law about everything like my son-in-law's sisters, who have opinions on every possible subject, from the Nebula hypothesis, down to the costume of a charity child. They have been staying a month with me in the country, and they seemed to me to pass their lives in contradicting and suggesting: they wanted me to alter the dress of my 'Blue School,' as I call it, and recommended a new set of chants for use in our village Church; every day they had some new suggestion to make, and my only comfort was in reflecting that they were not *my* daughters."

Mrs. Deshon's thoughts flew back to the last time she had seen Lady Grace, whom she remembered as a cold, handsome, inanimate girl, vouchsafing no sign of interest in anything, never taking the trouble to contradict, or expressing more than a languid acquiescence; and perhaps she thought that even the tormentingly opinionated young ladies whom the countess described, would be preferable as daughters to any one so inly indifferent. But she quite understood Lady Eynesford's complaint, for she knew that like many other clever decided people, the old lady was a little arbitrary, and could much better tolerate indifference than opposition. Very unlike in

this to Mrs. Deshon herself, who could "agree to differ" with the best grace in the world, and was rather amused than disconcerted when her views met with opposition even from her own children.

Lewis Grantham was written to, and promised to come down early enough to see the colours presented, and remain till the next day that he might assist at Mrs. Deshon's party. He had not arrived however, half an hour before the ceremony was to take place, and fearing he would be late, Mrs. Deshon who had an errand in Harbourmouth, drove to meet him at the station, and brought him home with her.

Gyneth was standing near the open window of the drawing-room, talking to Lady Eynesford, when her mother and cousin came up the steps, and in the momentary pause which ensued before the hall door was opened, she heard her mother say, "I hope she may remain fancy-free for some time to come, she is too young to know her own mind yet," to which Lewis answered "yes," in a tone of grave acquiescence.

He was looking a little worried when he entered, but the good-tempered mouth relaxed into a smile directly he spoke, and he greeted Rose, who was standing nearest the door, with evident warmth and pleasure. To Gyneth who knew every shade of his manner, his greeting to herself seemed colder and more formal than usual; had she done anything to vex him, she wondered, could he possibly be annoyed with his little philosopher?

There was no time for cogitations on this, or any other matter, for Colonel Deshon sent an orderly at this moment to tell them that all was in readiness, and the whole party proceeded to the scene of action. A velvet-covered dais had been prepared on the middle of the common, and around it the troops were drawn up in review order; beyond stretched the long extent of beach and the blue waters of the harbour, specked here and there by the white sails of a ship. The old flags that had seen so many battles, were borne honourably aloft for the last time, tattered fragments as they were, they symbolised England's victorious arms, and were worthy of this farewell reverence. The band could not do less than

bid adieu to them musically, with the tune of "Auld lang syne."

Then the new flags were brought forward, and laid on the drums in front of the dais, escorted by a small party of colour sergeants, and followed by Lady Eynesford, Mrs. Deshon, and a number of friends and acquaintances. After a prayer of consecration had been said by the chaplain, the countess took the colours, and presented them to Colonel Deshon on behalf of the regiment, with a few appropriate words. Very stately she looked, very clear and firm were the tones of her voice, very ardent the fire of her still brilliant eyes; her father had fallen at Waterloo,—her only brother had brought away honourable wounds from the campaign in the Punjaub,—she had made her son a soldier,—no wonder then that she had her share of military enthusiasm.

Gyneth listened with intent admiration to every word of her father's reply; how dignified he looked! how calm and handsome! his scarlet uniform making him appear quite enough a soldier, while he was even more evidently a gentleman, noble, and gentle, and knightly-minded, as every true gentleman should be. Another moment, and he had passed on the colours to two ensigns, who knelt to receive them, and then lifted them proudly, rising to their feet at the same instant. Everyone looked at them as they were carried past, admired them as a matter of course, and pitied the youthful ensigns who had to support their weight. Little Katie clapped her hands at the gorgeous beauty of these "bran-new" silken banners, Fanny was audibly quoting Longfellow, Gyneth's eyes followed the *old* flags regretfully.

"I can't help feeling that old friends are best," she said in a low voice.

"Always?" inquired Lewis smiling, "even when the old friends are worn out, and faded, and almost useless?"

"Yes, even then," she answered.

"What a staunch little lady it is!" he exclaimed half mockingly, "do you hold the same opinion, Miss Burnaby?"

"I think all friends are good," said Rose, with one of those pretty looks that help out nothing-particular

speeches so wonderfully, and a little badinage ensued between her and Mr. Grantham, to which Gyneth listened amused, without taking part in it.

Gyneth had expected to find the *déjeuner* which followed very dull, and was rather relieved when she found herself placed between her cousin Lewis and Captain Ross, with goodnatured Mr. Armstrong opposite. The latter gentleman was "very kind," Gyneth thought; "quite devoted" Captain Ross told his wife afterwards; "detestably officious" Lewis grumbled to himself.

Mr. Parry was there with a shade of additional solemnity on his boyish face, and muttered something about "all being vanity," in answer to Gyneth's comment on everything having passed off so well. His wife on the contrary, had a most smiling countenance, and was victimizing Lambert by an account of Mr. Spurgeon's sayings and doings, interspersed with little insinuations against Lambert's "Romish tendencies," and delivered with the indispensable giggles which Gyneth thought so aggravating. She and Lewis kept a rather mischievous watch on poor Bertie's patient face, and Mr. Grantham's eyebrows became at length so expressive, that a demurely roguish look was telegraphed back from under Lambert's eyelashes, succeeded however by a blush and renewed attention to Mrs. Parry by way of penance.

"Bertie, I have in my eye a sixpenny 'Life of Spurgeon,' which I shall have great pleasure in obtaining for you, since you are so much interested in the subject," said Lewis maliciously, when all the speeches had been made, the champagne and good things in general, discussed, and the company rose from table.

"Have you made an engagement to go to hear him this evening, instead of joining the 'light fantastic?'" inquired Captain Ross. "I am told he is now at Harbournmouth."

"I have a prior engagement," replied Lambert smiling, and offering his arm to Rose, "Miss Burnaby has promised me the first set of Lancers."

Mr. Armstrong took this opportunity of requesting the same favour from Gyneth, a request which she accepted as a matter of course, though it was the occasion

of a lugubrious shake of the head from Mr. Parry, who had drawn near in time to hear the last words, and favoured her with the *sotto voce* remark, "I should not have thought, Miss Deshon, that *your* mind could be satisfied with such frivolities."

Her bright look of amusement was not the only answer he received; Mrs. Deshon's quick ears caught the remark, as she passed by on the arm of the Governor of Harbourmouth, and she turned back to say playfully, "A reproof and a compliment so disguised in one another as to make both palatable! Mr. Parry, you are positively becoming quite Jesuitical!"

His look of innocent surprise and horror was curious to behold, he drew back and let the party pass on, without attempting any reply, for strange to say, he was rather afraid of Mrs. Deshon, whom most people thought "so goodnatured." Lambert had pity on his discomfited face, and turned back as soon as he had handed Rose into the carriage, which was waiting at the door. "Parry, I have been thinking that perhaps my cousin can tell you what you want to know about the 'shoeblack brigade;' he got a boy into it once, a poor miserable little fellow whom he met with in the streets. If you can wait one minute I'll introduce him to you; I see Major Willis is taking care of Mrs. Parry."

Mr. Parry's solemn face brightened a little, as it always did when any charitable work was in prospect, and it was an agreeable surprise to find that Mr. Grantham, whom he had (very groundlessly) set down as "worldly," was quite learned on the subject of the picturesque little London shoeblacks, and quite ready to be interested in the scheme for getting up a similar corps in Harbourmouth.

"It might rescue some poor lads from a life of wretchedness and crime," said poor good Mr. Parry with a deep sigh.

"What does the rector think of it?" inquired Mr. Grantham, and Lambert's eyes thanked him as he replied, "I don't think the scheme has been submitted to him yet, for it has been hitherto only an undeveloped idea, but of course he must be consulted before any actual steps are taken."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Parry resignedly, "I only hope we shan't have to endure any bigoted opposition from him."

Lambert looked pained, but said nothing; Mr. Grantham observed with a smile, "So far as my experience of clergymen goes, I should say that they are very glad when they can get any layman to work with them for the good of their parish; those who ignore them, and set up independent charities, take the very way to create the opposition they condemn."

"I shouldn't mind if the rector was a safe person," began Mr. Parry.

"He doesn't bite, does he?" inquired Mr. Grantham of Lambert, in a sort of aside.

"But you see," continued the young officer lugubriously, "he's taken up with all these new-fangled notions; I shouldn't be in the least surprised if he insisted on all the boys learning the Church catechism!"

Lewis laughed, he couldn't help it. "I always imagined the Church catechism dated from the sixteenth century," he said, "possibly I may have been under a delusion, but at any rate I should think it rather a matter of congratulation, if all the little shoeblacks knew their 'duty to their neighbour' by heart."

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Parry with a very wise air, "but knowing isn't believing."

There was no answer to be made to such a truism, and Lewis bethought him of an engagement to ride with Colonel Deshon.

"Good-bye, Parry," said Lambert, "I shall hear from you, shall I not? if Mr. Weatherhead approves your scheme. I am quite sure you will not find him 'bigoted.'"

"Ah, we shall see," was the reply; "good-bye, my dear fellow, I ought I suppose to hope that you may enjoy your dissipation this evening, but I can't conscientiously do so."

"It isn't expected of you," said Lambert with a smile, and the two cousins hurried away.

"What a funny specimen of goodness and silliness!" exclaimed Lewis, "I should think conscientiousness and self-esteem were his most prominent organs, with a strik-

ing deficiency in veneration and ideality. I was rather hoping to see a pitched battle between you and him, Bertie, on the subject of your rector and 'bigotry' in general."

"Combativeness is not one of my 'organs,'" said Bertie, "Gyneth is often vexed at my want of pluck."

"Gyneth! does that gentle little thing pretend to like strife? I know she is a famous little champion when once she enters the lists, but I thought she could with difficulty be provoked into doing so."

"She doesn't like quarrels at all, but I think she likes friendly argument. How clever she is, Lewis! she far outstrips the rest of us, even Lawrie is not half so talented."

"Ah you have found that out," said Mr. Grantham delightedly. "I thought you would appreciate her, Bertie, and I suppose you are immense friends."

"I don't know," hesitated Lambert, "I daresay she finds me stupid. Of course she is a good deal occupied with mamma and the children, and at other times Lawrence claims her; it is not only I who appreciate her."

"But, you foolish boy," began Mr. Grantham, in a tone of remonstrance, which was suddenly exchanged for one of pleasure as he added, "I must finish my lecture another time, for there is the little Rose ready mounted, so I suppose your father must be ready too; if you will excuse me, Bertie, I will hurry on to join them."

He dashed open the garden gate and hurried up the gravelled sweep leading to the house, at a pace which the younger cousin could not emulate: he had a motive for this haste.

Colonel Deshon had ridden round to the library window to give some farewell charge to his wife, and Rose, who was riding a horse of Anthony's, was for the moment quite alone.

"The very opportunity I have been waiting for," said Mr. Grantham, as he joined her; "here is your ring, I hope it will fit now." He held out a ring-case to her as he spoke, and she drew from it a small hoop of rubies and pearls, which pulling off her glove, she slipped on to the third finger of her left hand.

"Oh, it fits beautifully now," she said, "thank you so much for bringing it, I have not felt comfortable without it, though I have been wearing one or two other rings on that finger to Gyneth's great astonishment. I wish I might tell her."

"Ah, you have not leave, you must be patient a little longer."

Something else he said, which she leant downwards to hear, somewhat to the astonishment of Gyneth, who came to the hall door at that moment ready equipped for a drive, which she was going to take with Lady Eynesford. Her surprised glance took in in one moment the pretty graceful figure bending from the saddle, the little picturesque head, with its bright hair crowned by the coquettish hat and feather, the fair, sweet, smiling face with its deepened bloom; and then that other face upturned to it, so refined, and intelligent, and manly, with those bright, keen, unfathomable eyes, and that half-sarcastic half-pleasant smile about the finely chiselled mouth. What could those two have to say to one another that required so confidential a tone and attitude?

Her first impulse was to draw back, but Mr. Grantham saw her and stopped her. "Gyneth, can you tell me where I can find the steed I was promised? and is your father ready? Lambert entrapped me into a discussion on shoeblacks with Mr. Parry, and nearly made me forget my appointment."

"Your horse is all ready in the stable, papa thought you were not coming, and was just going to start without you. Bertie," to Lambert who had just come up, "will you tell Dawson to send round Timour? I am afraid you will find him rather a restive creature, Lewis, but papa says he is not really vicious."

"I hope not, for 'I like them very tame,' as the cockney said, when he was asked what was his favourite style of horse. Why don't you ride, Gyneth? Haven't you learnt yet?"

"No, not yet, and it would not be much use, for we have only two riding-horses; that one Rose is on is Anthony's, isn't it a handsome creature?"

"Very, but I wish you rode, Gyneth, I think it would

do you good, give you a little colour, you look so very pale to-day."

" 'Pale as crocus grows close beside a rosetree's root,' " quoted Gyneth with a glance at her blooming little friend, and a playful intonation, which yet had in it a trifle of bitterness.

"Don't suggest such a thing," said Mr. Grantham, laughing, "one invariably thinks of a *yellow* crocus, the emblem of jealousy too."

"The emblem of jealousy," did he mean that as a hint? A crimson glow reddened poor Gyneth's white cheeks, she had been jealous of Lambert once, was she jealous of Rose now? She shrank abashed at the idea of such meanness in herself.

Colonel Deshon and the groom leading Timour appeared together, and Lawrence followed, mounted on Anthony's chestnut; Anthony was going to drive in order to be with his mother, so had goodnaturedly offered his cousins the use of his horses.

If Mr. Grantham 'liked them tame' he still certainly appeared by no means dissatisfied with the mettlesome creature he was called upon to mount, though that operation had to be performed under difficulties, as Timour had not the smallest notion of standing quiet. The groom's 'so hos' and other pacific exclamations were quite thrown away, Lambert's voice was the only thing which had the slightest effect.

"Are you going to be of the driving party, Bertie?" inquired Lewis before he rode off; "I had hoped to see you on the chestnut."

"No, mamma has engaged me as her aide-de-camp this afternoon, she has some preparations to make for the party this evening."

"I should have thought that was feminine business."

"Not altogether, something of the neuter gender is wanted on these occasions, to do whatever comes to hand whether man's or woman's work."

"And you are going to be 'it' for the nonce; well you are certainly the most dutiful of sons. Good-bye, *au revoir*, but don't be surprised if I come home smashed, for this animal appears likely to be the death of me."

"Lewis doesn't ride as well as you, Bertie," said Gyneth, looking after him as he put his horse into a canter, "I fancy he is out of practice."

"He hasn't had my father's teaching," said Lambert, "that *ought* to make a good horseman of any one. Miss Burnaby must have been well taught, she rides capitally, indeed she does everything well."

"Yes, her grace and skill are innate," said Gyneth, readily. Lambert's evident admiration of Rose did not cost her the least pang of jealousy. She was proud of *his* liking for her friend.

The carriage came round to the door at this moment, so she went back into the drawing-room to summon Lady Eynesford, who was reading aloud to her son a grateful epistle from a poor Frenchman, who had been exiled from France for his Legitimist opinions, and for whom she had obtained some employment in England. Reading letters was a very favourite occupation with the Countess, who never worked, and would read no books but such as were particularly clever and well-written. Katie accompanied the driving party by special request from Anthony, and when Lambert returned into the house after seeing the carriage drive off, he found his mother counselling Fanny and Edgar to take a little walk on the beach together.

"Mamma, I want to stay and worry," said Fanny, candidly, "it's such fun seeing the house turned upside down."

"And I want to stay with Bertie, mamma," said Edgar, "but I won't worry."

"But you see I would rather have you out of the way, my dears," said Mrs. Deshon, reluctant to refuse them anything, "Bertie, don't you think the children had better go out?"

She vanished into the recesses of the store-room as she spoke, and left to him, as she often did, the task of enforcing her desires.

"It is quite enough that mamma wishes it," he said, "run and put on your bonnet, Fanny."

"Oh but, Bertie, I must stay and tease nurse, she is helping mamma to take out things, and to everything

mamma proposes she says, 'oh, but do you think her ladyship would like that, mum?' as if Lady Eynesford would notice or care about such silly things! And Ellis is just as bad, mamma says she thinks his brain is turned."

"If so, I suspect you have contributed to it, Fanny, by getting continually in his way, and interrupting mamma when she has been giving her orders. Now I won't have any more talk, you are to go and get ready directly."

"Bertie, you are a tyrant, a wicked old Blue Beard, Dionysius of Syracuse was nothing to you," said Fanny hugging him, but she only paused to make him kiss her, and then rushed up stairs to obey his orders.

Edgar had not offered a single remonstrance, if Bertie said they were to go out they must, he did not even pout as he was a little apt to do at orders from any one else which were contrary to his inclination. All he said was, "May I come to you when you are dressing for the evening, Bertie, and then I can take out all your things for you, I know where your best coat is quite well."

"That's right, you shall be my little valet, do you know that I am going to ask for a share of your small apartment to-night, and give mine to Cousin Lewis?"

Edgar danced in ecstasies, "I shall sleep on the floor, and you shall have my bed, Bertie."

"Then you must kindly provide an apparatus for cutting me smaller, so that I may be able to fit in; no, no, mamma is going to extemporise a bed for me somehow."

"And I shall wake very early in the morning, and talk to you."

"You'd better not, I shall only snore, just think how tired we shall both be after this evening's gaiety. And, by the by, I wanted to say, Eddie, that though mamma is going to be so kind as to let you sit up for the party, I am sure she does not mean you to sit up the whole evening, so mind you go to bed directly she or Gyneth tells you."

Edgar looked doubtful, and Lambert continued, "It ought not to be necessary for me to say this, you know very well, Eddie, that I shall never be satisfied with you till you obey mamma as readily as you do papa or me."

That Edgar did not obey her was greatly Mrs. Deshon's own fault, but Lambert did not wish to think so, and if he had would not have admitted it to Edgar. He was intensely fond of this child, but had no idea of showing it after Gyneth's pattern by perpetual indulgence, though he treated him in a fond, friendly, confiding fashion, such as does not often fall to the lot of little brothers. Lambert could say many things to Edgar that he would never have dreamed of saying to anyone else, and it was partly the consciousness of this which made the child so happy in his society. Bertie was much more strict with him than anyone else, he knew that very well, but then Bertie trusted him, made a friend of him, and that was more than compensation.

Edgar knew that Lambert did not care about this party or any party, (though he had never said so) that to his shy, ascetic mind "gaieties" so called, were very uncongenial, that the spirit with which he entered into his mother's plans, was drawn not from any pleasureable anticipations, but from unselfishness too complete not to be cheerful and ready. Of the asceticism which consists in making other people uncomfortable as well as oneself, he knew nothing, he was quite willing and anxious to procure pleasure for others, if doing so entailed some personal self-denial, so much the better, "room to deny himself" was the one thing he desired. Edgar perfectly understood this, and imitated his brother as well as he could, but though he had resolution enough often to give up his own cherished wishes, he had not heroism enough to resist the temptation to self-pity, and generally wound up his little sacrifices by a fit of sobbing. So his attempts at unselfishness were commonly known as "Edgar's fancies" in the family, and were very little encouraged, except by Bertie, who thought the tears the only reprehensible part. Poor Lambert! he worked away hard that afternoon, doing anything and everything that his mother asked him without a thought whether it were "infra dig.," and if Ellis's brain was turned it was quite an uncalled-for and unreasonable proceeding, as Mrs. Deshon was the most goodhumoured and unworrying of arrangers possible, and Lambert the most lucid of directors.

The riding party returned the first, and found the dinner-table spread in the library, while the dining-room was converted into a dancing-room, for which in point of size it was admirably fitted. All the furniture had been taken away, except a few chairs in a little alcove intended for the musicians; the Turkey carpet had been rolled up and carried off, the chandelier in the centre of the room was wreathed with flowers, and the whole had such a festal air, that Rose and Lawrence could not resist a preliminary *valse*, though the former's riding-habit was not well adapted for dancing. This performance over, Rose volunteered to keep the children quiet (since they could not walk the whole afternoon), and accompanied by Lawrence, carried them off to the garden, where she entertained them with that silliest of games, "I love my love," till as fate would have it, just as she arrived at the letter L, which came to her turn, Lambert and Lewis took it into their heads to join her.

"I am delighted to hear that you love your love with an L, Miss Burnaby," said Mr. Grantham mischievously, "here are three at your service."

Rose's blush was vivid enough to surprise the two younger L's, but she laughed off her confusion, and began: "I love my love with an L because he is loveable."

"A natural sequence," put in Lewis.

"I hate him because he is—lazy."

"So am I," said the incorrigible Mr. Grantham.

"His name is—oh: what shall I say?"

"Lambert, do say Lambert!" cried little Edgar.

"Leonard," suggested Lambert himself.

She looked even more fluttered than before; her hazel eyes were growing quite piteous.

"Lubin," proposed Mr. Grantham with a reassuring glance at her, and she went on happily again. "His name is Lubin, and he comes from Lapland; he gave me a—"

"Locket!" suggested Fanny; "you've got one on now, with L on it too."

Mr. Grantham treated Fan to a fierce look, such as he was wont to extemporise when personating "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum," for the benefit of the children of his acquaint-

ance, and thus diverted her attention from Rose, who after a minute went on.

"He gave me a lambkin for a present, and a bunch of lettuces for a nosegay."

The children clapped, and Lambert said, "very well got through, but I was commissioned to tell you that dinner will be ready in half an hour."

"Then I must not wait to hear M, but must go and dress. I hope the next speaker will be more fluent than I was."

She went towards the house, and Lewis followed her. "What a shame to have three L's in a family," she said turning round; "I was in such a puzzle till you helped me with Lubin."

"Poor little girl!" he answered compassionately.

CHAPTER XIV.

"What if a day, or a month, or a year,
Crown thy delights with a thousand sweet contentings,
May not the change of a night or an hour
Cross thy delights with as many sad tormentings?"

Old Song.

THE villa scarcely knew itself that evening, it was so replete with light, and life, and music. Even before all the guests had arrived, the drawing-room was quite full, and Colonel Deshon ordered the musicians (two or three men picked from the band) to strike up a valse, which might tempt some of the company into the dancing-room. Anthony claimed the hand of a young lady, who by some was thought to be the star of the evening, a Miss Estcourt, a daughter of the Governor, Sir Benjamin Estcourt. But several other gentlemen, who preferred liveliness and grace to inanimate beauty, obtained introductions to Rose, who was in bright spirits, and looked so charming that many were inclined to proclaim her the belle of the room. Though but lately a *débutante*, she had been part of a season in London, and moreover had travelled too much, and been too much brought

forward to be troubled with *mauvaise honte*; she accepted the homage that fell to her share quite naturally, merely smiling at finding herself engaged for eight dances before one had commenced, but according the first to Major Willis, a very quiet unpretending man, who had shown less *empressement* than any of the others who had begged for it.

She was soon floating round in airy circles to the tune of the Maud waltzes; and Mr. Grantham, who had ceased to take part in fast dances, leant against the door of the room and watched her. Not so attentively, however, but that his glances often strayed to the hall, where he apparently expected some one to appear whose delay occasioned him uneasiness.

When Rose and her partner stopped for a few minutes to rest, he approached her, inquiring, "Is Gyneth ill? I could not see her anywhere in the drawing-room, and she is certainly not among the dancers."

"No, she is detained by an unlucky *contretemps*, Fanny will explain it to you. I am ready now, Major Willis," and she was off again before he could ask any more.

He threaded his way through the various couples who were dancing to where Fanny was standing watching the performance, and secretly longing for a partner. "Where is your sister?" he asked eagerly; "has anything happened to prevent her coming down?"

"Only that she has no dress to come in," replied Fanny bluntly; "the dressmaker sent one home this morning; but it didn't fit a bit, so mamma sent it back, and wanted to say that it must be returned again by one o'clock, but Gyneth said that would hurry the poor dressmaker too much, and told the girl it would do if she had it by six, so I suppose they thought it didn't matter, and they haven't sent it home yet."

"How I wish I were Cinderella's godmother!" said Lewis; "but can't she put on something else?"

"She hasn't got any other ball-dress; you know, cousin Lewis, she has never been at a large dancing party before. I dare say her dress will come soon, and she is all ready except for that."

"You will see her quite resplendent in a minute," said Rose, who caught Fan's last words as she fittied by.

"Yes, do watch for her, cousin Lewis; you can't think how smart she'll be. It's pink, and she looked so nice in it when she tried it on this morning. Mamma is so vexed that it hasn't come home."

Mr. Grantham heard Mrs. Deshon's silvery tones speaking to some one in the drawing-room, as he wandered out into the hall, and failed to discover in them the slightest trace of vexation. "She certainly has a delightful temper," he admitted to himself, "and fortunately she has bequeathed it to her children; never was any one who took the world easier than she does, and she has her reward in having preserved those youthful looks and that pretty smile uninjured by time and family cares."

The valse came to an end, and a quadrille was about to commence; Rose stood fanning herself by the door for a minute, while her partner—Anthony this time—went to seek for a *vis-à-vis* sufficiently select to please him.

"Is he like his brother?" asked Mr. Grantham, without thinking it necessary to say who "he" was.

"Dryer, I fancy. I was glad it was a valse, for I did not know what to say. Did I look very stupid?"

He made her a little playful complimentary bow, which was meant to imply the very reverse, and the hazel eyes sparkled with smiles.

"Did Fanny tell you about Gyneth's dress? is it not a pity? I wanted to wait for her, but Mrs. Deshon wouldn't let me; and it is such a becoming dress too, you will see she will look quite enchanting."

"I am prepared to be dazzled," said Mr. Grantham laughing: but at that moment the soft rustle of a dress was heard on the staircase, and peeping out he gave a start of surprise, and exclaimed, "'She went by dale and she went by down, with a single rose in her hair:' it is your turn to be astonished."

Quietly, with a grave, timid air, Gyneth, for she it was, came through the hall. The pink crape, with its flounces, and bouquets of May, was nowhere to be seen;

she had on a white muslin dress, trimmed with lace, a single string of pearls (which had been an heirloom in her grandmother's family) encircled her neck, and a red rose placed at one side of her head was the one bit of colour which relieved the general whiteness. She might almost have been a snow maiden, so white and cold did she look, so serene and noiseless, and silent; anything more unlike the stylish young lady that her mother had meant to make of her could not have been devised.

Mr. Grantham secretly rubbed his hands, but feigned disappointment so well that Gyneth believed it real. "I thought *you* at least wouldn't have cared," she said reproachfully.

"But, my dearest Gyneth, how was it? didn't the dress come?" inquired Rose, regardless that the quadrille was beginning.

"No, it never came, and mamma sent me word by Edgar that I had better not wait any longer. I wish I might have put on this at once; it would have been better than waiting."

"You look like 'die weisse dame' herself," said Laurence, coming up, and regarding her critically, "or like the Lurlei off my meerschauum."

"What next?" said Gyneth, quietly, but the white face glowed a little as Mr. Armstrong rushed up to her. "Miss Deshon, are you really not engaged? I can find a *vis-à-vis* in a minute: I have been looking for you everywhere. I was quite afraid the fatigues of the morning had been too much for you."

Gyneth smiled a negative, and took the arm he offered her; in a few minutes more she was dancing in the same quadrille as Rose and Anthony. Mr. Grantham, left alone, became cynical, and criticised the music, which was excellent.

Lady Eynesford came into the dancing-room, that she might have the pleasure of seeing her son enjoy himself, and soon spied out Gyneth in her snowy robes.

"Your little girl looks very well in her costume *à l'ingenue*," she remarked to Mrs. Deshon; "how small and graceful her head looks with those beautiful braids,

and that one flower, compared with the young ladies who have heaped a whole flower-garden on their unfortunate heads."

"I am very glad you approve her taste," said Mrs. Deshon; "I confess I think she looks rather ghostly. I never saw such a set of pale children as mine, all except Jeannie; how I wish *she* were here!"

"That little Greek is the prettiest thing in the room," said the old lady, looking towards Photinée, who was dressed in a picturesque, fanciful manner which became her peculiar style of beauty, "if I were a young man I should be tempted to devote myself to her, and neglect the young English girls altogether."

"It is fortunate that every one is not so unpatriotic," said Mrs. Deshon, smiling; "what do you think of Mrs. Ross, Lewis? do you agree with Lady Eynesford in admiring her?"

"Very much, as a picture, but give me a well-bred, unaffected little English girl"—

"Such as Miss Burnaby," suggested Mrs. Deshon.

"Yes, she is a very good type, and for those who like a severer style, there is the classical Miss Estcourt."

"My little Gyneth is neither one thing nor the other," said Mrs. Deshon, rather interrogatively.

Mr. Grantham turned to the Countess with a remark on a distinguished literary man whom he had met at her house in the spring. Mrs. Deshon went away to see that Katie was not tiring Lady Estcourt with her prattle, dropping a pleasant word here and there among her guests as she passed. "What a charming person Mrs. Deshon is!" and "What an agreeable hostess Mrs. Deshon makes!" were speeches often repeated in the course of that evening.

Colonel Deshon, who cared not at all about being popular himself, was delighted with his wife's evident popularity, and in his secret heart believed firmly that she was the prettiest woman there, as well as the most charming. He watched to see if Lambert were enjoying himself, but could not at first decide in the affirmative, for Lambert was dancing with Miss Estcourt, and her monosyllabic replies did not help out his shy attempts at

on. Decidedly the little Rose was the happy party; it mattered not what the dance was, the partner was; she had always something to always gay and animated, the arch eyes were bright, the pretty lips for ever rippling into smiles. These who began by admiring Miss Estcourt the one by one swerved from their allegiance; and only the only person who resisted to the last the influence was Mr. Armstrong, who throughout long continued to devote himself exclusively to not taking much notice of any other lady, except Mrs. Ross. At first Gyneth felt forlorn to be grateful to any one who was kind and but when she saw her mother's smile as Mr. Ross invited her to dance for the fifth time that she was glad that an engagement with Captain Ross enabled her to decline the invitation. Of course it had not been her only partner—she had danced once before, with Major Willis, Major Morrison, and a young ensign who lisped so much that she couldn't hear what he said. At the close of the quadrille with Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Deshon proposed some music as a reward and summoned Gyneth to the drawing-room to play a showy piece of Ascher's. Poor Gyneth; it was unfortunate that she had been trained to such accuracy that a small amount of fright sufficed to make her play false for she was secretly trembling, and feeling as if it would certainly break down. She rushed through the piece with a haste which happily was taken for brilliant but as she began the first notes of the air a soft voice behind her said "Gently," and she immediately reduced the time to that indicated by the composer. The same voice whispered "Bravo" when the most difficult passage had been successfully got through, and as the music which she knew well turned over the leaves for her, she felt the very minute she wished, not before or after, to have any inadvertently do. But when she rose from the piano, Mr. Grantham withdrew into the background, and was not among those who thanked her, and insinuated compliments on her playing. She saw him leaning against the mantelpiece, while

Mrs. Alban Ross sang "Una voce," and thought to herself that he looked older and graver than he used to do; he was growing more like the "S. Augustine" of Ary Scheffer's picture, to which she had always fancied he bore a slight resemblance. At the conclusion of the piece she approached him, "Was not that a treat for you? Did you ever, out of a concert-room, hear a more beautiful voice?"

"I never heard a *finer* one, a more beautiful one I think I have. You got bravely through your piece, it was something new to hear you playing Ascher's music."

"Yes, I would give it all for one air of Mendelssohn's, but mamma likes it. I have got quite a fresh set of pieces, I scarcely ever play my old ones now."

"Does no one here care for them?"

"No; no one in my home; Lady Eynesford likes that style of music, I played some of them to her yesterday."

"But what's Lambert about that he doesn't ask for them? I should have thought he at least would have delighted in your music."

"I don't think he cares at all about it; he turns over the leaves for me sometimes, and says, 'Thank you, Gyneth,' when I've done, but he doesn't seem to mind what it is I play."

"The wretch! he must be put through a severe course of Beethoven immediately, I will go and pronounce sentence on him," and he moved slowly away.

Gyneth was disappointed, she wanted to ask him about her grandmother and the Helmores, and his friend the East-London rector; it was strange that he should think it necessary to take himself off when she was just beginning a conversation with him. She thought that she had discovered his real motive when she saw him, after making a laughing remark *en passant* to Lambert, go up to Rose, and offer his arm to lead her to the piano, though the lively little French song which she sang at his request, did not seem to have any especial charms for him.

Before the evening was over Gyneth played again; Favarger's "La Rêve" this time, and though many people talked through it, as is generally the case with instrumental music, one listener stood silent behind her chair, and the same ready hand turned over the leaves, rather

comfiture of Mr. Armstrong, who was ambitious of honour. When she dropped her fan in the dance, an unknown hand picked it up, and reserved it for her. When tired and heated, she sat down for a minute, and the same hand brought her an ice, and fanned her, and she ate it.

Under the watchful unobtrusive guardianship of a kind friend, but not the marked, cordial, affectionate attention which she had been accustomed to receive from her father. Poor little girl, she thought he must be vexed that she must have "done something;" though it was something could be quite passed her comprehension.

He would still be kind to her of course, he was too chivalric—yes, she still held to that epithet—she would not deny any needful courtesy because she had displeased him. He evidently did not care to talk much to her, nor of his plans and interests as he used to do, nor to enter into her occupations, or rally her on her peculiarities. The one person whom she had counted on as never to alter towards her, had altered already, without any apparent reason; it was very perplexing, and the young mind was quite puzzled and pained by it. When vain people meet with comparative coldness from a friend of whose affection they felt sure, they usually lay all the fault to him or her as the case may be, he is fickle, unreasonable, inconstant, unworthy of their regard; a humble person takes the very opposite view, their friend must be right, the fault must be in themselves, and it was thus that Gyneth reasoned now. Though so free from vanity, she had a considerable amount of pride, and this prevented her from asking any explanation of Lewis's altered manner, and from even guessing that she perceived the change. Since he left home, she appeared to content herself with them, and to receive the fair measure of general attention which was her share as the daughter of the house, and accepted of the attentions of Mr. Armstrong's assiduities. She really liked him, he was so completely unaffected, so free from pretence, so entirely true and simple in his tastes and opinions: as yet quite unspoiled by the possession of a large income, and the prospect of inheriting millions on his father's death.

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HINTS FOR THE FORMATION AND MANAGEMENT OF BIBLE CLASSES.

(Continued from p. 303.)

II. *The management of a Bible Class.* It may be well to speak first of that, which is the most important element in success, the inward preparation of God's Minister for this special work.

It need hardly be said that the first essential in every design is to commend it earnestly to God in prayer. Without this there can be no hope of success. Well would it be, too, if, in the silence of his chamber, the Spiritual Pastor would commend not merely his general undertaking to God's Blessing, but commend also each soul, which he knew was going to join it, by name to the guidance of the HOLY SPIRIT. As it has begun, so must it be continued, and ended amid much silent prayer, much secret uplifting of the heart to Almighty God. Besides, however, what may be called the *devotional* preparation for the work, there will be need too of a *theological* preparation for it. In discourses of a more familiar character, than our usual pulpit addresses, there is a greater liability to hasty statements, which err either in excess, or defect. It is therefore specially necessary to prepare for our Bible Class expositions of Holy Scripture with the greatest care and accuracy. On the subject of books, the writer would speak with diffidence.¹ Devotional as well as Theological writers should be consulted, and in either case but little satisfaction can be gained from very modern writers. At the same time it is well to put patristic interpretations in a somewhat modern garb, otherwise our people may frequently miss the point of them. The same of course holds true of the language and thoughts of the Caroline Divines. They should be *adapted* and interwoven into the structure of our expositions, rather than directly quoted. The great point is to be at

¹ A list of books is subjoined in the Appendix.

once *simple* and *real*. We have just had an exhibition of 'the structure,' without 'the scaffolding,' from one to whom the Church of England owes an ever-increasing debt of gratitude, which may well teach us a lesson in this respect.¹ It is useless to cumber our people with names, and quotations, and references to authorities, whom few, if any, can ever consult. We must give them the solid results of our own learning without troubling them to follow us in the laborious processes by which we have striven to search for those who might elucidate the meaning, and bring out the depth of the Sacred Volume. As a general rule no amount of time devoted to such preparations for a Bible Class will be found to be time thrown away, but will bear fruit in abundance. The division of the subject should always be clearly marked, and the employment of technical terms (except with suitable explanations) avoided. An occasional story, either from the history of our own country, or from the more eventful periods of ecclesiastical history, might with advantage be thrown in.² If so, it should be phrased in simple language, and long names, as much as possible, avoided. It is necessary, of course, to be more familiar in style, than is quite customary in the pulpit, but even in Bible Classes it is very undesirable to descend to the colloquial phrases, and low illustrations, which have frequently disgraced sectarian pulpits. It is quite possible to be striking without so degrading Religion, and to bear testimony to the joyous character of our Faith without 'jesting, which is not convenient,' as the Apostle tells us. So much as to *preparation*. Now as to the conduct of the meeting itself.

It must of course be opened with Prayer. It would appear most according to the mind of the Church to adhere to the Collect type of Prayer, and generally perhaps to her own words. In some cases extempore Prayer has been advocated. It should, however, only be attempted by one whose mind is deeply imbued with Catholic truth,

¹ See Introduction to Dr. Pusey's Commentary on the Minor Prophets.

² As models for the style of doing this the Rev. J. M. Neale's Readings for the Aged (Masters), may be consulted with advantage.

and whose memory is stored with the devotions of our old Divines. Without these qualifications the attempt would be perilous. Generally, then, it is well to adhere to the words of the Prayer Book. A list of suitable Collects is subjoined.¹ After God's Blessing has been invoked, His Praise should be sung.² Good warm Hymns are a very great aid to devotion. We know how much of his success John Wesley owed to hearty hymn-singing. Good hymns, and good tunes, are therefore an important element in success. There are a number of inexpensive hymn-books suitable to Bible Classes. Though many of these are incomplete, yet the expense of having a few hymns printed, and added to them, so as to make them fairly suitable for the purpose, would be very trifling. In selecting hymns for such a purpose it is necessary to keep clear of two extremes; viz., having all ancient hymns, or all modern hymns. There is necessarily a stiffness about translations, which requires an occasional change; and yet, if all the hymns are modern, there would be a tendency to gather merely one phase of truth from the hymnal. The hymns of the so-called Evangelical school, excellent and beautiful as many of them are, are of a distinctly *subjective* character, and this can only be corrected by the occasional introduction of a more ancient hymn. It is not a good plan in a Bible Class to have always the same hymns. They should be varied according to the seasons, or spiritual needs of those who attend. Tunes present perhaps even a greater difficulty than hymns. They should be of a warm and stirring character. The number of hymns used would of course depend mainly on the musical qualifications of those who attended the Bible Classes. It would be necessary to have at least two—one before the exposition of Holy Scripture, and one after it. After the first hymn, the portion of Scripture selected for the evening's exposition, which should generally be brief, would be read. It would then be well to lay down the general explanation of it, bringing any of the incidents related as vividly as possible before the eyes of the hearers. In order to do this effectively, maps and pictures have been found a valuable aid. Those who have any questions to ask,

¹ See Appendix.

² Ibid.

should be encouraged to do so at the conclusion of the explanation. Enough has already been said of the general character of the explanation. At its conclusion there should be some more prayers, asking God to deepen in the heart the love of His truth, and then the whole would best be concluded by a hymn, and the Benediction. The whole would not occupy an hour. Of course the time, to which it was advisable to extend it, would have to be in each case the result of personal experience. Such is a brief outline of the scheme of a Bible Class, as it is being carried on in London, and in many places elsewhere. It seems to be a very simple, and really is a very effective method of gaining the attention of classes of people who will not come to Church.

The object of the writer of these pages is simply to call the attention of Churchmen to a practical method of working a great engine in the evangelization of the masses. Such means may be regarded by some as *irregular*, but the objectors must belong to a very stiff class of Churchmen, who are rapidly passing away from us. In vain are the privileges of Church worship offered to unloving hearts; in vain are the means of grace placed within their reach. We may—thank God! we *do* open our Churches, and those who have been awakened to a deeper sense of their responsibilities as Christians, come and join in daily worship, and kneel frequently at God's Altar. We thank God for them; and earnestly pray that 'He Who hath begun a good work in them, may perform it unto the day of JESUS CHRIST.' The progress of the faithful is very near to the heart of the Christian Pastor; but there is something yet nearer—the conversion of sinners. That was very near to the Heart of our dear LORD on earth, it is very near to His Heart now, as it still beats for love of us with the tender pulses of human sympathy in Heaven itself. Prayer is no doubt the great weapon on which we must rely, and daily should we besiege the Throne of Grace on behalf of single souls. But, besides praying, we must act. These suggestions are put forward with a view to helping some to act. It is not pretended that Bible Classes can regenerate the masses; that God accomplishes alone in an ordinary way by the grace of the Sa-

craments. All that is urged is that they may be made a means of useful instruction. They can never be a substitute for the worship of the Church, but they may help to lead many to love and value that worship, who have hitherto never bestowed a thought on it, save perhaps to deride it. Bible Classes are but *one* out of many instruments for doing God's work. If, however, we can put one engine for accomplishing that work satisfactorily in motion even that is something. To further that object, these remarks are offered. In saying this, it is necessary distinctly to disclaim all sympathy with mere *religious excitement*, which is so ruinous to vital piety in the present day. Let us never test our work by its external results; but let us work, and leave results to God. Only let it be our endeavour to lead all to press onward in the way which the Church has marked out—pointing out to them that the calm and holy quietude of her ways leading along the banks of the Jordan of spiritual obedience is better than all the Abanas and Pharpars, which the self-willed heart may select for itself. This feeling of obedience will be the best safeguard against our people coming to be satisfied with anything short of full Church privileges, and obviate the tendency to unreality, which is the prevailing vice of sectarianism. In all humility, and with a deep love to our spiritual Mother, the Church of England, these words are put forth for God's Glory, and, if it may be, to stir up the hearts of faithful men to increased activity in His work.

APPENDIX.

A.

The writer would mention, as useful and suggestive helps to the exposition of Holy Scripture for Bible Classes,—Dean Trench, on the “Parables and Miracles;” S. John Chrysostom's “Homilies on S. Matthew and S. John” (Oxford Transl. J. H. and J. Parker); the “Plain Commentary on the Four Gospels” (Oxford: J. H. and J. Parker); Dr. Wordsworth's “Greek Testament” (London: Rivingtons); Cornelius à Lapide on the “Four

Evangelists ;" Professor Blunt's "Undesigned Coincidences ;" Rev. Preb. Ford's "Four Gospels," illustrated in a doctrinal and moral sense (Masters). Some valuable assistance on certain points may also be derived from "The Bible and Prayer Book Expositor," which is now being published in numbers (Masters).

B.

The following prayers might be used before and after Bible Classes.

Before.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

CHRIST, have mercy upon us.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Our FATHER, &c.

Collect for the day, Collect for 2nd and 4th Sunday in Advent, Collect for Whitsunday, Collect for S. John's Day.

A short intercession, either from Bishop Andrewes, or adapted from the Prayer for all Conditions of Men.

After.

Collect from Communion Office, "O Almighty LORD, and Everlasting GOD," &c. ; "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty GOD," &c.

The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, &c.

C.

The choice of an appropriate Hymn Book for Bible Classes is no easy matter. In fact such a Hymn Book is in reality still a desideratum ; for there are many hymns which would be undesirable in the worship of the Church, which should always be of the severe type, but which might find a legitimate place in a Hymn Book for Bible Classes. From the Hymnals at present in use, it is rather difficult to select. The "Salisbury Hymnal".

wants warmth, and its translations of ancient hymns appear scarcely satisfactory. "Hymns and Introits"¹ (Masters), though a very good book for Church purposes, would scarcely answer the requirements of a Bible Class. Cheapness and comprehensiveness are indispensable. On the whole, then, perhaps, either Mr. Chope's "Church Hymn Book," or the Hymns for "Missions" (Masters), would be the most available. Mr. Chope's book has some omissions, as e.g., a great part of the beautiful hymn of S. Bernard, which Mr. Caswell's graceful translation has rendered so familiar to English ears. In case his book is used, it might therefore be well to have a short appendix² printed containing that, and any other hymns which might strike those using it as adapted for such a purpose. It is a great recommendation to Mr. Chope's Hymn Book that the tunes for it can be so easily procured. The tunes for "Mission Hymns" were published some years ago, in a cheap form.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"O God, our refuge and strength, Who art the author of all godliness; Be ready, we beseech Thee, to hear the devout prayers of Thy Church; and grant that those things which we ask faithfully we may obtain effectually; through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD. Amen."

O LORD our God, our Refuge near,
Our Strength, our Hope, our Joy, our Fear,
Thy people's supplications hear,
Through CHRIST our LORD.

Author of all of good and true,
Work in us both to will and do;
Our service own, our hearts renew,
Through CHRIST our LORD.

¹ In use at All Saints', Margaret Street; S. Matthias', Stoke Newington; and S. Matthew's, City Road, London.

² Such an Appendix has been printed, and is in use in a Church which the writer knows well in Berkshire.

**Enthroned in heavenly glory, see
Thy Church devoutly seeking Thee ;
Hear Thou her earnest litany,
Through CHRIST our LORD.**

**May Thy good Spirit's quickening ray
Be near to bless us when we pray,
Give peace and pardon day by day,
Through CHRIST our LORD.**

Ask we in faith, that not in vain
We seek Thy face, but may obtain
All that is good for us to gain,
Through CHRIST our LORD.
E. H.

S. ANDREW'S DAY.

"Almighty God, Who didst give such grace unto Thy holy Apostle S. Andrew, that he readily obeyed the calling of Thy Son JESUS CHRIST, and followed Him without delay; Grant unto us all, that we, being called by Thy Holy Word, may forthwith give up ourselves obediently to fulfil Thy Holy Commandments; through the same JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen."

**ALMIGHTY GOD, Who gav'st such grace
To Andrew, Thine Apostle holy :
That at Thy call, Thy path to trace,
He followed Thee, and followed wholly.**

Nor asking for an hour's delay,
Nor thinking, wert Thou really calling,—
To hear with him was to obey,
His following footsteps quickly falling.

Grant unto all assembled here
Grace to obey, by holy living,
To hear Thy call with duteous fear,
A ready heart all joyful giving.

Through the same JESUS CHRIST our LORD,
At Thy commandment make us willing
To manifest Thy Holy Word,
Thy grace our hearts for ever filling.

E. H.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

LECTURE V.

I.
1st Persecution.
Catacombs of
Rome.

WE have now traced the History of the Church of GOD from the day when the HOLY GHOST came down, and took up His abode in the Body of CHRIST, to that trying time when the two greatest members of that Body, S. Peter and S. Paul, laid down their lives for the Name of the LORD JESUS in the midst of the capital of the world, imperial Rome. For two years did the bloodthirsty Nero, (his hands steeped in the blood of his half brother, his own mother Agrippina, his young bride Octavia, and that of the noblest senators of Rome,) labour hard to crush the infant Church. His cruel edicts were never repealed, and no sympathy was allowed to alleviate the miseries of the sufferers. "Ye shall be hated of all men for My Name's sake," was the prophecy of our LORD to His Church, and so it came to pass. No matter what calamity befel the empire; "to the lions with the Christians!" was the cry. "If the Tiber rises, or if the Nile does not; if an earthquake, or drought occur, the Christians are still the guilty cause." The whole circus and amphitheatre rose up to demand the blood of the detested race. Such clamours could hardly be resisted; but the emperors and the Roman magistrates were ever ready to lend them a willing ear. The judges not only sentenced the Christians who were brought before the tribunals, but declared that all were at liberty to treat them as if they were no longer human beings. "It would seem," writes an eye-witness of one of these terrific outbreaks, "as if the whole world had conspired for our destruction. While some station themselves round the tribunals to identify and secure the Christians when captured, others gathering mobs armed with spits, clubs, lances, and every precarious weapon, hunt down the fugitives like wild beasts, and drag them forth from every hiding-place where they

had taken shelter. Multitudes were torn to pieces by the heathen, both in the city and the country parts, without any judicial formality whatever: all the endearing ties of kindred gave way to this cruel mania. It was pitiable to see the son betray the father; the sire his son, the brother demanding the blood of his brother who followed the execrated law of CHRIST; the Pagan child perfidiously denouncing its Christian parent; and parents instigated by heathen fanaticism, delivering up their own offspring to torture."¹ Thus were literally fulfilled the predictions of our LORD.

It was under the pressure of trials such as these, that the Church of God took refuge in the Catacombs, those wonderful underground passages with which the country for miles around Rome is honeycombed. At first the Christians resorted to them for the purpose of burying in peace bodies which the wild beasts, or fires of their persecutors had failed to deprive of the hope of resurrection. Even by timid virgins' hands, the precious relics of CHRIST's champions were rescued as it were from the lion's mouth, every drop of their blood collected, and religiously enshrined with their bodies or whatever remained of them. Most carefully did they perform their obsequies: the Holy Eucharist was celebrated near the receptacles of the dead, and the chanting of psalms and hymns proclaimed their belief in the Communion of Saints; while the subterranean chapel, whose very walls were filled with the bodies of departed brethren, echoed with the confession of faith which concluded with the soul-inspiring words, "I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and the Life of the world to come." For two centuries and a half these Catacombs were the earthly home of the Church. There Christians received instruction, there they heard the Gospel preached, there they sang their hymns and psalms, and joined in prayer and in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. There the Apostolic Succession was continued in spite of every effort to interrupt it. SS. Peter and Paul had gone to their reward, but Linus,

¹ I have not been able to verify these quotations, which were copied from *Rome under Paganism and under the Popes*.

Anencletus, and Clement rapidly succeeded to the Apostolic chair which often proved a stepping stone to the martyr's crown.

II.
A.D. 69 (?)
Epistle of S. Clement to the Corinthians.

It is probable that the Epistle of S. Clement was written by him in the name of the Roman Church shortly after the martyrdom of the Apostles. It is a striking proof of the utter failure of the attempt to stifle in blood the Church of the living God. The spirit of the Apostles still lives in him whose name was said by S. Paul¹ to be "in the Book of life," and the messengers of the Church of Corinth return home with a sweet message of peace and love from the persecuted Church in the Catacombs. It appears that the Corinthians had again given way to that spirit of division for which S. Paul had reproved them,² and the blasphemers against the doctrine of the resurrection had again ventured to raise their heads. The Corinthians had written for sympathy and counsel, and had sent three messengers, one of whom, Fortunatus, was probably the same that had carried S. Paul's First Epistle to Corinth.³ The Epistle begins thus:—

"The Church of God which is at Rome to the Church of God which is at Corinth, called, sanctified by the will of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, grace to you and peace from God Almighty through Jesus Christ be multiplied."

III.
The former happy state of the Corinthian Church.

"The sudden and repeated dangers and calamities which have befallen us, brethren, have we fear made us too slow in giving heed to those things which ye inquired of us, as well as to that wicked and detestable sedition, altogether unbecoming the elect of God, which a few hasty and self-willed persons have excited to such a degree of madness, that your venerable and renowned name, so worthy of the love of all men, is thereby greatly blasphemed. For who that hath sojourned among you hath not experienced the firmness of your faith, and its fruitfulness in all good works; admired the temper and moderation of your piety in CHRIST; proclaimed the

¹ Philipp. iv. 3, as understood by Eusebius, Epiphanius, and S. Jerome.

² 1 Cor. i. 10—13; iii. 1—6.

³ 1 Cor. xvi. 17.

magnificent spirit of your hospitality; and thought you happy in your perfect and certain knowledge of the Gospel? For ye did all things without respect of persons; ye walked according to the laws of God: being subject to those who had the rule over you, and giving to the elders among you the honour which was due. Young men ye commanded to think those things which are modest and grave. Women ye exhorted to perform all things with an unblameable, seemly, and pure conscience; loving their own husbands as was fitting: ye taught them also to be subject to the rule of obedience, and to order their houses gravely with all discretion.

(2.) "Ye were all of you humble-minded, not boasting of anything, desiring rather to be subject than to govern; to give, than to receive; being content with the portion which God had dispensed unto you: and hearkening diligently to His Word, ye were enlarged in your bowels,¹ having His sufferings always before your eyes. Thus a deep and fruitful peace was given to you all, and an insatiable desire of doing good; and an abundant outpouring of the HOLY GHOST was upon you all. And being full of holy counsel, ye did with great readiness of mind, and holy confidence stretch forth your hands to Almighty God, beseeching Him to be merciful, if in anything ye had unwillingly sinned. Ye contended day and night for the whole brotherhood, that with compassion and a good conscience the number of His elect might be saved. Ye were sincere and without offence: not mindful of injuries one towards another. All sedition and all schism was an abomination unto you. Ye mourned over the sins of your neighbours, esteeming their defects your own. Ye were kind one to another without grudging; ready to every good work. Ye were adorned with a conversation entirely virtuous and godly; and did all things in the fear of God. The commandments of the LORD were written upon the tables of your heart.

IV.
How their divisions began.
The evils of envy.

(3.) "All honour and enlargement was given unto you. Then was fulfilled that which is written: *My beloved did eat and drink, he was enlarged, and waxed fat, and*

¹ See 2 Cor. vi. 12, 13.

*kicked.*¹ Hence arose envy and strife and sedition ; persecution and disorder, war and captivity. Thus they that were of no renown lifted up themselves against the honourable ; those of no reputation against those that were in respect : the foolish against the wise : the young against the elders. Therefore righteousness and peace are departed from you, because every one of you hath forsaken the fear of God, and is become blind in his faith, and walks not by the rule of God's commandments, nor regulates himself as is fitting in CHRIST. But every one follows his own wicked lusts having taken up unjust and wicked envy."

After quoting the examples of Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his brethren, and other instances of the evil consequences of envy, S. Clement continues : (5.) " But not to dwell upon ancient examples, let us take the noble examples of our own age. Through envy and jealousy, the faithful and most righteous pillars of the Church have been persecuted even unto the most dreadful deaths. Let us place before our eyes the holy Apostles. Peter, by unjust envy, underwent not one nor two but many labours ; and thus having borne testimony unto death he went unto the place of glory which was due unto him. Through envy, Paul obtained the reward of patience. Seven times was he in bonds ; he was scourged, was stoned.² He preached both in the east and in the west, leaving behind him the glorious report of his faith. And thus having taught the whole world righteousness, and reached the furthest extremity of the west, he suffered martyrdom by the command of the governors,³ and departed out of this world, and went to the holy place, having become a most exemplary pattern of patience.

(6.) " To these holy Apostles was added a great number of other godly men, who, having through envy undergone many insults and tortures, have left a most excellent example to us. Through envy women have been persecuted, and, suffering grievous and unutterable torments, have

¹ Deut. xxxii. 15. Sept.

² 2 Cor. xi. 23—27.

³ Nero it is supposed being absent from Rome at the time.

course of their faith with firmness, and though they have received a glorious reward. Envy separated the minds of wives from their husbands, and that which was spoken by our father Adam, *bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.*¹ Envy have overthrown great cities and utterly rooted nations.

(7.) "These things, beloved, we write unto you, not only to instruct you, but to remind ourselves: for we are enclosed in the same lists, and must engage in the same combat.

Wherefore let us lay aside all vain desires, and come up to the glorious and honourable and holy calling. Let us consider what is good, and well-pleasing in the sight of Him that

Let us look stedfastly to the Blood of CHRIST, how precious in the sight of God is His Blood, which shed for our salvation, hath obtained the repentance for the whole world." S. Clement by examples from the Old Testament² of the God, of the benefits of repentance, and of obedient humility. (16.) "For CHRIST," he says, "is so are humble, not theirs who exalt themselves as a flock. The Sceptre of the Majesty of God, our Saviour CHRIST came not in the pomp of pride and glory, although He had the power, but with humility as the HOLY GHOST had spoken concerning Him:" and then to quote the whole of Isaiah liii., and part of lii. He then continues: "Ye see, beloved, what mark is which hath been given unto us. For if the Lord is so humble-minded, what shall we do, who are called by Him under the yoke of His grace?" S.

then quotes the Prophets and David as a mark of humility in the 6th Psalm, and adds, "Having seen so many and great and glorious examples transcribed to us, let us turn again to that mark of peace from the beginning was set before us: let us look

ii. 23.

teaching of Noah, of Jonah, Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and the examples of Abraham, Lot, Rahab, whose scarlet cord (Jos. ii. 18) is a type of the Blood of CHRIST.

stedfastly up to the FATHER and Creator of the universe and hold fast by His glorious and exceeding gifts and benefits of peace. Let us behold Him with our understanding, and look with the eyes of our souls to His longsuffering will: calling to mind how gentle and slow to anger He is towards His whole creation." S. Clement then comments on the beautiful order of the heavenly bodies, of day and night, and the seasons, of the ocean and the winds, and all creation, in what peace and concord they obey their Maker's will: "for He is good to all; but above measure to us who flee to His mercy through our LORD JESUS CHRIST; to whom be glory and majesty for ever and ever. Amen.

VI.

Exhortation to
obedience and
submission.

(21.) "Take heed, beloved, that His many blessings be not turned into condemnation to us all. For thus it will surely be unless we walk worthy of Him, and with one consent do that which is good and well-pleasing in His sight Let us choose to offend men who are foolish and inconsiderate, lifted up and glorying in the pride of their reasoning rather than in God. Let us reverence our LORD JESUS CHRIST whose Blood was given for us. Let us honour those who are set over us; let us respect our elders; let us instruct our young men in the discipline and fear of the LORD. Our wives let us direct to that which is good. Let them show forth the lovely habit of purity in all their conversation with a sincere affection of meekness. Let them make manifest the government of their tongues by their silence. Let their charity be without partiality, exercised equally to all who religiously fear God. Let our children partake of the instruction of CHRIST: let them learn of how great avail is humility before God, what power a pure charity hath with Him, how excellent and great is fear of Him, saving such as live in it with holiness and a pure conscience. For He is a searcher of the thoughts and counsels of the heart."

After many quotations from the Psalms, and one from Wisdom, on the greatness of God and the certainty of the fulfilment of His will, especially in that resurrection¹

¹ In c. 25, S. Clement instances the account of the Phoenix as a type of the Resurrection.

to false teachers denied, he continues (29), "Let
 ore come to Him with holiness of mind, lifting
 and undefiled hands unto Him: loving our
 and merciful FATHER, who hath made us par-
 of His election. For thus it is written. *'When
 High divided the waters, when He separated the
 Adam, He set the bounds of the nations according
 number of the angels. His people Jacob became
 ion of the Lord, and Israel the lot of His inheri-*

"Wherefore we being the portion of the Holy
 t us do all those things that pertain unto holi-
 eeing all evil-speaking against one another, all
 and impure embraces, together with all drunken-
 uthful lusts, abominable concupiscences, detes-
 ultury, and execrable pride. *'For God,'* it says,
*th the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.'*² Let
 efore hold fast to those to whom God has given
 ice. And let us put on concord, being humble,
 ite, free from all whispering and detraction, being
 l by our works, not our words. . . . Let our praise
 God, not of ourselves; for God hateth those that
 ad themselves.³ Let the witness of our good
 be given to us of others, as it was given to the
 en that went before us. Rashness, arrogance, and
 option belong to those who are accursed of God;
 uity, humility, and meekness to such as are blessed
 n.

(81.) "Let us then lay hold of His bless-
 ing, and let us consider what are the ways
 by which we may attain unto it. Let
 us look back upon those things that have
 ed from the beginning. For what was our father
 am blessed? Was it not that through faith he
 ht righteousness and truth? Isaac being fully
 ided of what he knew was to come, cheerfully yielded
 nself for a sacrifice. Jacob with humility departed

ut. xxxii. 8, Sept. It is worthy of notice how completely S.
 at identifies the Christian Church with the *Israel* of the Pro-
 as indeed does S. Paul, Gal. vi. 16, and elsewhere.

S. Peter v. 5.

² 2 Cor. x. 18.

out of his own country, fleeing from his brother, and went unto Laban and served him; and so the sceptre of the tribes of Israel was given unto him. (32.) Now what the greatness of this gift was will plainly appear, if we carefully consider the several parts of it. For from him came all the Priests and Levites who ministered at the Altar of God. From him came our LORD JESUS CHRIST, according to the flesh. From him came the kings and princes, and rulers in Judah. Nor were the rest of his tribes in any small glory: God having promised: '*Thy seed shall be as the stars of heaven.*'¹

"They, therefore, were all glorified and magnified, not for their own sake, nor for their own works, nor for the righteousness that they themselves had wrought, but by His will. And we also being called by the same will in CHRIST JESUS, are justified, not by ourselves, neither by our own wisdom, or knowledge, or piety, or by the works which we have done in holiness of heart; but by that faith by which Almighty God hath justified all men from the beginning. To Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

VIII. (33.) "What shall we do then, brethren?² shall we grow weary in well doing and put off charity? God forbid that we should do any such thing. Rather let us hasten with all diligence and readiness of mind to perfect every good work. For even the Creator and LORD of all things Himself rejoices in His own works. . . . Having, therefore, such an example, let us without delay fulfil His will; and with all our might work the works of righteousness. (34.) The good workman with confidence receives the bread of his labour; but the idle and negligent cannot look his employer in the face. We must therefore be ready and forward in well doing: for of Him are all things. And thus He foretells us:³ *Behold, the Lord cometh, and His reward is with Him, and His reward is before His face, to render to every man according to his work.* He warns us, therefore, beforehand with all His heart to the end that we should not be weary and negli-

¹ To Abraham, Gen. xv. 5.

² Compare Romans vi.

³ Isa. xl. 10; see Rev. xxii. 12.

gēnt in every good work. Let our boasting, therefore, and our confidence be in God. Let us submit ourselves to His Will. Let us consider the whole multitude of His angels, how ready they stand to minister unto His Will ; as said the Scripture, *Thousand thousands stood before Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand ministered unto Him,*¹ *and they cried saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts : the whole creation is full of Thy glory.*² Wherefore let us also, being conscientiously gathered together in concord with one another, as it were with one mouth cry earnestly unto Him, that He would make us partakers of His great and glorious promises. For He hath said, *Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that wait for Him.*³

(35.) “How blessed and wonderful, beloved, are the gifts of God! Life in immortality! Brightness in righteousness! Truth in full assurance! Faith in confidence! Temperance in holiness! And all these hath God placed within our understandings. What therefore shall those things be which He hath prepared for them that wait for Him! The Creator and Father of ages, the most Holy, He only knows the greatness and beauty of them. Let us, therefore, strive with all diligence that we may be found in the number of those that wait for Him, that we may receive the gifts which He hath promised. And how shall this be, beloved? We must fix our minds by faith towards God, and seek those things that are pleasing and acceptable unto Him. We must do those things that are agreeable to His holy will, and follow the way of truth, casting off from us all unrighteousness and iniquity, all covetousness, strife, &c. . . . (36.) This is the way, beloved, in which we may find the means of our salvation, even JESUS CHRIST, the High Priest of all our offerings, the Defender and Helper of our weakness. By Him we look up to the highest heavens, and behold as in a glass His spotless and most excellent countenance. By Him are the eyes of our hearts opened. By Him our foolish and darkened understanding rejoices in His marvellous light. . . .”

¹ Dan. vii. 10.² Isa. vi. 3.³ Isa. lxi. 4.

IX.

Duties of various stations in the Church.

S. Clement, then, draws comparisons from the different gradations in an earthly army, and the various offices of the members of the body, to show how the Church, (38.) "our whole Body is to be saved in CHRIST. Let every one be subject to his neighbour, according to the order in which he is placed by the gift of God. Let not the strong man despise the weak, and let the weak see that he reverence the strong. Let the rich distribute to the necessity of the poor, and let the poor bless God, that He has given him one by whom his want may be supplied. Let the wise man show forth his wisdom, not in words but in good works. Let him that is humble not bear witness to himself, but leave it to another to bear witness of him. Let him that is pure in the flesh, not grow proud of it, knowing that it was another that gave him the gift of continence. Let us consider therefore, brethren, whereof we are made; who, and what kind of men we came into the world, out of a sepulchre as it were, and from outer darkness. He that made us and formed us, brought us into His own world, having prevented with His benefits, even before we were born. Wherefore having received all these things from Him, we ought in every thing to give thanks unto Him: to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

X.

The Services of God are to be performed in due order and place.

After quoting passages from Scripture¹ on the danger of conceit, S. Clement goes on, (40.) "Seeing then these things are manifest unto us, we ought to take heed that, looking into the depths of the divine knowledge, we do all things in order, whatsoever our LORD has commanded us to do. That we perform our offerings and service to GOD at their appointed seasons: for these He hath commanded to be done not by chance and without order, but at certain determinate times and hours. He hath Himself ordained by His supreme will,² both in what place, and by what persons they are to be

¹ Job iv. 16, &c., v. 1, &c.

² These remarks of S. Clement show that in his time the ceremonial of the Mosaic dispensation was regarded as typical not only of CHRIST, but also of the worship of the Christian Church.

performed, that so all things being piously done unto all well pleasing, they may be acceptable unto His will. They, therefore, who make their offerings at the appointed seasons are accepted and happy, for they sin not, obeying the commandments of the LORD. The chief priest also has his peculiar offices, and to the priests their proper place is appointed; to the Levites also appertain their proper ministries, and the layman is confined within the bounds of what is commanded to laymen.

(41.) "Let every one of you therefore, brethren, bless God in his proper station, with a good conscience, and with all gravity, not exceeding the rule of his service that is appointed unto him. The daily sacrifices are not offered everywhere, nor the peace-offerings, nor the sin and trespass offerings, but only at Jerusalem.¹ And even there not in every place, but only at the altar before the Temple where that which is offered is first diligently examined by the high priest and the other ministers we have mentioned. They therefore who do anything which is not according to His will are punished with death. Consider, brethren, that by how much the better knowledge God has vouchsafed unto us, to so much the greater danger are we exposed.

XI.

Under an apostolically ordained ministry.

(42.) "The Apostles have preached to us from our LORD JESUS CHRIST: JESUS CHRIST from GOD. CHRIST therefore was sent by GOD: the Apostles by CHRIST. So both were sent in order according to the will of GOD. For they having received their command, and being thoroughly assured by the resurrection of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and convinced by the Word of GOD with the full assurance of the HOLY GHOST, they went forth publishing that the kingdom of GOD was at hand. And thus preaching through countries and cities, they appointed the first-fruits of their conversions to be Bishops and Deacons over such as should afterwards believe, having first proved them by the Spirit. Nor was this any new thing, seeing that long before it was written concerning Bishops and Deacons, *'I will appoint their*

¹ This is an evidence of this Epistle having been written before the Fall of Jerusalem, and therefore in the reign of Nero:

Bishops in righteousness, and their Deacons in faith."¹

In this S. Clement shows that they acted as did Moses who put an end to the strife about the priesthood by the trial of the twelve rods (Numbers xvii.), that there might be no division nor tumult in Israel. (44.) "So likewise our Apostles knew by our LORD JESUS CHRIST, that there should arise contentions about the name of the office. And therefore having a perfect foreknowledge of this, they appointed persons, as we have before said, and then gave direction, how when they should die, other chosen and approved men should succeed them in their ministry. Wherefore we cannot think that those may justly be thrown out of their ministry, who were either appointed by them, or afterwards chosen by other eminent men with the consent of the whole Church; and who have with all lowliness and innocency ministered to the flock of CHRIST in peace, and without self-interest, and have been for a long time held in high esteem by all. For it would be no small sin in us should we cast off from the ministry those who offer the Gifts³ holily and without blame. Blessed are those Priests who having finished their course before these times, have obtained a faithful and perfect dissolution. For they have no fear lest anyone should remove them from the place appointed for them. But we see how you have put out some who lived reputably from the ministry which by their blamelessness they had adorned.

XII.

(45.) "Ye are contentious, brethren, and Exhortation to zealous for things that pertain not unto salvation. Look into the Holy Scriptures, which are the true words of the HOLY GHOST. Ye know that nothing unjust or counterfeit is written in them. There you will not find that righteous men were ever cast off by those who were holy themselves. The just were persecuted, but it was by the unjust. They were cast into prison, but it was by the unholy, &c. . . .

¹ Isa. lx. 17, Sept.; our translation has, "I will make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness."

² 2 Tim. ii. 2.

³ I.e., celebrate the Holy Eucharist, the principal function of the Priest, being taken to represent his whole life.

.) “Let us therefore cleave to the innocent and
ous, for such are the elect of God. Wherefore
ere strifes and anger and divisions and schisms
ightings among us? Have we not all one God,
ne CHRIST? Is not one Spirit of grace poured
pon us all? Have we not one calling in CHRIST?
then do we rend and tear in pieces the members
RIST, and raise seditions against our own Body?
we come to such a pitch of madness as to forget
we are members one of other? Remember the
s of our LORD JESUS, how He said, ‘Woe to
man [by whom offences come]. It were better for
that he had never been born, than that he should
d one of My elect. It were better for him, that a
stone should be tied about his neck, and he should
ast into the sea, than that he should offend one of
little ones.’¹ Your schism hath perverted many,
discouraged many: it hath thrown many into doubt,
us into grief. And yet your sedition continues still.

XIII. (47.) “Take into your hands the Epistle
n the Epis- of blessed Paul the Apostle. What did
S. Paul. he first write to you at the beginning of
igations of the Gospel? Verily he did by the Spirit
ve of God. the charity. admonish you concerning himself and Ce-
s and Apollos, because that even then ye had formed
ies and divisions among yourselves.² Nevertheless,
r partiality then led you into less sin. For ye in-
ed towards Apostles, men of eminent reputation in
Church, and towards another who had been well
d and approved by them. But consider who they are
t have now led you astray, and lessened the reputa-
n of that brotherly love, which was so celebrated
ong you. It is a shame, beloved, it is a very great
me and unworthy of your Christian profession to hear
t the most firm and ancient Church of the Corin-
ans should by one or two persons be led into a sedi-
n against its priests. And this report is come not
ly to us, but to those also that differ from us. In-
much that the name of the LORD is blasphemed through
ur folly, and even ye yourselves are brought into
nger.

¹ S. Matt. xviii. 6, 7.

² 1 Cor. i. 12.

(48.) "Let us therefore with all haste take away this cause of offence; and let us fall down before the LORD and beseech Him with tears that He would be favourably reconciled to us, and restore us again to a seemly and holy course of brotherly love. . . . Let a man be faithful, let him be powerful in the utterance of knowledge; let him be wise in making an exact judgment of words; let him be pure in all his actions; still he ought to be so much the more humble-minded as he seems to be superior to others; and to seek that which is profitable to all, and not his own advantage.

(49.) "He that hath the Love that is in CHRIST, let him keep the commandments of CHRIST. For who is able to express the obligation of the Love of God? What man is sufficient to declare worthily the excellency of its beauty? The height to which Charity leads is inexpressible. Charity unites us to God. Charity covers the multitude of sins. Charity endureth all things, is longsuffering in all things. There is nothing base nor sordid in Charity. Charity exalteth not itself above others; admits of no divisions; is not seditious, but doeth all things in peace and concord. In Charity were all the elect of God made perfect, without it [they had been] nothing. In Charity did the LORD take us up into Himself, for the Love that He bare toward us, CHRIST our LORD gave His Blood for us by the will of God: His Flesh for our flesh: His Soul for our souls."

S. Clement enlarges further upon this, and then addressing those who had been the cause of the sedition, begs them to confess their faults and humble themselves. He reminds them of Moses, who rather than Israel should perish, prayed, "Forgive now this people their sin, or if not, blot me also out of the Book which Thou hast written."¹ Oh, admirable Charity! oh, inseparable perfection! The servant speaks boldly to his LORD. He beseeches Him to forgive the people, or to destroy him together with them.

(54.) "Who then is there among you that is generous? who that is compassionate? who that has any Charity? Let him say, If this sedition, this contention, and these

¹ Exod. xxxii. 32.

schisms be on my account, I am ready to depart, to go away whithersoever ye please, and to do whatsoever the majority command me; only let the flock of CHRIST be in peace, with the presbyters that are set over it. He that shall do this shall get to himself very great honour in the LORD, and every place will be ready to receive him, *for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.*

XIV.

Parting admonition to both parties.

After examples¹ of self-sacrifice for the good of others, he continues, (56) "Let us therefore pray for such as are fallen into sin; that meekness and humility be given unto them, and that they may submit not unto us, but unto the will of God. For by this means they will obtain a fruitful and perfect remembrance with mercy, both in our prayers to God, and in our mention of them before His saints. (57.) Do ye therefore who laid the foundation of the sedition submit yourselves unto your presbyters, and be instructed unto repentance, bending the knees of your hearts. Learn to be subject, laying aside all proud and arrogant boasting of your tongues. For it is better for you to be found little and approved in the sheepfold of CHRIST, than to appear better than others, and be cast out of His Fold. For thus saith the all virtuous Wisdom, *Behold, I will pour out, &c.*"

XV.

Conclusion and Benediction.

(58.) "Now God the Inspector of all things, the Father of Spirits, and the LORD of all flesh, who hath chosen our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and us by Him to be a peculiar people, grant to every soul of man that calleth upon His glorious and holy Name, faith, fear, peace, patience, longsuffering, temperance, holiness and sobriety, unto all well-pleasing to His Name: through our LORD JESUS CHRIST, by Whom be glory and majesty and power and honour unto Him, now and for evermore. Amen.

(59.) "The messengers whom we have sent unto you, Claudius Ephebus, and Valerius Bito with Fortunatus,"

¹ Among which he especially mentions Judith and Esther.

² He quotes Prov. i. 23, to the end.

³ 1 Cor. xvi. 17. If this be the same Fortunatus, one of S. Paul's earliest converts, it is an additional evidence of this Epistle having been written during the persecution under Nero, rather than during

send back to us again with all speed in peace and with joy, that they may the sooner acquaint us with your peace and concord, so much prayed for and desired by us: that we may rejoice in your good order.

(60.) "The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST be with you and with all that are in every place called by God through Him, to Whom be honour and glory and might and majesty and eternal dominion by CHRIST JESUS, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen."

RUTH DIGBY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TREVENAN COURT."

CHAPTER I.

"No sweet voice, or joyous smile,
 No kind glance or bosom warm,
 Morn and even, calm or storm,
 Cold below and none beguile.
 Alone, alone, keen though it be;
 The olive grove was keener still,
 The nails and lance, the darkened hill,
 And all alone for love of me;
 Jesus and Mary were out at night,
 When the winds were sharp, and the stars were bright."
Petronilla.

"At all events, it will be a home for you, my dear." How well I remember those words! how often since have they recurred, and come back with many another memory, as some long-forgotten dream! A *home*! the word fell like music upon my ear, and found an echo in my heart, though at the same time, it came fraught with pain, and caused me to exclaim, "Mr. Manly, I shall never again look for a home upon earth."

He turned round quickly, and there was a world of quiet rebuke in his tone, as he answered,

that under Domitian; Archbishop Wake is in favour of the date assigned to it in the text. The genuineness of the Epistle is undoubted; it was written in Greek, and is to be found in the celebrated Alexandrian MS. with the sacred Books.

“ Well, don’t look for it ; but if God in mercy sends you one, don’t be ungrateful and perverse, child.”

I made no reply ; from anyone else I should have resented such a remark, but from such an old well-tried, truly loved friend,—and from my Vicar, I could thankfully receive anything he thought fit to say. I can recall him now, as he stood before me then, with his venerable white head and noble brow, with the ruddy glow of health upon his cheek, and the bright joyousness of his beaming eye—the dignity of his whole bearing, and then his gracious smile. As a child I had sought to win one such as being to me amongst the highest of earth’s rewards—as a woman I had learnt the truth taught us by the poet, that

“ A good man’s praise foreshadoweth that of God ;
And in his smile is Heaven.”

But I am diverging, and must return to the details of that conversation.

“ There, Ruth,” he added, as I remained silent, “ read that letter, and then you will be better able to judge of the home offered to you.”

I did as he told me, and read as follows :

“ MY DEAR MANLY,

“ You know that I am always anxious to do anything in my power for you, or those in whom you are interested, and Miss Digby seems to possess a claim upon the sympathy and assistance of all possessed of any feeling. The position of a Governess is not to me such an unmixed evil as you appear to think it. I have known families, in which such were treated exactly as a daughter would be (though I grant you that the case is often very different) ; and we must hope that in the home of which I am thinking for Miss Digby she will find kindness and gain love.

“ Among my parishioners is a family of the name of Dacre. Mr. Dacre is our squire, and a large landholder, and he of course might be a very influential man if he cared to take the trouble. He has been twice married. His first wife had only one child, and he is generally

away, and of course long since come to man's estate. The present Mrs. Dacre has two daughters, whose respective ages are, I imagine, about twelve and fourteen. Their Governess has just left them; don't you think that Miss Digby might succeed her? There are, I am well aware, many things to be considered. The Dacres are essentially a worldly family, by whom religion is only considered as an adjunct to respectability; but they will in no way interfere with Miss Digby; for though they disregard the daily call to Church, and Sunday after Sunday turn away from the Sacramental Presence of their LORD, yet I fully believe that they would never wish to prevent another's being what they term 'unnecessarily religious.' I have already mentioned Miss Digby's name to Mrs. Dacre, and she seemed interested in all I told her, and assured me that she would do everything to make her comfortable, and at home, if she came to live here.

"You may rest assured that I shall do the same; as my parishioner Miss Digby will always have a right to my sympathy and counsel, and as your friend she will never need to claim any help it is in my power to afford her, together with much consideration and regard. When do you come this way again? If it be decided that Miss Digby is to find a home at Faroak, would it be impracticable for you to escort her? The Rector's wife unites with the Rector in wishing to welcome you here again, so please 'make an effort,' both for Miss Digby's sake and our own.

"Believe me,
"Your affectionate friend,
"LOUIS NEVILLE."

"It seems the best thing that I can do," I said, returning the letter to the Vicar, as he stood by, eagerly scanning my face, and endeavouring to discover my real feelings and wishes. "At any rate," I added, "I shall be near your friends, and though the Rector can never be to me what my Vicar has been, yet I must be thankful to know that when away from you I shall be Mr. Neville's parishioner. But, oh, Mr. Manly, how can I

leave the dear old house and you, and the Church?"—and as my thoughts dwelt upon a newly-made grave in that Church's peaceful resting-place, where her dead in faith and hope awaited the coming of their LORD, I ceased speaking and vainly endeavoured to recover calmness, and to repress all outward tokens of emotion.

"My dear," he said, taking my hand kindly, "I am an old man now, and have been so long lonely in the world, that perhaps you forget that I too once had a mother, that I was once comforted on her knee, and pressed tenderly to her bosom. It may seem misplaced for me to speak of the 'soft spell of a mother's love;' but though the tears and sorrows of childhood are now with me so very distant, yet I can never forget the love which cheered and consoled me in those tears, and those sorrows. I can never, when I think of what I am, and of what, saving God's mercy, I might have been, cease to thank Him for giving me such a mother as was mine. There I have turned back to a leaf long since passed over in my book of life, and surely when you read it, you will know how truly I sympathise with you."

I did know it, but precious as is human love and sympathy, yet how little will they avail to help us when death has rendered our home tenantless, or the seat beside our hearth vacant. "God help me," I inwardly prayed, as I thought of leaving all I knew and loved, and going amongst those upon whose faces I had never looked, whose voices would fall upon my ear with no association of the past, no thrilling tenderness for the present. Yes, I felt truly then that "a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." Some such feelings I expressed, and much my words pained my kind old friend, and very earnest though gentle were his pleading remonstrances with me. He told me that I was determined not to see the mercies and brightnesses of life, still sent me by a loving FATHER; that if it were good for me to have human love, it would again rise up for me; and then he spoke of a Love which never sleeps, never fails, never dies, and as he named Him, Who though truly God yet for our sakes was made

truly Man! Who has exalted our human nature into heaven, and "Whose heart throbs human on His throne," though surrounded by glory and majesty and adoring hosts, his voice trembled, and his eye kindled, and I involuntarily thought of the verse,

"A sinless LORD, yet touch'd in heart
With all which blighted moments bear,
In Heaven, O Priest Divine! Thou art
A Man-God, with our feelings there."

I felt then how very wrong it was to cherish and indulge such feelings as those I had been expressing. There was a pause, and then the vicar asked,

"How shall I answer this letter? If it can be arranged, will you go to Farrow?"

"I have no choice," I replied, and then seeing how my words pained, I added, "It will be pleasant to be near a friend of your's, but do you know the Dacres?"

"A very little," he said, slowly, "and I must own that they are not altogether the family I should have chosen for you to find a home with. My great wish for you to go there, all hinges upon the nearness of Mr. and Mrs. Neville—"

"But what is your objection to the Dacres?"

"Did you read Mr. Neville's letter attentively?" said he, with some surprise in his tone, "you will see there that they look upon religion merely as an adjunct to respectability: he writes of them as being 'essentially a worldly family.' If still you cannot see the objection think over that verse, 'Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?'"

"I don't see how that verse applies, though of course I can quite understand why you would rather that I was going elsewhere, if at the same time I could be equally near Mr. and Mrs. Neville."

"You speak thoughtlessly, my child. If religion is merely an adjunct to worldly respectability, which is it, religion or the world to which we 'yield ourselves servants to obey?'"

He paused for my answer, and at length I said, "Of

course if religion is merely considered for a worldly purpose it is the world, and not religion, that is really master."

"We cannot serve two masters," he replied, "and if you do live with the Dacres, promise me that you will remember that 'if we are to have all that CHRIST gives hereafter, we must give all to CHRIST now.'"¹

"I do believe," I said, "that you would with the early Christians have given up all to follow Him."

"Ruth," asked he reproachfully, "would not you? Does not the Bible enforce upon us the same self-denial which it enforced upon them? Is not its teaching as much now as then, 'Take up thy cross?' Ought not 'Follow Me' still to be the Christian's watchword?"

I knew that all he said was true: but I was in a perverse humour, and answered, "It is absurd for us to attempt to follow the *literal* teaching of the Bible."

"The world," said he gravely, "would be much more Christian than it is, if people would but do literally what that holy Book tells them."

"There are many things both doctrinal and practical, which people never take literally," continued I.

"Indeed!" and then he added in a graver tone: "Do you remember when you were a very little child, those two large volumes in my library, which you always (on account of their handsome binding, I presume) wished to read? Well, you would find it said there, by one better and wiser than either you or I, 'I hold it for a most infallible rule in expositions of sacred Scripture, that where a literal construction will stand, the furthest from the letter is commonly the worst. There is nothing more dangerous than this licentious and deluding art, which changeth the meaning of words, as alchymy doth, or would do, the substance of metals, making of everything what it listeth, and bringing in the end all truth to nothing.'"²

I was touched by his gentleness and patience, and by the manner with which he bore with my wayward humours: and I said, as I slipped my hand into his, "Mr.

¹ Bp. Armstrong.

² Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. Book v., ch. lix., 1, 2.

Manly, you are always right, and I am as usual wrong ; I will promise you that if I go to Faroak, I will endeavour to remember your teaching, and by the help of God, the world shall never win either my allegiance or my homage."

He smiled one of his gracious smiles, and I felt that my waywardness was forgotten then, and had been forgiven always.

"I shall write to Neville at once," he answered. "If you are near him, I do not mind a hundred such worldlings as the Dacres."

Soon was I left alone, again to go over the sad events of the last few months. That day a week before, I had stood in the churchyard, and heard the Church's last words said as they laid my mother to rest within her peaceful shade. My father I had never known : he had died soon after I was born, and my only brother had for some years been little at home, for his naval profession often took him far away from England. My mother's little income had died with her, and at three-and-twenty I was left an orphan to fight the battle of life alone. I knew, that, had my brother John a home, it would be mine ; I knew that he would help me as far as a lieutenant's narrow means permitted : but I could not bear the thought of being a burden upon him. If he exercised the utmost self-denial, his income would not do for both, and I determined upon working for myself, knowing that to work would be right and honourable, that to be idle would be a shame to myself and a cruelty to my brother ; when he was promoted it would be different, and any way, when he was on shore I might manage something to be with him.

Ah ! dear John, all my thoughts then were for your earthly advancement, and for a meeting in this world of partings ; all my thoughts now are of you at rest, awaiting in Paradise the perfect consummation of bliss.

Before many days had passed away, the Vicar came to tell me that all was settled for me to go to Faroak. It was eventide when he called, and I was enjoying the lengthening summer's day from the tiny casement-window of the cottage which had so long been my home. The ruddy glory of the west was tinging the waving

foliage of the trees, and the breeze swept gently over them, till it fanned my burning cheek, bringing to my memory the roses, lilies, and honeysuckle, over which it had passed, till their sweet influences had made it redolent with fragrance. The snug vicarage embosomed in the valley, well-nigh hidden by the "living green" which surrounded it, lay before me, and the Church pointed up

"to Heaven, as if to intercede
For sinful hamlets scattered at its feet."

All around me spoke of happiness, and I was happy in myself, for I felt a more perfect trust in His love and mercy, Who has bid us cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us; and when Mr. Manly said, "All is settled, and if you can arrange to go to Faroak next week Mrs. Dacre will be glad," I felt though my heart seemed bursting, that if it were God's will it must be best, and I managed to say, "Thank you for all your kindness, I will go at the time you name."

He then proceeded to give me many details, and I found that I was to have a liberal salary, and much care and consideration. "Mrs. Dacre," added the vicar, "sets much store on the fact of your being born in the position of a lady, and your not having been brought up with the intention of being a Governess."

"If I had been," I replied, rather sadly, "I might be better fitted for the responsible position I am about to undertake."

"Mrs. Dacre thinks much about family and birth," he resumed, "and—"

"Is she wrong?" I interrupted.

He was silent for a moment, and then as a faint flush passed over his face, he replied, "You will not think that I am a proper person to answer your question, when you remember that my father was a grocer."

I had forgotten; but as he spoke I recollected having heard this before. I had been told that once at a large dinner-party, where some of the most influential county people had been present, a certain town came under discussion, and that one of the gentlemen present began to talk of various changes which had taken place there—

new streets, new shops, new inhabitants. He had known the place, and inquired if any one could tell him what had become of some of the old residents, and amongst others he mentioned a certain John Manly, who had at one time been a Grocer there, and much respected, but having failed had left the place and gone no one knew where. "He failed," said the Vicar, in a clear audible voice, heard by all there present, "because he spent more than he could rightly afford on the education of his son. He has been dead many years now; he was my father." I knew that some there present looked coldly on him, and forgot the holy Priest, the educated Scholar, and true Gentleman, in thinking of the Grocer's son; but I knew also that some admired the manly courage, the true self-respect and greatness of mind, portrayed by that avowal. Truly "no man ceases to be respectable till he ceases to respect himself," and so I felt as I looked at the Vicar, while my heart was swelling with a feeling akin to hero worship.

"You forget your mother's family, Mr. Manly," I answered.

"She was only a yeoman's daughter," said he, smiling at my eagerness.

"They had been in the county as long as even the oldest family," said I, "they had fought with King Charles, and bled with Prince Rupert;" but I checked myself, "You look grave," I added.

"Shall I tell you what I think about pride of birth?" he said. "No one who has GOD for his FATHER, and the Church for his Mother, need mind how lowly is his earthly birth, though at the same time the 'glory of children are their fathers,' as King Solomon declares, and illustrious birth deservedly claims the veneration of mankind. 'Time,' it has been observed, 'consecrates, and if we gaze upon a tree, or tower, which has stood for centuries, with very different feelings from those with which we glance at the sapling or fabric of yesterday, with much better reason may individuals whose forefathers have been famous in their generation, claim more than ordinary attention and reverence.' Whenever I am tempted to pride in thinking of the long race of Cliffords,

ever in the same position, respected by all, true to themselves and others, and 'all the ends' they 'aimed at,' their 'country's, their God's, and truth's,' I remember the shop, the counter, and the grocer's apron of the Manlys."

"*You* are loved and honoured for your own sake," said I, "and—"

"Hush," he whispered, "say rather that we shall be judged at the last for what we ourselves have been, and not for what our ancestors were; though, indeed, we may thank God if our fathers have been good and true, for you know that He Who visits the sins of the fathers upon their children, also 'shows mercy unto thousands in them that love Him and keep His commandments.'"

He conversed some time longer with me, and before he left all was settled; I was to leave my old home the next week, the place so full of dear memories, where every nook and corner spoke to me of my mother: and not only was I to leave all, but to go forth and dwell with strangers. When Mr. Manly left me the pent-up feelings found vent in a passionate flood of tears. At that moment the Church clock boomed the hour of nine, and the benediction commencing the ancient office of Compline, once used daily at that time, trembled on my lips. "The LORD Almighty grant us a quiet night, and a perfect end. Amen." "And oh, mother," I cried, "if my end be but perfect, there will then be no more tears, or death, no more sorrow, or parting."

ODD LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S MINUTES AND MEMORIES.

THE SWAN FAMILY.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL things considered, the invalids passed a tranquil night. After the application of the leeches, Henry slept heavily, starting now and then in his sleep, and wanting "something to drink" twice; when I obliged him with

his fever draught, at which he made great faces of disgust, which were considerably enhanced by the ensuing dislodgement of the flour which I took care to keep continually renewed over his scorched face.

Poor William suffered the most. Not so much from pain, as from weariness and difficulty of getting any sleep.

Of all the painful duties that fall to the lot of a sick nurse, I think there is nothing more trying to the feelings and nervous system generally than that of tending a life ebbing away in gradually-increasing weakness!

Those long, long nights; the half-hour's doze; the dim awakening; that faint unexpected voice from the bed, when you hope your patient is now really gone to sleep. "What o'clock is it? Half-past twelve! Oh, I thought it was morning, I have been sleeping so long."

A silence of five minutes, and one moves the night-light, so as to increase the gloom around the bed, and sits painfully listening to the breathing, hoping to hear its tone deepening in sleep.

Again comes the plaintive voice, that seems as it were to twist the fibre of one's nerves. "Are you quite sure it is no later than that?"

"Yes indeed, that is the true time. Will you have something cooling to drink? Perhaps then you will sleep again."

"No, thank you; I am not thirsty. I feel as if I had been asleep all night."

You try sponging the face and hands, and meet the short, sweet, "Thank you! thank you!" of unexpected relief, that strikes so painfully on the heart, while you know it is all in vain. The mighty destroyer is taking down, far faster than you can build up. In twenty minutes more, it is medicine-time, and you quietly approach the bed, with the faint hope, and fervent wish, of finding the patient asleep, to meet the wide open eyes that have been watching your every step; until when you move the curtain the gentle faint voice salutes you with, "I am not asleep, nurse; please help me to turn round."

However, though I might cut out many such odd leaves from my journal, I will turn to something brighter. And

anything more hearty and cheering than Mr. Horley's manner and deportment can scarcely be imagined. His whole appearance is, to my mind, just what a medical man's should be. Gentlemanly, sincere, decided, obtruding no medical jargon, and what I most like, asking plain questions, going thoroughly at once into the case before him, and having given directions, leaving the subject as finished.

Mr. Horley stayed a long time, conversing with me on various subjects, I daresay to amuse William, who listened with thorough interest, and thanked him warmly for his visit.

For my part, I enjoyed his society, it is not often one meets with a man who appears so thoroughly well-informed. He must be a very agreeable companion.

Mrs. Swan was obliged to confess herself unable to rise. A violent nervous headache made it difficult for her to lift her head from the pillow, and all her entreaty was to darken the room, and leave her quite alone. Caroline was presiding downstairs at the breakfast table; and when Mary brought me the news, "that mamma is quite unable to get up to breakfast, and will have nothing, only wishing to be left alone," I went to her room to request her at least to try a cup of tea. I found her looking nearly as white as the pillow, save for the dark circles round her eyes; but to my entreaty she returned, "No, dear friend, nothing; only peace and silence. I shall be better to-morrow."

Perceiving how painful speech was to her, I was coming away, when I found Nina outside the door. The child caught my hand and kissed it, saying, "Dear Miss Stanwell, ask mamma to let me stay in her room! I will be so still, she shall not know I am there, only if she wants anything, I can fetch it."

"I think you may go, dear child, if you wish." So we went in. Nina flitted like a bird to its nest, and established herself on a low stool by her mother's bed.

Mrs. Swan stretched out her hand, and said in a whisper, "Is it my Nina?" Nina stroked her mother's hand between both her own, and whispered, "Yes, darling mother, let me stay with you."

"Not in this dark corner, my child. Get a book, or your work, and sit inside the window-curtains, in the recess of the bay-window. I will call you if I want you."

"Thank you, dear mamma." Nina passed me almost as soundless as a shadow. (What a teacher of unselfishness is love!)

"Is Miss Stanwell there?" Mrs. Swan asked.

"Yes, my dear friend."

"Will you be so kind as to take care of my poor boys to-day for me?"

"Set your mind quite at rest about that," I replied; "I will attend to them."

She pressed my hand. I could see that even this exertion had deepened the dark circles round her eyes, and I could scarcely help re-echoing the weary sigh that followed, as she buried her face in the pillow.

I returned to the cradle-room, where I found a maid, arranging a breakfast-table for me and my two patients. The grate had been swept, and made tidy, and a small kettle was singing on the hob. Henry was sitting up in bed with his bandaged head. Sophy stood in an impatient attitude, twirling and untwirling her watch-guard round her fingers, and the trio burst out almost simultaneously, thus:

Henry. "I am so glad you have come back again, Miss Stanwell, I am almost famished."

Sophy. "Please, Miss Stanwell, papa says, shall he send you up broiled ham, or sausages, or both?"

Maid. "If you please, ma'am, shall I bring you a coffee-pot as well as the teapot?"

I held up my hand for silence, and the guilty trio looked a little abashed.

The maid was soon dismissed, and Mr. Henry (famished or not) restored to the recumbent position he ought to have preserved. I then turned to the young lady:

"Sophia! you forgot poor William."

"Yes, I did," she said in a much subdued tone. "Papa wants to know, and I have been so long already, I felt in a hurry when I saw you, to deliver my message."

"Please send me up whichever there is most of."

"Then papa will have to measure," she replied, with a

roguish twinkle in her black eyes, which I knew preluded a laugh.

"The size of the dishes will be a short cut to knowledge, if he must measure, Sophia!"

"I shall tell him what you say," she answered, with her handkerchief to her mouth, and I could hear her laughing down the cradle-room stairs, and along the next passage, till she turned the angle leading to the well-staircase in the front of the house. I suppose Henry heard her too, for he said, "Miss Stanwell, did you ever know such a girl to laugh, as my sister Sophy?"

"I am afraid you have been making a sad noise," I answered.

"Do you know I am afraid we have," said he, looking remorseful, "You know Berners was scraping away at the hearth, and Sophy began joking about my face 'being in full flower,' and the quality of my skull, which she said 'must be A 1 in thickness,' and Berners laughed and made a great shovelling noise to hide it, and that made Sophy worse, you know. I really am very sorry, but we forgot."

"Poor William!" I said, "and he has had such a bad night."

I turned to him and asked him how he felt.

He smiled his own contented smile, (it reminds me of a gleam of sunshine on a wet day, when we exclaim, "How beautiful!") "Oh, thank you, it worried me a little, but it is all right now, it is very nice to be quiet again. I ought to bear a little disturbance better, but dear mother spoils me, she is so very good to me, and the sight of her sitting here, seems to make everybody else quiet too."

"Please forgive me, William," cried Henry once more, sitting upright in his bed.

"All right, dear old fellow," said William, speaking as loud as his weak voice would let him and stretching his thin white hand out towards his brother's bed. "All right, I am a crazy old machine. You see they are obliged to rock me, to shake me together at all. You should not have told this kind, anxious nurse, and I should have been none the worse."

Enter Berners, with a modicum of ham and sausage on a hot-water plate.

"Please, ma'am, Miss Sophia desired me to say, the dishes measured just ten inches each."

Exit Berners, with an ill-concealed smile.

Henry made a most satisfactory breakfast, passed the day with sundry sighs, small grunts, and sudden flings round of the bedclothes, all intended to be significant of the impatience with which he bore his imprisonment, and assured me after tea that "if that abominable old Horley hadn't planted him in this bed, 'in full flower,' as Sophy said, and insisted on his keeping quiet, as he called it, he would have been helping the glazier mend his windows."

"You will have plenty to do, young man, mending your own head, let alone your broken bottles, and resorting your chemical preparations."

"Cruel Miss Stanwell, to taunt a poor fellow with his unavoidable misfortunes."

"I do not know about being unavoidable, perhaps a little carelessness had something to do with the accident?"

"Oh, really, Miss Stanwell! Carelessness indeed! Well, now, you shall judge. The oxygen and hydrogen—"

"Stop, stop!" I cried, "I cannot judge. I know nothing about it. Oxyhydrogen always frightens me."

"Then I am glad! How jolly! Then there really is something that will 'shut you up,' after all!"

"If by that you mean something of which I know nothing, you need not go far to find it."

"Why, Sophy and Nina told me you knew all about everything, and wore not only blue stockings, but a blue petticoat likewise."

"I can only say their good opinion is too flattering to be true. But now you will please to lie down and try to sleep. You are much too healthy a patient to be properly nursed."

"Very well; good-night, Miss Stanwell. You don't bear malice, do you?"

"No, not a grain. Good-night."

Mr. Horley had paid us a second visit in the evening, and pronounced Henry "so free from fever, he might get up and 'go out of flour' to-morrow morning."

the usual arrangements for the cradle-room came off that night.

Henry appeared next morning "looking quite a fright," the sisters told him.

Which he retorted, "What could they expect from a surgical shaving?"

My protest she thought it was rather an improvement it had cleared his countenance, it was often too good before. Now Queen Elizabeth would have dealt in it.

Henry and Sophia are great allies, I can find.)

My 'shady,' I suppose you mean 'bushy,' Sophy," Caroline; "Henry does keep his hair dreadfully long."

What comes from continually looking after a *retort*," Henry, "you are all so sharp upon me."

At any rate, you have got yourself thoroughly worked up' now, Harry, and may think over what your retort' has done for you for a month to come," said George.

Never mind, George, I shall not want to ride to Hertown for anybody to look at *me*, you know."

I shall bring Julia to see *you*," said George, laughing.

Oh, come now," said poor Henry, "I shan't stand

I won't come out of my room till my hair is gone, if she stays a month."

There was a general laugh, and a chorus "Then he need care about being such a fright after all!"

Mrs. Swan presided at the breakfast-table, pale and ringing, and declaring herself "quite well again."

Fina said, "Mamma is well, the window is in again; we are all right once more!"

It was a great relief to me, that Charles Edmund had been sent to London, on some business matter or other for his father, for I dreaded his flood of questioning, or at least his power of patient endurance. He is like a haircloth seat to me!

As I sat that morning, recalling the fright we had endured and its consequences, I thought to myself, "What the Alicompane? Has Mr. Swan forgotten (thanks to this turmoil) that he intends to have a second Soyer

in his family?" But as I find Alicompane was honoured in my diary, with a special place and account to itself, I must turn over intervening matter, and copy out that special "odd leaf" by itself.

NORMACOT CHANCEL-DOOR.

TO A FELLOW-GODFATHER.

'Twas when brown autumn's leaves were shed,
And drifted round the chancel-door,
And whirl'd upon each silent bed
Of those not lost but gone before,

We stood together, side by side,
Where, gleaming like a lake of gold,
The holy laver's mystic tide
Allured our lamb to Jesu's fold.

Nine years have fled : again we meet,
And stand together as before ;
Down the dim aisle the flowers smell sweet
Through the same lowly chancel-door.

And while we dart our searching sight
Thro' the chill evening's gathering gloom,
A pencill'd ray of sudden light
Falls on a little flower-clad tomb.

The night hath come,—earth's deepest night,
His sun hath set before the noon :
The morning cometh,—healing light
Shall spread its pinions, sure and soon.

LORD, if he sleep, he shall do well,
And sleeps he not, dear LORD, in Thee ?
Oh, who would seek to burst the spell
That binds him where our selves would be ?

R. T.

CHARLTON HALL; OR, HINTS ON THE APPLICATION OF THE CREED.

CHAPTER V.

“He descended into hell.”

evening was cool and lovely when Mrs. Charlton and her sons set out on their drive home; and the motion of the carriage soon made the boys fall fast asleep. They drove even almost through the demesne before the silence was broken.

“I think this evening,” said Jane, “has exactly the look that Lady Thorncliff’s eyes have; a sort of light, without actual brightness.”

“Mrs. Charlton smiled sadly. “How much she is changed within the last few years!” she said. “Yet I remember when I saw her first, her eyes had just the same open and true mean. The day she was married, I shall never forget the vision of loveliness she appeared to me, and how lovely in her perfect unconsciousness of it.”

“How an evening like this brings out the sentiment in that text she was quoting,” said Jane, “‘the sleep of the labouring man is sweet!’ It seems like the evening of the old world.”

“I think her application of it to the state of the dead,” replied her aunt, “is a very fair one, and capable of every full and minute comparison. We must labour to get ready to enter into that rest, as our LORD did before

“Yes,” said Jane, “it is wonderful to think of what He did in those three days of His rest, from Good Friday to Easter-day. I remember being very much struck, in reading Klopstock’s ‘Messiah,’ with a description of Socrates’ feeling towards our LORD. He represents the woman of Pilate’s wife as a warning from Socrates, of whom she was a great admirer, to Pilate, not to injure the SAVIOUR, as it had been revealed to him that He was the Light of the world, for whom he and so many others had been anxiously looking.”

"It is a striking idea," replied Mrs. Charlton, "and suggests to one's mind what the feeling of such men must have been on His entrance among them. Everything about that state is mysterious, but we know that it is to the weary, rest."

"But suppose we are not weary," said Jane, quickly.

"Any labouring man," said Mrs. Charlton, "if he have worked hard, though he may have enjoyed his work, will still be glad of his hour of rest. An idle man will not. We must labour in our calling, do our duty, pleasant or otherwise, correct our faults, restrain our tempers,—such is our work; and if we do it, we shall enjoy our rest. 'The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich suffereth him not to sleep.' That is, the rest of the soldier of CHRIST is sweet, whether he have little or much of this world's goods; but the abundance—that is, the sloth and luxury of the rich—will not suffer him to sleep."

"It seems exactly illustrated in the story of the rich man and Lazarus," said Jane: "of the two who are there described as resting, one had eaten little, the other much, Lazarus and Abraham; while the rich man, though not richer than Abraham, could not rest, because he had spent his life in idleness."

"Yes," said Mrs. Charlton, "he rested in his riches. He did not earn the sweet sleep of the labouring man. He did not look upon his wealth as we ought, as the better fare which enables us to do our work, just as some labouring men have better food, some better clothes, some better implements for their work than others; but as something in which he might rest and enjoy himself. I am sure that is the true way, for those that are rich to be as though they possessed not; to look upon their riches merely as means to enable them to work better for their master; and then, though they have eaten much, their sleep in Him will be sweet."

"It may be," Jane answered, thoughtfully, "more exactly like a rest than we can think now; some sort of refreshing process, which our souls require, before they can thoroughly enter upon and enjoy their risen life."

The carriage now entered the avenue, where they found

Mr. Charlton awaiting them; and the boys awaking, began, with eyes but half open, to pour out upon him all the news of their day.

CHAPTER VI.

"The third day He rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the FATHER Almighty."

"My dear," said Mr. Charlton, looking into the room where his wife was with the children at their lessons, "I heard this morning that poor Alice Somerville died in the union last week, and is to be buried to-day at four o'clock. What would you think of attending her funeral? I am afraid that otherwise there will be no one there."

"Indeed it is a very good thought," said Mrs. Charlton; "poor thing," she added, "I had not heard of her death. I should not like her to go quite unmourned."

When the children's lessons were finished, Mrs. Charlton said to her niece, who sat reading in the farther end of the room, "Alice Somerville, of whom you heard Mr. Charlton speak, was a poor girl who lived in that cottage which you remarked for its neatness, not far from the gate of Thorncliff park. Her parents died there; and an uncle and his wife came to live in the cottage. She continued to live with them, but their unkindness unsettled her reason, and she became quite deranged, and had to be sent to Fairleigh asylum. She recovered there sufficiently to be sent back to the union, but was not able to do anything for her own support. Her health has been declining for some time. When I went to Fairleigh, I always called to see her, as she had taken a fancy to me, and it cheered her to be visited."

"Was she rational," asked Miss Fenwick, "when you spoke to her?"

"Quite so," replied her aunt, "and seemed in a very religious state of mind, but from what I heard from others, she was still wayward and unaccountable."

"I should like to go with you, aunt," said Jane, "if you have no objection."

They were soon ready to set out, and having some time

to spare, they turned along a road shaded with trees, from which they could see the approach of the funeral.

"What is the meaning of CHRIST being the first fruits of them that slept?" asked Jane, after they had walked a few minutes in silence, "He was not the first who had risen."

"The first *fruits*," said her aunt, "not the *first*, but the *first fruits*. If we take the figure of the grain which S. Paul uses to explain it, the other cases, that of the man who touched the bones of Elisha, the Shunammite's son, and those who were cured by our LORD Himself, were like grain taken out of the earth again before it has time to decay or to spring."

"I wonder," said Jane, "I did not see that before, it seems so plain. They, as it were, came back again, the way they had gone, into this life, whereas He went on through death into another and a higher."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Charlton, "He was the first who ever rose with a glorified body, the perfect plant of which this body is only the seed."

"I never understood that before," Jane observed, thoughtfully. "I always took that expression of His being the first fruits, to mean in some vague sense, that He was the cause of our resurrection."

"It is very remarkably typified in the Jewish law about first fruits," said Mrs. Charlton. "Have you read that part of Deuteronomy which treats of the offering of the first fruits?"

Jane replied in the negative.

"Well," said her aunt, "the killing of the Paschal Lamb was, as you know, fulfilled in our LORD's sacrifice on the Cross which took place on our Good Friday. The next day was a Sabbath, and a high day, and on the following day, the first day of the week, our Easter Day, they were commanded to bring the first fruits of their early harvest and present them to the LORD."

"Then it was in direct allusion to that," said Jane, "that S. Paul calls our LORD the first fruits, and those that sleep are the rest of the harvest."

"Yes," said her aunt, "and the space between our LORD's Resurrection and His Ascension seems like the

journey of the Israelites after they had reaped the first fruits, before they came to lay them before the altar of God."

"Do you remember Miss Banks, aunt?" said Jane, suddenly.

"That was the lady at whose school you were, for two months, some years ago," said her aunt; "I do, very well, I wished much you could have remained there."

"So did I," said Jane; "but my aunt was afraid of them because we used to go to church on week days. But I was going to say, she had a little pupil who was deaf and dumb, a day scholar only, such a pretty little thing, and so intelligent. I never shall forget her going through the Creed, in a sort of acting, but that it was her way of telling it to us, so that it had not the unreality of acting. Her pathetic imitation of our LORD's lifeless form on the Cross, and then the beaming delight of her eyes when she opened them and rose the third day. Then she pointed up, up, up, as she stretched her little head looking after Him as He rose into heaven, and then complacently showed how He sat down everything finished in heaven."

"It must be very difficult to teach such things to one who cannot hear or answer," replied Mrs. Charlton, "there must be such danger of mistakes."

"Not so much as one might think," Jane replied, "there is a sort of direct communion of mind with mind that seems not to rest until the right idea and no other is reached. But," she resumed, returning to their former subject, "our LORD is not always described as *sitting* at the right hand of God."

"When S. Stephen saw Him," replied Mrs. Charlton, "it is said He was standing. But that is to express, as it is said in the Collect for S. Stephen's day, His readiness to succour all those that suffer for Him. In the Creed, on the contrary, the idea seems to be that conveyed in the verse in the Hebrews, 'This Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God;' that is, He rested from His work, finished and honoured. But I see the funeral coming; we must quicken our steps."

There were no other mourners, except two little village school children, who with their Prayer Books reverently followed the service. Jane, who had never before attended a funeral, was deeply impressed and affected. She tried to realize the feelings of Mary when her tears were dried by seeing alive again in the body that dear Form she had so lately consigned to its narrow home, and felt, as who has not felt, how vain the attempt! She felt as if she could better enter into His risen life and raise her affection to Him seated in perfect glory, at His FATHER'S right hand. This, as it seemed, the least difficult was also the most practically essential, and it was in a mood of thoughtful silence that she walked homewards with her aunt, when the service was concluded.

SHORT EXTRACTS.—No. IV.

ONE-SIDED VIEWS IN RELIGION.

It is one chief advantage of that regular course of festivals by which the Church fosters the piety of her children, that they tend to preserve a due proportion and equilibrium in our religious views. We have all a tendency, according to our several constitutions, and the circumstances of our peculiar position in life, to adopt partial views of Christian truth; to insulate certain doctrines from their natural accompaniments; and to call our favourite fragment the Gospel. We hold a few texts so near our eyes that they hide all the rest of the Bible. Whatever we cannot at once refer to our chosen centre seems insignificant; whatever we can, seems important only in that connexion. Nor does it always mend the matter, that it should really be a very cardinal tenet we thus exclusively espouse. It may indeed be better to lose the exterior limbs than the inner and vital organs of the frame. But we know of how little practical use or comfort—nay, how impossible to preserve—would be these vital organs without limbs to animate, and by which in turn they might be supplied with tributary nourishment and support. Now the Church festival

system ministers a perpetual corrective to this tendency ; and hence, not improbably, one cause of its general unpopularity with all those sects that have been so unfortunate as to abandon the primitive balance of doctrine. It will not let us isolate our chosen facts and favourite tenets. It spreads the Gospel history in all its fulness across the whole surface of the sacred year. It is a sort of chronological creed, which forces us, whether we will or no, by the very revolution of times and seasons, to give its proper place and dignity to every separate article. "Day unto day uttereth speech ;" and the tone of each holy anniversary is distinct and decisive. Thus our festival year is a bulwark of orthodoxy as real as our confessions of faith. It is a perpetual image or moving panorama of the truth "whole and undefiled." It will not allow caprice or perversity to distort or to suppress. It will not suffer guilty or precipitate men to rob the precious story of one single glorious element ; but sets our whole goodly treasure in due succession before us, that of all which He hath given us we may lose none. Well might the prophet mourn as the darkest indication of Divine vengeance upon desolated Judah,—well might we mourn, if the short-sightedness of weak men had ever been permitted to succeed in similarly desolating us :—"The LORD hath taken away His tabernacle, He hath destroyed His places of the assembly ; the LORD hath caused the solemn feasts and sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion." —Lam. ii. 6.

These thoughts naturally arise when we pass from day to day in this portion of the year, so thronged with solemn commemorations that suggest their respective doctrines. When one reflects upon the weight and vastness of each, it is indeed no wonder that each should fill the whole horizon of thought ; that frail, imperfect men, left to their own speculations, should tend to seize every one his own, and strive to build a Christianity upon it ; that "what God hath joined together" men should thus be prone "to put asunder ;" that, in short, nearly all honest error should spring from this infatuation of arbitrary selection where all is equally revealed. But surely we ought thence to acknowledge how inestimable be-

comes any influence that tends, silently and unsuspectedly, to insinuate a remedy, and maintain, in our wavering, uncertain thoughts, the integrity of Divine truth.

Take, for example, the subject of your reflections two days¹ since, and the theme of your praises to-day. In some men's scheme of religion, the Crucifixion of CHRIST seems to absorb every other doctrine into itself: to stand alone, as in its own depths embodying all that men ought or can conceive of the Gospel. To others the Resurrection of CHRIST from the dead, the visible triumph over the grave, is almost solely worthy of a place among fundamental beliefs; all beyond that and its consequences is practically subordinate—secondary—unimportant. But the Church, by the series of her celebrations, forces these theorists, in despite of themselves, to come forth from their narrow cells, and walk in the full daylight of consummate truth. She assigns its due honours to each. She does more than this, for she proclaims that either is shorn of its glory unless seen in the light of the other. The depths of the first day are measured by the heights of the third. She adores the agony because the resurrection proves Who He was that agonized; she adores the resurrection because the agony attests how He loved that rose. She may divide them in conception, but she combines them in act. They are one atoning work; inseparable correlatives; perfect only in union. And hence she will not let us pause too long even at the grave of the SAVIOUR. She will not permit even a holy sorrow to be unchecked. She wills not that we still seek the living among the dead, but startles our dream of grief with that angel's trumpet-tone,—“Ye seek JESUS the crucified. He is not here; He is risen!”

The results of the exclusive views of which I have spoken upon personal piety, are, of course, a partial and imperfect sanctification. For the *life* of the believer in CHRIST must be the living transcript of his *faith*. Those who lose all in the Crucifixion are at home in Gethsemane and Calvary, but strangers to Olivet and Tabor. Their hearts, cold and depressed by the undivided subject of

¹ Good Friday.

their thoughts, find in religion only the everlasting discipline of a loveless penitence;—"darkness is over the face of the earth," and heaven has but a faint and distant starlight to compensate it. Their very Sabbaths are Good Fridays; their joy the hope of future delivery, not the bright and cheering sense of present freedom. Others in the same imperfect belief, possessing a nature more cheerful and elastic, are liable to yet deeper perils. They are confident indeed, but confident without resolute obedience or active love. Failing to remember that dead with CHRIST they are also risen with Him, they forget that the very essence of His salvation is salvation into the new obedience of the adopted child of God. Seeing in the death of CHRIST the full satisfaction for sin, they are tempted almost to pervert the satisfaction into a licence, the easy security of worldliness, indifference, and sloth. Such are the dangers of those who habitually dwell on only the former half of the redeeming work of CHRIST. But is it better when we contemplate the exclusive votaries of the other,—those who lose the sorrows in the victory of the Redeemer? *They* rejoice indeed in the proof which the Resurrection of CHRIST furnishes, of the similar exaltation of the virtuous and holy. They see in it the title to an inheritance of power and of glory for man. But of the humiliation He demands as requisite for the holiness He gives and the glory He promises, their conceptions are inadequate and feeble. Often they speak of the high perfection of the saint, his superiority to the world, his enjoyments and his hopes; but they will not see that such perfection is only to be attained in the deep and humbling consciousness of sin and weakness,—that, to be indeed "risen with CHRIST," we must have "died with CHRIST," and learned the lesson of abasement at the foot of the Cross. You will not accept either of these fragmentary Gospels. You will not rend the seamless garment which was meant to cover in its ample folds every true want and wish of our regenerate nature. You will see in the one mighty event the ground of humiliation, in the other of joy; and, blending that humiliation and joy in one blessed mood, will come to know what is that state, wrought out of faith and hope

yet greater than either, which it is the object of the Gospel to work in man,—that lowliness which, prostrate in the dust, yet lives in heaven—which, lost to itself, is found in CHRIST,—that “love,” or utter abandonment of self for God and for the brethren in God, which beareth all, believeth all, hopeth all, endureth all, which is all graces in one and one grace through all, but which, springing as it essentially does from our union with CHRIST, rests, in even its loftiest forms, for its whole support, upon the two eternal foundations—which yet are not two but one—that He which rose had died, and He that died rose again!—*From the late Rev. W. Archer Butler's Sermons.*

LEAVES FROM A CLERGYMAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

CHARITY.

1. Every one is struck with the difficulty of ascertaining what is charity. There are various characteristics given of it, properties distinct and separate in themselves; so that it would seem to be a name for all virtues at once.

2. This last view is confirmed by what is said elsewhere that it is *πλήρωμα νόμου*; in loving God and man hangs all the law. It is the “royal law;” it is the sign of our being in a state of grace, “passed from death unto life,” “love of the brethren.” The 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians seems only an expansion in detail of what is generally declared in other places.

3. This variety in the description of charity is the more remarkable when contrasted with the singleness with which faith is described in Heb. xi., as one and the same principle exhibited in different circumstances. Thus, faith is definite, love large and comprehensive.

4. It is true, then, in a sense, that love is all virtues at once; it is the root of all, grows and blossoms into all, they are all parts of it, and so when it is described it must be by these its parts.

5. Love is the special fruit of regeneration, and is

formed into all graces. It is the quality of mind in which the Spirit dwells.

6. Love "never faileth." Faith and hope belong to an imperfect state and so cease with it. Faith and hope have reference to this world, to a temporal scene; love belongs to us as creatures in any state. Faith and hope have no place where there is sight and enjoyment. Faith and hope are means by which love is expressed, e.g., a man will not hope after a thing unless he have love for it; nor can he have Christian faith in God except he love Him. Love does not follow from belief, for devils believe: nor from hope, for wicked men hope.

7. Faith and hope are not in themselves graces, but only when grafted and living in love, i.e., when exercised by one who loves; e.g., Balaam had faith and hope, so had the unmerciful servant in the parable. Faith and hope are good or bad according as they are exerted; love is always good, is always a sign of regeneration.

8. The same qualities or graces may exist with or without love, just as a weed has stalks, leaves, and flowers, as well as a useful plant. But these qualities are as different when existing in love, when joined with and moulded by it, from what they are without it, as the parts of a weed are from those of a sweet-smelling flower.

Love is, as it were, the root or plant which gives the character to all that springs from it. The stalk, leaves, and flowers, are all distinct from one another, and from the root, yet they exist in it and grow from it, and are combined in one by it, by all belonging to this single thing.

So love is distinct from the various virtues which receive their character from it, and it binds all together in one whole, as *σύνδεσμος τελειότητος*.

Church News.

OPENING OF S. MARGARET'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE inauguration of this College, situated at Northend, Fulham, where a large home with excellent grounds, affording accommodation for forty pupils, has been secured for its use, took

place on Thursday, the 11th ult., in the presence of a considerable party of ladies and gentlemen, including a number of the clergy. Morning prayer was said in the temporary chapel by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, Precentor of the Chapel Royal. After luncheon the Principal explained the reasons which had induced him to establish a branch of S. Margaret's in the vicinity of London, and showed the necessity for such Institutions. For though great improvements had been effected in ladies' schools within the last ten or fifteen years, very much still remained to be done. He had no doubt that there were many excellent ladies' schools, but they were unknown beyond their own narrow circle. They had no public name, like our schools for boys, which could at once afford some guarantee of their excellence, nor was any security provided for the continuance of their fame. It is true, too, that in many places the local clergy exercise a most beneficial influence over such schools, and exert themselves to make the religious instruction as complete as possible, but without blaming any one, he thought all would agree with him that the entire system was defective, that in short there was a total absence of system in the provision made for educating the daughters of the upper classes, and it appeared to him that this could never be entirely remedied until the Church took a far greater share in it than at present. Mr. Lendrum spoke from a practical experience of eleven years, and that experience had convinced him that schools for ladies ought to be on a larger scale, and at the head of each should be a judicious married clergyman, responsible for the good government of the whole, and whose especial duty it should be to form the religious character of each individual under his care: for this could not fail to be productive of the happiest results, as he had found in his experience at Crieff. Good discipline under a competent clerical head would soon put an end to the objections which, through the defects of an imperfect system, now exist in the minds of many against large schools for young ladies. It would, in that case, be found that there were fewer real dangers when congregated in large numbers than when in small parties, provided the government were such as to maintain a pervading high moral tone. The great thing was to secure privacy to each young lady in her sleeping apartment, and then the largeness of the community would be found entirely unobjectionable. Indeed, a large school well managed, would be found as advantageous for girls as for boys. For here the female sex is not secluded from all society. They are exposed in after life to many trials and temptations; and the miniature trials and temptations of school life are a good preparation for those greater difficulties of after life, because at school they are taught how to meet and

overcome them. It was his anxious desire that this College should be always conducted so as to train up faithful daughters in the English Church, and it should be his endeavour to see that it should be such as to deserve the approval of her Bishops and clergy, and he hoped when things were matured for it, that it would be under the visitorial inspection of the Bishop of London, whose approbation he would always be most anxious to secure.

Mr. Lendrum having expressed his thanks to those friends who had braved the pouring rain to assist at the inauguration of the College, proposed the health of Dr. Irons, the vicar of Brompton, who had kindly undertaken to preach, had the celebration of the Holy Communion been permitted by the incumbent of the district. Dr. Irons in a lengthened and eloquent speech expressed his satisfaction at the establishment of this College, and frankly admitted that his confidence in Mr. Lendrum's fitness for the difficult and delicate task he had undertaken was materially enhanced by his temperate conduct when unjustly persecuted for being on the side of "oppressed orthodoxy" in the sister Church. He could not doubt that the College would receive the active sympathy of the Bishop of London, and he particularly rejoiced that the simple teaching of the Church would be the rule here, and he could not doubt that it would be attended with as satisfactory results as had been the case at Crieff. He had been often asked to recommend a good school for young ladies, but had hitherto been unable to do so. He concluded by proposing the "health of Mr. and Mrs. Lendrum." Mr. Le Geyt then proposed "prosperity to the College." He advised the establishment of the College to be made more generally known, and could not doubt that his brother clergy, like himself, would rejoice to support an Institution where girls would be under their spiritual mother the Church's faithful teaching. He could not but think that there was a supernatural gift in holy orders especially fitting the clergy for such a work as this. Mr. Lendrum then proposed the "health of the Bishop of London."

On Friday, the 3rd of August, 1860, the beautiful Church of S. Lawrence, Ludlow, was again opened for divine service after being closed more than eighteen months. This ancient and beautiful church was disfigured by large galleries on each side. The lower part of the church was seated with great pews; the three large west windows were totally divested of their tracery. The clerestory windows were the same. The lantern was shut out by a plastered ceiling. The chancel was blocked off by the organ erected over the return stalls and roodloft. The porch was little less than a ruin. The lower parts of the windows of

the south transept and the south chancel aisle were filled up with slabs of stone, and the floor of the Lady Chapel was generally a pond in damp weather. A few Churchmen have by their efforts restored it to something like what the House of God should be, under Mr. G. G. Scott; the galleries are removed, the body of the church is re-seated with plain but substantial low oak seats; the organ is removed from over the screen; the magnificent lantern is opened to view, and the wood vaulting in it restored. The beautiful porch has been restored by Lord Boyne, in memory of his parents, and the windows of it filled with glass, by Messrs. Lavers and Barraud. The parapets and quatrefoil panelling over the entrance door, the upper windows, and the top of the stair turret, are entirely rebuilt of new stone: a carved figure of the pelican now finishes off the pinnacle; in the niche over the door is the figure of our Lord as the Good Shepherd. The large west window was given by Mr. Beriah Botfield, M.P. for Ludlow. The window at the west end of the south aisle was presented by Colonel Percy Herbert, M.P., that at the west end of the north aisle, and the whole of the clerestory windows, both in nave and chancel, by a committee of ladies in the town. The east window (restored some years ago) contains a life of the patron saint of the church, S. Lawrence: it was originally a gift of Spoford, Bishop of Hereford, who sat from 1421 to 1448. The altar is the old oak one, made in 1600, preserved and restored. The floor is inlaid with encaustic tiles. The organ is now placed in the north transept. The opening day will long be remembered in the town. The service was choral throughout, conducted by the Rev. F. T. Havergal, from Hereford, and some members of the choirs from the cathedrals of Hereford and Worcester. The sermon in the morning was by the Venerable Archdeacon Waring, and in the afternoon by the Rev. the Hon. George Herbert; the church was crowded both times. In the morning there were more than sixty clergymen present.

Some time back we gave some account of a project for a Working Man's Institute in S. George's in the East, for the use and advantage of the labourers and mechanics in and around the densely populated districts of our docks. This plan has now been started, and bids fair to accomplish the good end of its foundation, as may be gathered from the following letter addressed to the worthy layman who has undertaken the management of the House.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I fully sympathize with the efforts you are making at so great a loss of time and trouble to yourself, to establish a friendly relation between the working classes of S. George's in the East and the Church, and I fully believe the means you have adopted

in the establishment of a reading-room, library, &c., for their use, and the friendly personal intercourse thus brought about with them, is one of the most effectual means you could have chosen for this purpose.

“That your plans, if fairly supported, are likely to prove thoroughly successful, I am sure no one would doubt who had witnessed their operation, as I myself recently did; it was quite a pleasure to see the working men in your reading-room playing at chess and reading the papers in the evening, evidently glad of the presence of yourself and friends, and quite appreciating the efforts you are making for them: it was a quiet unaffected proof of your goodwill towards them beyond the power of riot and violence to distort.

“I sincerely hope you may meet with subscriptions equal to the moderate expenses involved in your work, and I fully believe you would do so if the real nature of what you are doing was known.

“I remain, dear Sir,

“Yours very truly,
_____”

Five Shillings a year is the moderate sum fixed as a subscription towards this very needful institution.

The Rev. E. Monro, whose name will be familiar to our readers as the author of “*The Dark River*,” and many other beautiful tales and allegories, has now settled into a larger sphere of work as the Vicar of S. John’s, Leeds, in which we trust he will be enabled to attach to the Church those workers in a manufacturing town whom he has often visited, and about whom he has often told us. Parochial work will here be, without doubt, his chief calling, and he will surely show that his work in a country village has prepared him for this greater responsibility. As a testimony to his former work, we hear that his old parishioners have furnished his vicarage house in Leeds.

We are glad to find that the Earl of Shrewsbury has re-opened the chapel of Alton Towers for service, and that they were conducted after a manner more worthy of Him to Whom all worship is due; and we only hope that, under the charge of the Rev. W. Fraser, the Vicar and domestic chaplain, whose work and writings are not unknown among us, these services will be worthily sustained. The opening service was Gregorian, and the Cheadle Association for the promotion of Church Music was ably represented.

The state of Europe, no less than the welfare of England and England’s Church, calls all Churchmen to the duty of more earnest prayer and intercession. A little manual, just published, called *Prayers and Intercessions for Seasons of Humiliation*, will supply, in the words of “Holy Scripture,” exactly the needful supplications fitted for the evils of the times in which we live; it is edited and commended by the author of “*A Companion for the Sick Room*.”

On the 2nd of October the friends of the Central African Mission met in the cathedral church of Canterbury, to bid God speed to the zealous band about to proceed thither, headed by Archdeacon Mackenzie, and with prayer and praise, and the reception of the "Bread from Heaven,"—the strength of all God's people—to send them forth on their holy mission. The church was full, and none can forget the service so full of life and earnestness—the thrilling sermon by the Bishop of Oxford, and the Blessed Feast.

After the service there was a meeting, and dinner in S. Augustine's College afterwards, and at the separation all grasped the hands of the missionaries with many a hearty shake; they sailed from Southampton on the 4th. Mr. Brett, in urging the further enlargement of the college at Canterbury, tells the readers of the *Gaardian* how it came to be rescued from desecration, which will be new to some of our readers.

"This 'glorious day' carried one's mind back to this very time seventeen years ago, when the writer, standing on that spot (*then* occupied by a brewery, public-house, and skittle-ground, and the ruins of the church made a fives-court,) was sad and sick at heart to see the awful desecration of its hallowed precincts; and sorely grieved that 'the sanctuary was laid waste like a wilderness, her feasts turned into mourning, her Sabbaths into reproach, her honour into contempt.'

"A poor old man, passing by, informed us that no one had ever prospered in that place, and that the present owner was obliged to sell it. So that had the visit been a few weeks later, the sight might have been lost to the Church. This intelligence was joyfully hailed as a providential opportunity, and at once made known in a Church periodical, with earnest prayer that 'His grace would incline the hearts of the cathedral body, or dispose some pious and wealthy layman to purchase it, and restore the sacred edifice.' It met the eye of one (Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope) to whom God had given both the wealth and the heart to purchase, and dedicate it to His service. The erection of a Mission College, to carry on the work begun by S. Augustine, was decided on, and the Rev. E. Coleridge, a man singularly fitted, took up the cause with an energy and influence which speedily produced £50,000 for the erection and partial endowment of the college, which was opened with great thanksgivings on S. Peter's Day, 1848. Surely, then, we may say that God has done great things for it. The college has already done a good work in training men, whom the Colonial Bishops (as the writer knows from private sources) esteem as among their most able missionaries."

Notice to Correspondents.

Reviews of "The Second Adam," "Hopes and Fears," &c., are unavoidably postponed.

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[DECEMBER, 1860.]

A MAIDEN OF OUR OWN DAY.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

ANTHONY WALLER was rather indignant at Gyneth's amiability towards Mr. Armstrong, and was consequently not at all disposed to play the attentive, cousinly part towards her which he knew his mother wished he should. "My dear, you have only danced with your cousin once," she observed to him, reproachfully, as he lingered dutifully by her chair, "go and ask her to dance this set of Lancers with you."

"Impossible, mother; I am engaged to Katie, this is to be her last dance before she goes to bed."

"She had better have been there an hour ago," said Lady Eynesford; "Fanny spoils those children of hers most completely. Gyneth and that eldest boy are ten times more respectful and obedient than the younger ones."

"Oh, Lambert is an embodiment of all the virtues combined," laughed Anthony, "and Gyneth is a very good little girl, and pleasant enough when she isn't setting traps for Cræsus."

"What do you mean?" said the Countess, opening her splendid eyes, "you know I hate insinuations, Anthony."

"I mean that she has a predilection for gilt buttons; I wonder what Armstrong's crest is, 'Buttons or, on chief gules, with hooks and eyes rampant,' I should think;

for a wonder he doesn't parade it, after the fashion of most *nouveaux riches*."

"He's a very pleasant modest-looking young man, I think," said Lady Eynesford, who was ready to give every one their due, and would have had no hesitation in praising a chimney-sweep's son, if he had appeared worthy of commendation.

"I only wish he was in any other regiment," said Anthony, "he is most provokingly able and determined to purchase: a poor younger son has no chance with him; if we don't take care, mother, he'll be a major while I'm only a lieutenant."

"Of course you must purchase your captaincy; I will provide the means; and you know you are very young yet, Anthony, younger than Mr. Armstrong, I should think."

"Yes, by some years; but see, here is my small partner coming to look for me. Well, pussy-cat, are you come to scold me for my want of gallantry?"

"'Oo mus' come and tell mamma dat I is going to dance wis 'oo, s'e wants me to go to bed, but I say I s'ant."

"Not a very pretty speech for a little girl to make," said Lady Eynesford, but Katie jumped on her knee, and stole a kiss, saying, "'Oo mustn't be ang'y wis Cousin Anthony's pussy."

"Katie, my darling, you really must go to bed," said Mrs. Deshon, passing by, "and you too, Edgar."

Katie's answer was an entreaty to her cousin to make haste and join the dance; Edgar, who had been going to dance with Mrs. Ross, paused a minute, swallowed down a choking feeling in his throat, and asked her to excuse him, as he must go to bed.

"No, no, I shall run after Mrs. Deshon," said Photinée, "and tell her you cannot go just this minute."

But Edgar caught hold of her hand, and stopped her, "Bertie said I was to go directly I was told. I must, please; good-night."

She gazed at him with a sweet, fond, admiring look. "Good-night, my little good child; I see you will be another 'Bertie' some day."

"Good-night, Edgar," said Mr. Grantham, "shake

hands, old fellow," and he took the slight, child-fingers into his most cordial grasp.

Edgar answered both with the gentle regardlessness which characterized his manner to all except the two or three people of whom he was really fond, and went quietly away. Katie, when it came to her turn, exchanged innumerable coquettish good-nights with Anthony, and finally insisted on her father's carrying her up stairs, looking back all the way over his shoulder at her cousin, and kissing her hand to him with an air of the drollest condescension.

Gyneth was not sorry when the good-nights became general, and the guests began to go away, though the last part of the evening had been rather better than the first. She had had one quadrille with Lewis, and they had talked of her grandmamma, of a book which Mr. Helmore had lately published, and of one or two other matters of interest to her. She hoped for a renewal of the conversation the next day, but was doomed to be disappointed, for as she was bidding farewell to some of the guests, she overheard Lewis say to Rose, "Mine must be good-bye, as well as good night, for I must return to London by the seven o'clock train to-morrow, so shall be off long before you are down in the morning. Have you any more commissions for me? you see I can be trusted."

"You can, indeed," Rose answered, and something followed in too low a tone for Gyneth to hear, ending with, "I am going home to-morrow, so I shall see you again on Sunday."

"How tired you look, my dearest Gyneth," said Mrs. Deshon, when the last of the company had taken their departure; "you do not bear fatigue so well as your friend."

"Oh, I am as strong as possible," said Rose, "nothing hurts me, and I have enjoyed myself exceedingly. I am so much obliged to you for all this pleasure, dear Mrs. Deshon."

"You have come in for a great deal of gratitude, to-night, Fanny," said Colonel Deshon, smiling, "I hope it has not been bought too dearly;" and he looked at her

with tender anxiety, for the dark lines round her eyes seemed to presage a headache the next day.

"Not at all : the afternoon was the only troublesome part, and Bertie helped me famously then. My dear boy, come here, and let me look at you ; I had been fearing you would be quite knocked up."

Lambert, who had been putting away Gyneth's music for her, came forward with a smile.

"He looks more alive than any of us, I declare," said Colonel Deshon ; "I shall begin to think dissipation agrees with you, Bertie."

Gyneth thought so too ; even the bright Rose was beginning to look a little fagged, and Lewis looked not only lazy, but manifestly and unusually weary. Lady Eynesford had already retired to bed ; Lawrence was reclining languidly on the sofa ; Lambert and his father alone showed no signs of weariness, though they of all cared the least for gaiety.

"Have you really enjoyed yourself, Bertie ?" said Mrs. Deshon.

"Not only myself, but a great many other people, mother," he answered brightly ; "I enjoyed seeing you for one."

"And I hope you enjoyed that deaf old lady that you were bawling to," said Lawrence, waking up, "and that thin young lady who looked all elbows, with whom you danced so perseveringly."

Lambert only laughed, and spoke of something else ; but Gyneth looked up with a sudden perception of *why* her brother's face was so bright, and his voice so fresh and cheerful ; he had found room for the exercise of kindness and unselfishness, and, not seeking enjoyment, had experienced it almost involuntarily. If *she* had acted on this principle the evening need not have been so disappointing to her, she thought, even though Lewis's friendship for her had declined.

As it was, she could not feel otherwise than sad, and when her mother called her in to her room for a minute to unfasten a bracelet, she looked so dejected that Mrs. Deshon was quite concerned, and said tenderly, "My dearest, I am afraid you are feeling quite overtired ; this

long fatiguing day has been too much for you ; I was in hopes it would have been quite a happy day to you, having your friend with you, and your cousin too."

"It was pleasant to see how happy Rose was, and how every one admired her," said Gyneth, brightening ; "every one at least but that disagreeable Major Willis, who said that she flirted, and asked me if she had much fortune, as if that could signify to him !"

"My dear, you will think me uncharitable if I say that the rumour of the old Canon's riches had something to do with the attention paid to her ; but tell me, whom was she talking to, when Major Willis said she was flirting ?"

"To Lewis," said Gyneth, rather hesitatingly.

"Then I am not altogether surprised, there is evidently something between them, and I rather doubt its being anything serious, there is such a disparity in their ages."

"But some people do not think that an objection, mamma, and if there is *anything* between them, I am sure it must be in earnest, Lewis would scorn to flirt !"

"Do you *still* think so ? My dear child, I know what it is to be disappointed in a person ; don't fancy I can't feel for you."

If she had expected tears, or an appeal for sympathy, in answer, she was much mistaken ; Gyneth's head rose proudly, her clear true eyes were lifted with their fullest gaze. "Mamma, I see no reason for being disappointed in Lewis. If he should marry Rose, it would not lessen his regard for us, and why should it lower our opinion of him ? I do not believe that he would flirt, I know he disapproves of it."

"And you forgive him, then ?"

"There is nothing to forgive ; I was grieved because I thought I must have done something which had vexed him, but if he only did not talk so much to me as usual because he was engrossed with Rose, there is no need to perplex myself with such a notion any longer. I daresay they will explain it all to me in time."

They ! Had she already familiarized herself with the idea of their attachment ? Mrs. Deshon, though a good deal relieved, was at the same time very much puzzled : she had been mistaken,—so it seemed,—in both Lewis

and her daughter. She had thought that Lewis was sincerely attached to Gyneth, and that Gyneth unconsciously returned his affection in some measure, and not liking Lewis, and really believing that Gyneth was too young to know her own mind, she had been anxious to withdraw her from his influence, and to bring her into the society of other gentlemen. When driving with Lewis from the railway station that morning, she had talked—apropos of Jeannie's marriage,—of the folly of girls marrying too young, and of her hopes that she might not be robbed of Gyneth for some time to come. She had even hinted delicately, that she should not think it generous of any man to take advantage of a girl's ignorance of other men to bind her to him for life, when all the time he might not be her heart's real choice. All this had been said in the abstract, and Lewis had 'quite agreed' with her, and though apparently a little bored had seemed in no way pained or excited by the subject. He had neither paid much attention to Gyneth during the day, nor yet avoided her in any—apparently—studied manner; he had seemed careful of her, and kind to her, but all his smiles, his marked courtesies, and lively interests had been for Rose. Possibly he was only amusing himself, only flirting, but would he have done so if he had really cared about Gyneth? And could she care for him, and yet be so anxious to suppose that his attentions to Rose were serious, and not a mere passing flirtation?

Mrs. Deshon was perplexed; she did not yet fully understand her daughter. "Good night, my darling child," she said fondly; "make haste to bed, and do not get up to-morrow till you feel thoroughly rested. You look better already than when we began to talk."

"Do I? I shall be better still when I have had a nice long sleep. I hope your poor head won't be aching to-morrow; good-night, dearest mamma."

She went away, outwardly healed, inwardly more deeply wounded than she had ever been before. She had been obliged to share her room with her friend, and the Rose kept up a lively chatter about the events of the day. During the course of this, Gyneth noticed, without mentioning it, the new ring on Rose's finger; the 'L' on her locket she had observed already.

Though so tired, she was a long time over her evening reading, so long, that before she lay down, Rose was asleep. But while she was still wakeful and meditative, Rose woke up, and murmured sleepily, "You haven't given me a kiss, Gyneth, can we manage one in the dark?"

There was an instant's pause, then Gyneth's gentle voice said, "Darling, I thought you were asleep; put your face nearer to me; that is right, give me another kiss, and now let me kiss you."

CHAPTER XV.

"She wist not (silly mayd) what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy."

SPENSER.

"LAWRENCE, I can't get on with this, there is no good English word for 'wunderschön,' 'wonderfully pretty' is too long, and does not convey the right sense." And Gyneth laid down the German poem she was translating, and leant wearily back in her chair.

"Come and sing then," said Lawrence, throwing away the novel he was reading, and sauntering towards the piano. "You get through that 'Lebewohl' very well now, spite of your cracked chest, or whatever it is."

"My weak lungs, do you mean?" said Gyneth, smiling. "No, I don't care to sing the 'Lebewohl' this morning, I'd rather sing Mendelssohn's 'Scheiden:'" and in a somewhat feeble but very sweet voice she began:

"Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath,
Das man was man am liebsten hat
Muss meiden;
Wiewohl nichts in dem Lauf der Welt
Dem Herzen, ach! so sauer fällt
Als scheiden! ja scheiden!"

The air was plaintive even to sadness, the words were sadder still, save for the gleam of hope in the "auf wiedersehn," at the end. Such melancholy ditties rather

chimed in with Gyneth's mood just then, she was not feeling very well or very bright, and the mild damp autumn weather was conducive to languor. Mrs. Deshon had at length succeeded in getting a daily governess, so there were no longer the children's lessons to occupy Gyneth in the morning, and there were but few calls on her for active industry of any kind, for her mother managed all the housekeeping matters, invitations, etc. herself, and left most of the family needlework to "nurse," a clever industrious woman who prided herself on "getting through" more than all the rest of the servants put together. Gyneth admitted to herself that she would have been better for some one who would have "routed her about" a little, encouraged her to hard study and daily walks, and interdicted tales and poetry till after two o'clock in the day; but she had not energy enough just now to supply the deficiency by being her own ruler, setting herself tasks, and calling herself to account for wasted hours. She read some deep books because she liked them, and others because her father recommended them to her, but this was by fits and starts; and story-books, German ballads, and Italian sonnets, filled up the intervening time. She began writing poetry again too, and resumed the narrative of her Japanese hero's adventures, though not with much spirit. She usually had the drawing-room all to herself for the first half of the morning, for Lawrence went into Harbourmouth every day after breakfast, to study with a mathematical master for a couple of hours, the children were engaged with their governess, Lambert with his own studies, and Mrs. Deshon was busied with household matters, or her favourite occupation of gardening. Colonel Deshon was generally out during the greater part of the day, and though he liked to hear Gyneth play in the evenings, and to discuss with her books of travel and general information,—which he sat up at night to read—he made no other demand upon her time, and left her free to follow such pursuits as she liked best. Gyneth when she came to live at home had expected to be obliged to give up much of her leisure, and had quite made up her mind to relinquish day-dreams, verse-making, and all pursuits which she could

not share with her home-circle; she had had a vision of teaching the children, reading aloud to her mother, working for her father and brothers, writing notes and running messages for everybody, and though this ideal did not commend itself to her taste, it did to her sense of duty, and she had prepared herself to act up to it accordingly. At first it had seemed as if her expectations were to be realized, but now that the children's lessons were taken out of her hands, Lawrence no longer required cramming for the examination, and all things had settled into their usual course, she found herself almost as free to pursue her own peculiar occupations as she had been when living with her grandmamma. She had to practise a few waltzes and galoppes daily, to pay visits occasionally with her mother, to take charge of Katie sometimes, to sew on a button, or make a purse for her father and brothers now and then, to assist in entertaining guests, and—now that she had made her *début*—to go to a few evening parties, beyond this there was nothing obligatory, and she began to think that she had been mistaken in her ideas of family life. Certainly she had been mistaken in the notion that “large families always quarrelled;” during the two or three months that had passed since she came to Harbourmouth, not anything approaching to a quarrel had taken place in her home. There had been a few slight differences between Fanny and Edgar, speedily set at rest by a gentle word from Lambert, and once or twice Katie had pouted and fretted a little, and Lawrence had grumbled at being forbidden to smoke, and given way for a while to a sort of lazy ill-humour, which his mother laughed at and nobody minded. But this was all; they were none of them in the habit of teasing each other, contradicting for contradiction's sake, or in any way provoking outbreaks of temper, at least in any intentional manner. A very energetic earnest person might have been provoked by Lambert's timid hesitations, Lawrence's quiet selfishness, Fanny's heedless, awkward ways, and Katie's airs and graces. Even Edgar's indifference and reserve would have been trying to such an one, and most of all would they have been annoyed by the “*laissez aller*” system of the mother of

the family, whose easy indulgence knew no bounds, and who found matter for amusement in what most people would have regarded as occasions for anxiety and watchful care. Gyneth, though not particularly energetic or active-minded, could not help being a little annoyed—and still more grieved—at some things she observed in her home. She had expected to find home discipline rather hard at first, she found herself rendered uncomfortable by the want of it; she had anticipated annoyance from Lambert's domineering tendencies, she found herself getting out of patience with him for being too backward in interfering, and she began to think that the temper that had been reckoned so sweet was really less so than that of her brothers and sisters; for none but herself seemed to be fidgeted by the general unpunctuality whenever her father was absent, or displeased by Katie's waywardness and Fanny's rude speeches. Lambert's influence was so silent that she did not always perceive its workings, or acknowledge its beneficial effects, she had yet to learn how much more contrarily things would go when this influence was withdrawn, though that it could not be entirely, for even when he was absent, "what Bertie liked," "what Bertie would disapprove," was foremost in the minds of both Fanny and Edgar. She never owned to herself that she was disappointed in her mother, but perhaps she was so, she could not make up her mind about her, and that is always unsatisfactory. It was difficult to her to understand how so much real goodness and tenderness, so much right principle and sweet feeling, could co-exist with such easy indifference about many important matters, such a lack of noble enthusiasm, such a wellnigh worldly tone of mind; and she shrank from analysing her mother's character, because it was her mother's and so too sacred for criticism, she preferred stifling down her unsatisfied feelings, and trying to dwell only on the bright side, and very bright that was, of Mrs. Deshon's sayings and doings. But this vague sense of disappointment and doubt had one very decided consequence, it prevented her from breaking through her habitual reserve in her mother's favour, and opening her heart to her freely; she gave her warm affection, and—

so far as it lay in her power—most dutiful service, but she did not give her her confidence.

She did not withhold it from her to give it to some one else, she merely kept complete silence on the subject that was nearest her heart, a dull drooping lonely feeling oppressed her, and perhaps she gave way to it more than was right, but she never sought to ease it by complaint; if a secret inward bitterness gave at moments an appearance of irritation to her manner, she repented of it as a failure in temper, and never even to herself excused it as springing from unhappiness. Why should she be unhappy? there was no outward visible cause, she had on the contrary many reasons to be glad and thankful; therefore she was not unhappy,—so she argued,—only cross, or foolish or unreasonable, or *something*, it was better to leave that “something” undefined. She wrote to her grandmother twice every week, and entered very fully into the detail of all that was seen, done, and read, in the family, taking the cheerful side of everything, thinking how she could best make granny smile over her home chronicle, and best enable her to picture to herself her child’s new surroundings. Very pretty, loving, and sometimes very clever letters those were; so old Mrs. Deshon thought you may be sure, so Lewis Grantham perhaps thought too, when now and then, as a great privilege, he was permitted to read them. But neither these letters, nor those which Gyneth wrote to her friend Rose, who returned home a day after the presentation of colours, contained any confession of secret dissatisfaction, any appeal for sympathy. The kind grandmamma’s answers Gyneth looked forward to as weekly treats; she had had one this morning, and had read it before Lawrence returned from Harbourmouth, and set her to translate a German love-poem. Thus the letter ran:—

“MY DEAREST CHILD,

“I hastened down this morning anticipating a letter, and was not disappointed; thank you for your welcome news, your letters give me a fuller impression of your home life than I can glean from Rose’s or your cousin’s descriptions, though my white-robed nymph, as Lewis

described her to me, is a pleasant image this gloomy day. Take care of yourself, my precious one, during this varying autumn weather, and do not think it fine ladyism to guard against damp, for it has often proved hurtful to you. Those long walks on the beach with your brothers can scarcely be practicable just now; I have even been prevented this week from taking my daily trot to the Duomo, but yesterday morning there was a kindly gleam of sun which I was glad to take advantage of. It was early, and I went in at your favourite entrance, the western door and walked round, it was a peculiarly happy moment for the light, and, certainly, I never saw the beauty of the farther chapels, and the fine arches that support the roof so majestic in its effects. Mr. Burnaby was there, but not taking an active part, since Rose returned he has had another attack of bronchitis. I like Mr. Willis's manner in the service more and more, it is so peculiarly quiet and devout, indeed, he is altogether good. Lewis likes him particularly, and even our little mischievous Rose has ceased to be witty at his expense, and seems to stand rather in awe of him, as well as being ready to honour him for his sterling goodness. It appears he is expecting his mother from abroad shortly, a very gay lady, we hear, very unlike him in any way; Rose seems most anxious for her to arrive; poor child, I daresay she finds us dull after her lively weeks at Harbournmouth. She has been much shut up with her father since she returned, and has scarce had any companions but Mr. Willis, who as you know is habitually grave, and myself who would fain cheer her, but can but prose about the little matters that fill up an old lady's life. Lewis wakes me up sometimes to an interest in public affairs, by his readings from the papers, and calculations of what the real schemes may be of that mysterious Louis Napoleon. I listen, happy not to be a ruler, or even to have to make an opinion on the puzzling question of politics. He will be taking his holiday soon, I think, and talks of visiting Brittany; I tell him he must collect some Breton legends for you. I shall miss him very much, his talk opens up so many subjects to me, of which I hear nothing from anyone else; our little Rose remarked to me yesterday

that 'he was the most suggestive person she knew;' I can see that she quite enjoys her weekly chats with him. She has given me a most picturesque description of your pretty Greek friend, but her chief enthusiasm is for your mother, on whose kindness to her she continually dwells.

"Tell papa his letter was most welcome, and shall be replied to ere long, I am not unmindful of his wish to have me among you for a time, but cannot leave home just now, I have let Eliza go to nurse her father, who is dangerously ill, and I cannot leave the care of the house to Anne, who is a good girl, but so giddy that she needs an older head to think for her. I trust, however, to come to you before the winter sets in, I long to see and know all my dear children. Tell the dear German student that he must keep a corner of his heart for the Gross-mutter, how amusing must he be to you! and clever little Fanny, too, with her droll sayings. Kiss my blue-eyed Edgar for me, and my tiny unknown grandchild, who Lewis tells me is the little coquette of the house.

"My love is with you all. I am ever my precious child's loving grandmother,

"JANE DESHON."

Her grandmother's visit was something pleasant for Gyneth to look forward to, and this letter brought a vision of the dear, gentle, old lady, most distinctly before her, but nevertheless she drew from its perusal almost more sadness than comfort. Her mind would perversely dwell on that sentence about Rose's enjoyment of Lewis's talks, and though she told herself that this was as it should be, and that she ought to be pleased at it, she did not make much progress in attaining a proper degree of satisfaction. She felt unaccountably depressed, and so dissatisfied with herself, so humbled, and despondent, that as she sang Mendelssohn's pathetic "Parting" song, she could scarcely prevent the tears from springing to her eyes.

"That is delicious," said Lawrence, sentimentally; "*chantez encore!* here is '*Tais-toi, mon cœur.*' Try that; it is very easy."

Gyneth's voice was scarcely strong enough for a second

song, nor did she care for this French air, and at another time would have thought the words great rubbish; but now the

‘ Souffre en silence, et dévore tes larmes,
Tais-toi, mon cœur, mon pauvre cœur, tais-toi,’

seemed rather congenial counsel.

Lambert came in while she was singing, looking as if he had something to ask, but accepted the “tais-toi” as an admonition to silence, and refrained from interrupting. Gyneth hurried through the last verse, and closed it abruptly.

“Do you want anything, Bertie?” she inquired, going up to him.

“Yes, I am come to make a claim on your industry, if you don’t mind. I made acquaintance with a poor little boy the other day, who said he would like to come to the Sunday school, only his clothes were too ragged. I mentioned it to Mr. Weatherhead, and Miss Weatherhead has made him a neat little tunic; but it seems that, though big enough otherwise, the arm-holes are so tight that he can’t get it on. He has no kind mother or friend to alter it for him, and does not like to complain to ‘the Rector’s young lady’ that her work doesn’t fit; so he has come to me in his dilemma.”

“Oh, I see; where is the little garment? And the poor child, is he here? Shall I speak to him?”

She was quite animated already; real useful work was so much more cheering than doing nothing except devouring her tears, or some such woe-begone occupation.

She went out into the passage, where the child was standing; a ragged little mortal enough, but with a capital pair of strong new boots on, which he seemed to be contemplating with peculiar satisfaction.

“Did Miss Weatherhead give you those?” asked Gyneth, when she had examined the ill-fitting tunic.

“No, ‘im give me them,” replied the child, whose phraseology was not of the most grammatical description; and a finger pointed at Lambert indicated the “‘im” in question.

Gyneth gave her brother a radiant look, and gratified the child by warm admiration of his *chaussure*. Half-an-

hour's steady work rectified the mistake in the structure of the little coat; and, meantime, Lambert patiently superintended the urchin in spelling his way through "John is a good man," "I have a big dog," and divers other easy sentences, suitable for novices in the art of reading. It chanced that, in the course of their afternoon walk, Gyneth and Lambert met Augusta Weatherhead and her father, and joined company with them; and Augusta took occasion to inform "Mr. Deshon" that she had bestowed a tunic on his protégé, and that she had just seen him in it, "looking quite respectable."

"It really fits remarkably well, too," said Mr. Weatherhead, smiling; "my little girl may begin to reckon tailoring among her accomplishments, may she not?"

Gyneth looked studiously away from Lambert, and inquired politely if this were Miss Weatherhead's first experiment in the art.

"Oh, no, I have made several little coats lately," replied Miss Gussie. Gyneth secretly hoped that they were not *all* too small in the arm-holes. "Perhaps you don't patronise that kind of work, Miss Deshon?"

"It is not in your line, I suppose?" said Mr. Weatherhead; good-naturedly, but rather as if he imagined her to be a helpless fine lady.

She was too gentle to be indignant at the imputation, too proud to defend herself from it. "I cannot pretend to any peculiar skill in needlework, certainly," she answered, slightly smiling.

Mr. Weatherhead turned to Lambert with some comment on Mr. Parry and his plans, and his daughter and Gyneth walked on together.

"What *do* you do all day, Miss Deshon?" inquired Augusta. "I am so curious to know what a young lady's life is like under ordinary circumstances."

"Too commonplace to be worth describing, if I may take mine as the type," replied Gyneth; "so much reading, so much walking, so much talking, and so much working, with music and visitors to fill up the intervals."

"But no doubt, as the eldest daughter, you must be very useful."

"No," said Gyneth, quietly.

"And you know a great many languages, and read a great many deep books, don't you?"

"No," said Gyneth, again.

Augusta was puzzled, and mused for a moment in silence. Then she said, abruptly, "Do you know, Miss Deshon, I heard that you were very clever, and that you had an exceedingly clever cousin, a lawyer, who made you read all sorts of difficult books with him, and discussed politics with you."

"I have a clever cousin," said Gyneth, laughing, though a little confusedly, "but he is not very partial to feminine politicians, and I don't think ever tried to make me one."

"He is your first cousin, is he not?"

"Oh, no, fourth or fifth, something almost beyond reckoning, as we are not Irish."

Augusta apparently noted down this fact in her memory, and then went on,

"How delightful it must be to have leisure for cultivating one's mind! I never seem to have time for reading, especially when Geoffrey is at home, as he is now. Not that I begrudge the time I spend on *him*," she added, hastily.

"Oh, I am sure you do not! Poor little fellow! it must be a pleasure to feel you are so useful to him. May I come and see him some day? or does he dislike strangers?"

"Not at all: I am sure he will be delighted to see you. He judges of people by the voice; and yours is so soft, it will be certain to please him. Do pray come and see us soon."

"Perhaps you will come and take tea with my little girl some night? She would enjoy that, would you not, Gussie?" said Mr. Weatherhead, turning round. "We are going home to tea now; would you like to come with us at once?"

"You forget that Miss Deshon hasn't dined yet, papa," said Augusta, frowning at him; such an uncereemonious invitation did not at all accord with her notions of propriety.

"Oh, that would not matter in the least," said Gyneth,

"but unfortunately we expect some friends to dinner to-day, and mamma would not like me to be absent."

"Would to-morrow suit you better?" pursued Mr. Weatherhead, innocently unconscious of his daughter's objections.

"Thank you," hesitated Gyneth, apologetically; "but I believe I am engaged to an evening party at the Est-courts'."

"And the next evening your concert at the mess-room is to come off, is it not? How gay you military people are!" said the Rector, laughing. "I see it is useless to press you to name a day; we must content ourselves with a general invitation, must we not, Gussie?"

"I have not often so many engagements, indeed," said Gyneth. "We have many quiet weeks, have we not, Bertie?"

But the Rector shook his head with a good-natured incredulous smile, and Gyneth felt that he esteemed her a very dissipated young lady indeed. He was less likely than ever to enlist her among his workers; she seemed positively doomed to uselessness. The Guerillas would have welcomed her into *their* ranks certainly; but then both her principles and her sympathies forbade her to join them. The "active duties," the "matters of obedience," which were to help her to turn visions into realities, had not come before her yet, or she thought they had not; and the daily course of her life seemed to her so frivolous, that to look forward to a continuance of it was positive pain.

"You look tired, Gyneth," said her brother, as they turned homewards; "I am afraid we have walked too far."

"Oh, no, indeed, it is not that, and I was so glad to take this walk with you; we so seldom have a *tête-à-tête*, and now that you are going away, too. But the fact is, Bertie, I am tired of everything."

He looked so astonished, that she felt ashamed of having made such an avowal.

"I suppose it is naughty of me to say such a thing, and still more to feel it; but yet, tell me honestly, can I,

ought I to be satisfied with my outward life such as it is now?"

"I should hope not," he said, so quaintly, that she smiled; but she saw he had not taken "satisfied" in the sense she meant.

"I know," she went on, "one ought not to be so satisfied with any phase of earthly life as not to yearn towards something better; but I mean that my present mode of existence does not satisfy my ideas of right, does not approve itself to my conscience."

"Do you mean that you feel you are not thoroughly fulfilling its duties,—not 'turning all tasks to charity,' as one should do? Yes, I know that feeling, and how weary it makes one of oneself."

"No, I didn't mean that, though I have felt that too. What I meant was, that I *have* no real duties, or next to none."

His look of wonderment was as grave, and quite as innocent as little Edgar's, she felt indescribably rebuked by it.

"How do you define duty?" he inquired in a puzzled tone.

"Doing what one ought, what one knows to be right, not thinking of pleasure, or letting oneself be drifted about by circumstances—but I know that is not a thorough definition, tell me exactly what you think about it."

"I cannot pretend to make a clear definition either, but our own individual duty seems to me to consist in keeping strictly in the path of 'good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in,' not making work, in short, but accepting it as it comes before us."

"And sitting with one's hands before one until it does come! Bertie, I don't understand that, how would many of the noble things that have been done have been accomplished, if people had waited till circumstances pointed them out as necessary?"

"I wasn't thinking of circumstances exactly," said Lambert, quietly.

"I beg your pardon," she said with humility, "I was too hasty; tell me what is your ideal of a life of real duty?"

“ You remind me of the words of a French writer, who also quotes the text I have just alluded to, ‘ nous sommes tous portés de nous faire un idéal de la vie chrétienne,’ but is it not almost better to have no ideal, but to trace out that life step by step according as we are guided ?”

“ And not to dramatise one’s life to oneself as one is too apt to do, but to go on simply from hour to hour, only recalling the past so as to be penitent for its shortcomings, and not thinking what one will do in the future, but putting all one’s might into one’s present task ! Yes, you are right, Bertie, that is the best way of living, and George Herbert, you know, has told us that we should be wise

‘ If though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things require of thee,’

but sometimes one’s heart sickens of those ‘ present things !’ ”

“ Our ‘ present thing’ should be to hasten home,” said Lambert, showing her his watch ; “ papa will not like us to be late.”

“ No, and I am glad obedience is such a plain duty, one must at least be right in that !”

“ And you will help to keep up obedience among the younger ones,” said Lambert ; “ I am so glad to know that.”

“ I will try ; but, Bertie, don’t expect too much from my influence, it will never be half so potent as yours ; I should be happier if I felt I could be of use to the little ones, but I can’t, I am of no use to anybody now, since I have left grandmamma, whose love made my little services valuable.”

That forlorn lonely feeling at her heart gave to her words a deeper regret than she had intended, and Lambert looked quite concerned.

“ You must not fancy we do not value you, Gyneth,” he said, “ nor underrate your influence with the children.”

“ No, no,” she said ; “ you think too well of me : do not please fancy I imagined myself ‘ unappreciated.’ I mean that I cannot do good to any one, because I am not

good myself, and I do not always even see clearly where the right is, so how can I help others to find it?"

"But you *will* see, though," he answered; "for you are not wilfully blind: and Gyneth, do not despair, for—let me say it—'Such as are gentle them shall He learn His way.'"

CHILD-LIKE PRAYER.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—S. Matt. xviii. 3.

With the prayers of long ago,
In child-like words I pray—
On my bended knees beseeching
For pardon every day.

With the prayers of long ago,
In child-like love I pray—
And with the morning birds my song
Of praise ascends alway.

With the prayers of long ago,
In child-like grief I pray—
For comfort when I mourn and droop,
As frail supports decay.

With the prayers of long ago,
In child-like fear I pray—
For mortal victories to win,
On life's tempestuous way.

With the prayers of long ago,
In child-like hope I pray—
For fresh supplies of Grace Divine,
To renovate this clay.

With the prayers of long ago,
In child-like faith I pray—
To realize the Cross of CHRIST—
And at His Feet to stay.

C. A. M. W.

CHARLTON HALL; OR, HINTS ON THE APPLICATION OF THE CREED.

CHAPTER VII.

“From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.”

WHEN Jane and her little cousin Mary returned from a ramble the next morning, laden with wild strawberries, they found Mrs. Charlton already in the breakfast-room busily engaged in arranging a plan which promised a delightful change for them all.

“This weather is so lovely, my dears,” she said, “that it is a pity to let it pass without making use of it. Mr. Charlton,” she continued, addressing Jane, “has a farm about ten miles off at Woodbourne, and we generally go to see it every summer. We were thinking of setting off there to-day and remaining for a few days.”

“But will the home be ready for you?” asked Jane.

“I like going there without notice,” said Mr. Charlton, who just then re-entered the room. “It is better for those fellows not to know when I may drop in, and I have heard rumours of goings on, that I don’t like.”

“I used to feel,” said Mrs. Charlton, “that it was taking an unfair advantage of them, until it occurred to me that we have high authority for it, ‘lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping.’”

“Oh!” cried little Mary, without attending to her mother’s speech, “how delightful it will be; then we shall see all the little pheasants, and the old peacock and his wife.”

“I hope, I am sure,” said Charles, in rather a rueful tone, “that Gobble is dead, or I shan’t like to go at all.”

“Oh, Charley,” said his mother, “you a man, and afraid of a turkeycock!”

“Never mind, Charley,” said his cousin as they all laughed at him, “I will protect you against the turkeycock, as you defended me from Mr. Cotterill’s great dog Cyrus; we all have our weak points, I suppose.”

“We have a large poultry establishment at Wood-

bourne, Jane," said Mrs. Charlton, "which is my special province, so that altogether the place requires a good deal of supervision."

After breakfast, the house was soon in joyful commotion getting ready for their expedition, and before the afternoon had changed to evening they were approaching Woodbourne.

"How surprised little Ellen will be," said Charlotte; "I am sure she will be the first to see us."

"Upon my word," said her father, "I don't think little Ellen's father will have much reason to be glad of our visit, if everything else looks like this approach. Why," he exclaimed, as the carriage descended with a jolt into a deep rut, "it is like the Corduroy roads, as they call them in Canada. I told him three months ago to have it mended."

The little girl of whom Charlotte had spoken, now appeared, running to open the gate, with a face of eager delight.

"Well, Ellen," said Mr. Charlton, "how are the red partridge and all your pigeons?"

"They are all quite well, sir," replied the little girl, demurely, as she curtsied severally to all the inmates of the carriage, "not one has died, and the partridge has laid four eggs and the old hen is hatching them."

"You are a good child," said Mr. Charlton, "now run away and tell your father that I am here."

They entered the house, where they were met by a neat-looking elderly woman, who welcomed them gladly, and showed them into a little parlour which seemed to be her own sitting-room. "You'll find the rooms all ready, ma'am," she said, "I was dusting them with my own hands yesterday, not, though I say it, that there was any dust in them."

"Thank you, Mrs. Collis," replied Mrs. Charlton, "I know you always have everything nice. As we shall not dine until late, I will go with you now and settle my nursery. I thought," she continued, as they went up stairs together, followed by the rest of the party except Mr. Charlton; "that you and little Ellen could manage for us for the few days we shall remain, so I brought no one with

me but nurse. But how is this, Mrs. Collis," she continued, as coming to the window on the stairs she saw a large plantation of cabbages close to the house; "what is become of our nice smooth turf along here?"

"Indeed, ma'am," said Mrs. Collis, "I thought it was a pity, but John the gardener insisted that he had your express orders for planting them cabbages."

"He had my express orders for planting cabbages, but not close to the parlour window. You know, Mrs. Collis," she added, "though the house is too small for us now, I have always told you that I wish it to be kept as nicely as if we lived here. He will have to undo all his work." As they crossed the corridor, they passed a door standing open which revealed an abyss of dirt and confusion within.

"Whose room is that?" asked Mrs. Charlton.

"Indeed, ma'am," Mrs. Collis began in an apologetic tone, "I cannot help it, Anne never will mind what I say, and always has her room like that."

"But, Mrs. Collis," her mistress replied, "you should not allow it. You should tell her that you must tell me and have her dismissed, if she is not more tidy."

They now came to the room which Mrs. Charlton generally used as a nursery when at Woodbourne, which looked as nice as it was possible to imagine. "This looks very comfortable," said Mrs. Charlton, "you will see the beds are ready, as the children will go to bed early to-night."

Mrs. Charlton then showed Jane her room which she was to share with Charlotte and Mary, and dismissed the boys, with many cautions, to go to see all their four-footed friends.

"I think, Jane dear," she added, as they ran eagerly down stairs, "if you would go with them, it would be better, their spirits get so wild."

Miss Fenwick gladly undertook the task, and they separated to their several avocations until dinner-time.

"We shall have to stay here longer than we thought of, Mary," said Mr. Charlton to his wife, as they sat together after dinner, the young people having gone out for a ramble. "I find a whole system of cheating has

been going on under this fellow Collis. The work for which he has, to believe himself, been paying the labourers, is actually not done; sums down in his account for fattening oxen that look perfectly miserable. Fields full of weeds; in short, everything as if the place had been deserted since last March. No haymaking begun."

"What is to be done?" said his wife; "this is a sad piece of business."

"Oh, I have given him his *congé* at once," replied her husband, "and he did not ask why, so I fancy he had no wish to hear. I could not tell you all the vile peculation and laziness I have discovered."

"Well," said Mrs. Charlton, "my investigations have not been satisfactory either, though not so bad as you describe. The neglect has been most culpable. Mrs. Collis is possessed of more principle than her brother-in-law, but she has not firmness. Little Ellen seems the only one entitled to nothing but praise. All her birds have been cared for beautifully. Her sister Julia, who is lame you know, has done the needlework I left for her very nicely, but Anne Wilson I had to give warning to."

"I think the best way," said Mr. Charlton, "would be for us to break up this establishment as it is, and Mrs. Collis can remain to look after your fowl. While the haymaking lasts I must remain myself, and afterwards we can settle matters so that I should come here now and then and keep all going right."

"Is not our whole expedition to-day like the parable of the man going into a far country, who gave authority to his servants and to every man his work?"

"Indeed it is," said Mr. Charlton; "it occurred to me when I saw the speechless, condemned manner of that poor wretch Collis. I could not help saying something of the kind to him and I hope he may remember it."

"We have representatives of all classes," said his wife, "in our experience. Those who are entirely accepted, meet the LORD in the air on His way, as it were, like your little favourite Ellen, those who are not ashamed before Him at His coming. Then her mother who though purely well-intentioned, has, from a too great softness, a great deal of her work to do over again, from mistakes

and neglect, like those whose work shall be destroyed, they themselves being saved, though suffering loss ; and lastly poor Collis, altogether condemned. I hope it will warn him."

"I am afraid," his master observed, "he is likely to come to distress, for what can he do now without a recommendation ? The truth is, I have been a little to blame myself, in trusting him like our good old Robinson, and taking my ease at home instead of looking after him myself, when I have Robinson to look after Charlton."

The noisy arrival of the children here put an end to further conversation, as Charley burst in with, "Oh, papa, I have had the most delightful day !"

"Well, I am glad to hear it, my dears," said Mrs. Charlton, "though," she added with an affectionate smile to her husband, "that is more than your papa has had."

"Or their poor mamma either," said Mr. Charlton with a gay laugh ; "though I am sure," he added, looking at the flushed faces of his boys, "you have worked harder than either of us."

"And now," said their mamma, "to bed. Not a word of remonstrance, like good boys. You will be more fresh for another delightful day to-morrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

"I believe in the HOLY GHOST."

"AUNT," said Jane to Mrs. Charlton a few days after, when they had returned from Woodbourne, "I should like you to tell me why those articles in the Creed follow the profession of belief in the HOLY GHOST."

"What does the Catechism say ?" said her aunt ; "'In the HOLY GHOST Who sanctifieth me and all the elect people of GOD.' As you expressed your belief first in GOD the FATHER, then in His work of creation, then in GOD the SON, and in His work of redemption, then in GOD the HOLY GHOST, and in His work of sanctification. First, in His whole edifice for our sanctification, the Holy Catholic Church, and the communion of saints

within it. Then in His great work of washing each individual soul as He introduces it into that holy place. Then in His further work of sanctifying the body, and quickening it into our LORD's likeness, and lastly, the consummation of both in perfect and enduring holiness and bliss."

"Our resurrection," said Jane, "will be a sort of new creation, the Spirit coming into them again as when God breathed into Adam's nostrils at first."

"Yes," said her aunt, "the word Spirit and breath are in fact the same. There is a remarkable thing in music which has always struck me as having a beautiful analogy to the influences of the HOLY SPIRIT upon our souls. If you strike an octave on the piano, the air fills up the chord, I mean sounds the third and fifth."

Jane went over to the instrument and tried the experiment. "I hear it," she said listening; "but I never knew that before. It is most curious," she continued, as she struck the instrument again and again, "as if the science of music as we have it were already in nature."

"Why," said her aunt, "you know it must be. We could not bring about that the lengthening and shortening of strings should make the sound change from low to high in regular progression. We could not make that progression. We can only use it when discovered."

"But I do not see the analogy you spoke of, aunt," said Jane.

"The breathing of the air on the tangible strings seems to me like the breathing of the HOLY SPIRIT on the prophets and Apostles in direct unmistakeable inspiration; while that soft clear zephyr, that requires all one's ear to catch, and even while you catch it is gone, which you can scarce distinguish from the other sounds in the air, more resembles the communings between our souls and the Blessed SPIRIT, whose influences we can scarcely distinguish from those of our own spirits, and none but the most devout attention can hope to catch."

"It is a very beautiful thought," Jane replied, "and reminds one of what Milton says in 'Blest Pair of Syrens,'

" That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise

As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great LORD."

"Something of the kind seems implied," said Mrs. Charlton, "in our LORD's saying, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'"

There was a silence of some minutes, and Jane said abruptly, "I think, aunt, there must be truth in the evangelical idea of conversion."

"What made you think of that now?" asked her aunt.

"Following out your comparison," Jane replied, "I was thinking how dull and heavy the atmosphere is with some of us, that it does not vibrate so as to fill up the chord. In plain English," she added, with some embarrassment, "there are many who do not know from their own experience what you mean when you speak of the communion of the HOLY GHOST with their spirit, and they must want to be converted."

"What do you mean by 'converted?'" asked her aunt. "In the Bible it seems to mean 'changed,' 'turned' from one course to another."

"I have heard very good people at my aunt's say," Jane replied, "that a person was unconverted, because they did not understand the secret things you were speaking of."

"I do not know whether they were very good, Jane," said her aunt. "I am sure they would have been better if they had not either formed or expressed such judgments; but as to the point itself, they probably meant that a person was not thoroughly renewed, if they did not feel that spiritual communion with GOD, which I was speaking of. We have all in our baptism been set in a good way, but by far the greater majority have gone so far astray from it that we need to be 'converted,' that is, turned into it again, and this, in various degrees. Some have turned their backs on the Celestial City, and have to be turned quite round. Others have persuaded themselves that a path at first diverging but little from the right one will do as well, because it is easier, they

have to be turned straight again. All turn their eyes too often after vanity, and have to pray, 'Turn Thou us, and so shall we be turned.'"

"But, aunt," Jane said, "are there not some converted and some unconverted?"

"My dear," said her aunt, "there are undoubtedly those who are His sheep, who know His voice; but we do not and cannot know certainly who they are. We have only to take care we are among them."

"But how is that to be done?" asked Jane in a low voice.

"I think the way to attain every degree from the first to the last of Christian holiness," her aunt replied, "is to be minutely anxious to obey every suggestion of the HOLY SPIRIT, never to delay doing what He suggests; never to admit a wish He disapproves; never to gloss over and forget a thing done against His warning voice."

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"O LORD JESU CHRIST, Who at Thy first coming didst send Thy messenger to prepare Thy way before Thee; Grant that the ministers and stewards of Thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready Thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at Thy second coming to judge the world we may be found an acceptable people in Thy sight, Who livest and reignest with the FATHER and the HOLY SPIRIT, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*"

HEAD of Thy Church! O SAVIOUR Word!
Thou at Thy first advent,
Before Thy path, most gracious LORD,
The promised prophet sent;

That by repentance preached to men,
Thy way should be prepared;
"Voice from the Desert" heard, and then
Thy cup of suffering shared:

Grant that the stewards of Thy will
May so obedient be,
Drink deeply of the waters still,
The fountain-spring in Thee,

So suffering, toiling, for Thy sake,
 Thy people to prepare,
 Of disobedient hearts may make
 A garland just and fair.

And when Thou com'st in dread array,
 With solemn trumpets' sound,
 Prepared, accepted, in that day
 O LORD! may we be found.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One GOD Whom we adore;
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

E. H.

S. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

"Almighty and everliving God, Who for the more confirmation of the faith didst suffer Thy holy Apostle Thomas to be doubtful in Thy SON'S resurrection; grant us so perfectly, and without all doubt, to believe in Thy SON JESUS CHRIST, that our faith in Thy sight may never be reprov'd. Hear us, O LORD, through the same JESUS CHRIST, to Whom, with Thee and the HOLY GHOST, be all honour and glory, now and for evermore. *Amen.*"

ALMIGHTY GOD, for evermore the same,
 Eternal praise be rendered to Thy Name:
 Most Good, most Wise, Who sufferest the ill,
 And out of darkness light art bringing still!

Thou sufferedst doubt with thickest mist to cloud
 The holy Thomas with its midnight shroud,
 That by his unbelief Thy Church at large
 Might learn to profit from Thy solemn charge!

And to confirm our faith, and lead us right,
 CHRIST'S sacred wounds were bared before his sight;
 By that remembrance be our hearts so moved,
 That our faith never may be thus reprov'd.

Not that we would not see Him!—let us wait,
 That when it please Him to assume His state,
 The clouds His chariot, and His robe the light,
 Thou may'st receive us who believe aright,

Who cry, by faith, not sight, "My LORD! my God!"
 Conquering like Joshua, without Moses' rod;
 And where we cannot trace Thee, trusting still,
 Loving, obeying, with a chastened will!

Hear us, O God ! be to Thy people near,
Through the same JESUS CHRIST, in holy fear :
Ascribe we honour, majesty to Thee,
FATHER, SON, SPIRIT, glorious TRINITY.

E. H.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

LECTURE V. (*Continued.*)

XVI. THE Epistle of S. Clement shows us how in spite of persecution the Church of God still flourished, and preserved that unity and charity which it had received from its divine Head. Far otherwise, however, was it with God's rebellious and now rejected people, the Jews. We must retrace our steps, and go back in our history about four years, in order to give some idea of the condition of that unhappy race. When we were last in Jerusalem, at S. James's martyrdom, it was in the year 62, just before Albinus, the Roman governor who succeeded Festus had reached Judea. The murder of that righteous man was almost immediately followed by judgment.

At the Feast of Tabernacles,¹ A. D. 63, while all the city was in peace and quietness, a poor countryman who had come up to the feast, and was worshipping in the temple, Jesus, the son of Ananus, was suddenly seized with a strange inspiration, and began to cry aloud in the temple, "A voice from the East, and a voice from the West, a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem, and against the temple, a voice against the bridegroom, and against the bride, a voice against all this people." Thus he cried aloud day and night through the streets of the city. In vain the priests and magistrates offended at this evil omen, caused him to be taken up and beaten ; no ill-usage could make him cease his doleful cry.

¹ Josephus, Wars of Jews, bk. vii. c. 12.

They brought him before Albinus, who caused him to be scourged till the flesh was flayed from off his bones, but he begged for no mercy, and shed not a single tear, but at each stripe he cried in a weak and lamentable voice, "Alas! alas! Jerusalem!" He was dismissed by the Roman governor as a madman, and for seven years and five months he lived only to utter these melancholy warnings. He spoke to no one, he complained not of those who ill-treated him, nor thanked those who gave him sustenance. It was on feast days that he chiefly cried out, and for all these years his voice continued clear. When the city was besieged he walked round the walls, crying, "Woe unto the city! woe unto the Temple! woe unto the people!" At last he added, "Woe unto myself!" and at that instant he was killed by a stone flung out of a catapult, a little before the city was taken.

As the time of her desolation drew near, strange prodigies terrified the inhabitants of Jerusalem. On the 8th of April, A.D. 66, at 9 o'clock on the night preceding the Feast of the Passover, there was seen round about the altar and the Temple a light so bright that it seemed to be noonday, which lasted half-an-hour. At the same feast a heifer that was being led to the altar to be sacrificed was delivered of a lamb in the midst of the Temple.

At the East end of the Temple was a great brazen gate,¹ so heavy that twenty men could scarcely shut it, and made strong with iron bolts and bars which were let down into a large threshold consisting of one entire stone. About the fifth hour of the night this gate opened without human assistance. The captain of the Temple with his guards had great difficulty in shutting it again. On the 21st of May, before sunset, there were seen in the air chariots and horses, and armed men, flying over the country, crossing the streets, and surrounding the city.²

¹ The three following prodigies are mentioned by Tacitus, Hist. v. 13.

² Josephus says of this vision that it was "of so extraordinary a kind that I should be scrupulous of venturing to relate it, but that the events which were foretold have already actually happened, and I could yet produce several witnesses who saw the circumstances to testify its truth."—*Wars of Jews*, bk. vii. c. 12.

On the Feast of Pentecost, the priests as they went into the Temple to sacrifice, felt a shock and heard an indistinct murmuring, which was succeeded by a voice repeating in the plainest and most earnest manner, "Let us go hence! Let us go hence!"

XVII.
A. D. 66. In the time of Albinus, Agrippa had made several changes in the high-priesthood, which caused violent jealousies and strifes in Jerusalem; each party being joined by a gang of desperate people, who kept the city in constant disquiet. The building of the Temple had just been completed, and thus 18,000 workmen were suddenly thrown out of employ. Added to this, when Albinus heard that Florus, a favourite of the Empress Poppæa, was sent out from Rome to supersede him, he endeavoured to make favour with the people by discharging all prisoners confined for small offences.¹ The whole country was thus filled with robbers; and the new governor Florus, far from promoting the cause of order, exceeded Albinus in avarice and cruelty, and even made common cause and shared in plunder with these robbers, whose outrages compelled many Jews to leave Palestine and take refuge in foreign countries.²

In the year A.D. 66, Cestius Gallus, the governor of Syria, came up from Antioch to Jerusalem, and inquired into the number of the people. The priests counted the offerings at the Passover, and there were 255,600 lambs, which at the rate of ten persons to each lamb gives two millions and a half as the number of people in Jerusalem at Easter.³ On Cestius's arrival the Jews with one consent implored him to relieve them from the tyranny of Florus, who made light of the whole matter. Cestius promised that Florus should govern with more humanity for the future, but far from doing so; and fearing lest his conduct should be reported to the emperor, he did everything in his power to excite the unhappy people to a revolt.⁴ At Cæsarea, when the Jews had been insulted at their worship, Florus treated their remonstrances with contempt, imprisoned the petitioners, and at Jerusalem,

¹ Joseph. Antiq. bk. xx. c. 8.

² Ib. bk. xx. c. 9.

³ Wars of Jews, bk. vii. c. 17.

⁴ Wars of Jews, bk. ii. c. 13.

in revenge for some reflections that had been made upon his conduct, caused 630 persons to be massacred in the market-place, and several of the Jewish nobility to be publicly scourged and crucified.¹ Bernice, the sister of Agrippa, being then at Jerusalem, in vain sent her officers to remonstrate against such unheard of tyranny, and when she presented herself before the tribunal in the garb in which she was performing a religious vow, she met with no success, and narrowly escaped with her life. At length, meeting with some resistance to his continued outrages, Florus left Jerusalem, and denounced the Jews to Cestius as the enemies of Cæsar.² Cestius appointed a tribune Politianus to inquire into the matter, who meeting King Agrippa on his way, accompanied him to Jerusalem, and returned satisfied with the loyal disposition of the people. Agrippa remained in Jerusalem, and endeavoured to persuade the Jews to give up their intention of petitioning Nero against Florus. But the public indignation was so violent against this infamous man, that Agrippa's advice was treated with scorn, and he left Jerusalem in disgust.³

XVIII.

Jews revolt.
Roman troops in
Jerusalem slain.

About this time certain factious Jews surprised the Roman fortress of Masada⁴ and put the garrison to the sword. At Jerusalem, Eleazar, the son of Ananias the high priest, a bold young man, persuaded some of the priests to receive no more offerings from any except Jews, and to sacrifice no longer for the Emperor and the success of the Roman people as they had been wont. This violent proceeding was strongly opposed by the princes and most eminent of the priests, as contrary to all precedent, and even opposed to the divine law; and when the populace refused to listen to reason, the nobles sent to Florus and Agrippa for assistance. Florus delayed in order to give the rebels more time, but Agrippa at once

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. ii. c. 14.

² Ib. c. 15.

³ Ib. c. 16.

⁴ A strong fortress built by Jonathan Maccabæus, B.C. 60, and greatly strengthened by Herod the Great. It is on a rock 1500 feet high, overhanging the west of the Dead Sea, and its ruins are still standing, and called *Sebbeh*.

despatched a large force to Jerusalem, and they were admitted into the upper city, or Mount Zion, the insurgents having possession of the lower city and the Temple. The contest was prolonged for seven days, until on occasion of a festival, great numbers of the Sicarii joined the insurgents, who overpowered the royal troops and took possession of the upper city. They reduced to ashes the palaces of Agrippa and Bernice, burning all the public records in order to destroy the legal claims of the wealthy, and thus attach to their party all debtors and needy people. The nobles and chief priests took refuge with the remains of Agrippa's army in the palace on Mount Zion. But when the rebels had taken fort Antonia, and put the garrison to death, they besieged this palace for many days, until at length Agrippa's troops, being Jews by religion, were permitted to make their escape. The high priest Ananias was murdered by the Sicarii together with his brother.¹ The remains of the Roman garrison, dispirited by their departure, shut themselves up in the three towers Hippicus, Phasaelis, and Mariamne. After a desperate resistance they surrendered, but were treacherously murdered to a man on the sabbath day, by Eleazar, in defiance of the most solemn oaths and articles of surrender.²

XIX.

Massacres of
Jews. Cestius
besieges Jerusa-
lem and is de-
feated.

On the very same day on which this massacre took place, the whole of the Jewish population of Cæsarea to the number of 20,000 were put to death. The news of this terrible calamity caused all the Jews throughout Syria to rise against the Gentiles, and murder, bloodshed and violence devastated the whole country. Every city was filled with dead bodies: old men, women, and children lay naked and piled one on another. In Scythopolis 13,000 Jews were massacred by the inhabitants;³ and in Alexandria, after an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the Jews to burn the amphitheatre, the Roman troops were ordered to attack the Jews' quarter in that city, and killed 50,000 of them on the spot.⁴ At Ascalon, Ptolemais, and Tyre multitudes were slain.⁵

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. ii. c. 18.

² Ib. c. 19.

⁴ Ib. c. 21.

³ Ibid. c. 17.

⁵ Ib. c. 20.

Cestius Gallus now resolved to prosecute the war with vigour, and, accompanied by Agrippa, marched with a considerable force to Ptolemais or Acre, and then to Cæsarea, from whence he despatched men to Joppa, where the rebels were compelled to submit.¹ After subduing the rebellion in Galilee, Cestius collected all his forces and marched upon Jerusalem. When within nine miles of the city, a vast multitude, who had come up to the Feast of Tabernacles, fell upon his army with such fury, that they killed above five hundred Romans, and only lost twenty-two of their own company.² Agrippa sent ambassadors with proposals of peace, but the rebels killed one and wounded the other. Upon this Cestius advanced and attacked the city, and his disciplined troops compelled the Jews to retire into the temple. He burned Bezetha, and was on the very point of taking the temple at which the greater part of the inhabitants would have rejoiced, being weary of the fierce tyranny of the rebels. However, with an unaccountable want of wisdom, Cestius suddenly retired, and retreated to Antipatris. The rebels, gaining courage by this unexpected retreat, hovered on his rear; and at last captured his baggage and ammunition, and compelled him to retreat with great loss.³

XX.

Christians
leave Jerusalem
and retire to
Pella.

“After the above-mentioned misfortune had happened to Cestius,” says Josephus, “the principal of the Jews in Jerusalem abandoned the city, as a place devoted to destruction.”⁴ It is probable that the Christians retired among them. Our LORD had told them: “When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judæa flee to the mountains; and *let them which are in the midst of it depart out*; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto.”⁵ And this unaccountable retreat of Cestius was doubtless ordered by God that His elect might escape, as He had promised: “There shall not an hair of your head perish.”⁶ In fact

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. ii. c. 22.

² Ib. c. 23.

³ Ib. c. 24.

⁴ Ib. c. 25.

⁵ S. Luke xxi. 20, 21.

⁶ S. Luke xxi. 18.

there is no record of any Christian suffering throughout this terrible war. The Christians, with their Bishop, retired to a little town called Pella,¹ on the east of Jordan, among the mountains of Moab.

XXI.
A.D. 67.
Vespasian prosecutes the war.
Galilee subdued.

The defeat of Cestius greatly alarmed the Emperor Nero, who entrusted the management of the war to Vespasian, the conqueror of Britain and Germany, and perhaps the wisest veteran of the age. Vespasian at once sent his son Titus to bring troops from Alexandria, while he himself crossed from Achaia into Syria.²

Meanwhile the Jews encouraged by their late victory, sent governors into all the provinces of Palestine to prepare for the attack. Josephus, the historian, had the two Galilees entrusted to him; and has recorded a full account of his mode of government, and of the difficulties he had in controlling intestine disorders, among the most formidable of which was the opposition he encountered from one John of Giscala, an able but cruel and unprincipled leader of banditti.³ In Jerusalem Ananus the High Priest and others hurried on the fortification of the city, the procuring of arms, and training the people in military exercise. In Judæa Simon, son of Gioras, headed a band of freebooters, and ravaged the whole country with Masada for his stronghold.⁴

Notwithstanding these intestine strifes, the Jews assembled their forces and besieged Ascalon. Here they suffered a disastrous defeat, and lost in all 18,000 men.⁵ In Galilee Josephus in vain attempted the reduction of Sepphoris; which was the first city to return to the Roman allegiance and the strongest fortress of Galilee.

Vespasian reached Antioch A.D. 67, where he was met by King Agrippa, who marched with him to Ptolemais or Acre, where they were joined by Titus with two Egyptian legions, thus increasing the Roman army to the number of 60,000 men. Vespasian relieved Sepphoris,⁶ took

¹ Now *Fahil*, where are extensive ruins still to be seen. See Euseb. Eccl. Hist. bk. iii. c. 2.

² Wars of Jews, bk. iii. c. 1.

³ Ib. bk. ii. c. 25—27.

⁴ Ib. bk. ii. c. 28.

⁵ Ib. bk. iii. c. 1.

⁶ Ib. c. 3.

Gadara by assault, and besieged Jotapata, where Josephus made a brave and skilful resistance.¹ The Romans at length, after a forty days' siege, gained possession of the place by the treachery of a deserter, and 40,000 Jews were put to the sword,² and Josephus was taken prisoner. He was kindly treated by Vespasian, whose future elevation to the purple he foretold, as also that of Titus. The two generals, taking Josephus with them, returned to Ptolemais and then advanced to Cæsarea, where they rested.³ Vespasian took Joppa,⁴ and afterwards visited Agrippa at Cæsarea Philippi, with whom he made a triumphal progress through Galilee;⁵ Titus capturing those cities which still held out,⁶ the last of them, Giscala, being desperately defended by John, who found means to escape to Jerusalem with a band of followers.⁷

XXII.

Factions in
Jerusalem.

Enormities of
John of Giscala.

Advance of
Vespasian.

Jerusalem was now filled with divisions. The violent party, who styled themselves Zealots, committed all kinds of outrages. They imprisoned many of the noblest and most eminent men on pretence that they were intending to betray the city to the Romans, and then secretly murdered them and plundered their property. They took upon them to elect a High Priest, and thus turned that sacred office into a jest, and when the people at last rose up under Ananus the High Priest, and determined to rid themselves of these ruffians, the Zealots retired into the inmost courts of the temple, and shut the doors, which the more reverent party of Ananus would not venture to break open. John of Giscala professed great friendship for Ananus, but, on being sent by him to the Zealots with proposals of peace, he went over to them;⁸ and persuading them that Ananus and the nobles of Jerusalem were in treaty with the Romans, he prevailed upon them to invite into the city bands of Idumæans, to the number of 20,000, who at once laid siege to the city.⁹ The gates were opened to them at

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. iii. c. 7—11.

² Ib. c. 14.

⁶ Ib. bk. iv. c. 1—3.

⁹ Ib. c. 6.

² Ib. c. 13.

⁴ Ib. c. 15.

⁵ Ib. c. 16.

⁷ Ib. c. 4.

⁸ Ib. c. 5.

night by the Zealots, who joined them in a general attack upon the guard, in which 8,500 persons perished in the temple alone, the chief priests were murdered, and with the assassination of Ananus fell the last remaining hope of the unhappy city.¹ The Zealots and Idumæans gave themselves up to the most horrid barbarities. They insulted the dead bodies of the priests, and put the wealthiest inhabitants of Jerusalem to cruel tortures and death. 12,000 were thus sacrificed, and none ventured to weep or pay the last offices of affection for the dead.

Zacharias, the son of Baruch, was a man of great wealth and authority. His virtue and popularity were such, that these monsters durst not put him to death without the form of a trial. Accordingly they assembled seventy judges, and accused him of designing to deliver the city to the Romans. He made a noble defence, and boldly upbraided them with their crimes. The judges declared him innocent, but two of the Zealots murdered Zacharias in the midst of the temple,² saying, "We give you now a full acquittal, of which you are more certain than you were of the other," and they threw the body down the precipice beneath the temple, and drove out the judges with contempt.

The Idumæans, cruel as they were, became so disgusted with these enormities, that they abandoned the city, and thus left these pretended zealots more at liberty. They murdered Gorion and Niger, the bravest general they had,³ and such was their tyranny, that great numbers deserted to Vespasian, although the roads were strewn with the unburied corpses of those who perished in the attempt to escape. Vespasian made no haste to advance, knowing that those furious Zealots were doing his work for him.⁴ At length, yielding to the entreaties of the deserters, that he would deliver their country, he defeated the rebels beyond Jordan with great slaughter,⁵ and began to surround Jerusalem.⁶

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. iv. c. 7.

² Some have thought that our SAVIOUR prophetically alludes to this in S. Matt. xxiii. 35.

³ Wars of Jews, bk. v. c. 1.

⁴ Ibid. c. 2.

⁵ Ib. c. 3.

⁶ Ib. c. 6.

XXIII.

A.D. 68, 69.

Revolutions at
Rome. Galba,
Otho, Vitellius,
and Vespasian,
Emperors.

In the meantime, a series of violent revolutions disturbed the Roman Empire. Vindex, the general in Gaul, rebelled against Nero, and his example was followed by the armies in Germany and in Italy. Nero, deserted by his own soldiers, escaped from Rome, and at length committed suicide, June 10th, A.D. 68, on the same day and hour in which he had put to death his unhappy wife, Octavia. Galba, Otho, and Vitellius were in the space of a single year successively proclaimed Emperors and shortly afterwards murdered, or compelled to commit suicide by the Prætorian Guards.¹ Vespasian anxiously watched the course of events, and, being proclaimed Emperor by his own army,² left Titus in charge of the war in Judæa, while he went to Antioch on his way to Rome, where his presence was required. His general, Mucianus, having defeated and slain Vitellius at Rome, Vespasian proceeded to Alexandria,³ where he is said⁴ to have worked miracles which greatly confirmed his authority. Even the heathen historian, Tacitus, says that all the East was persuaded into an opinion, founded upon the Jewish sacred writings, that in those days there should come out of Judæa conquerors who should subdue all the world.⁵ We know this was fulfilled by the preaching of the Apostles and the spiritual kingdom of JESUS CHRIST. But the Jews applied it to themselves, and were therefore most obstinate in their rebellion. The heathen applied it to Vespasian, and even some of the Jews flattered him with the title of *Messiah*.

XXIV.

A. D. 70.

Siege of Jerusalem by Titus.
Internal strifes.

These revolutions at Rome prevented the prosecution of the war in Judæa from June, A.D. 68, until the beginning of A.D. 70, when Titus appeared before the city on the 14th of April, at the time of the Passover.⁶ During these months of comparative peace, however, the condition of the inhabitants had only become more miserable. Within the city, John of Giscala aimed at

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. v. c. 6, 8. ² Ib. c. 10. ³ Ib. c. 12—14.

⁴ Tac. Hist. iv. 81, Sueton. Vesp. 7.

⁵ Tac. Hist. v. 13.

⁶ Wars of Jews, bk. vi. c. 2, 3.

sovereign power,¹ and his followers committed every kind of excess,—murdering and plundering the rich, abusing the women, and then painting their faces and attiring themselves in female apparel they defiled the whole city, and even the sacred courts of the temple with the vilest impurity.² Without, the Sicarii of Masada, and Simon the son of Gioras in Idumæa ravaged the whole country,³ until the inhabitants of Jerusalem, weary of the tyranny of John, invited Simon into the city, where he in vain attempted to expel his rival from the temple in which he had intrenched himself.⁴ The Zealots at length split into two parties, Eleazar the son of Simon heading such as determined no longer to submit to the tyranny of John. This new party which numbered most of those of distinction remaining in the city, gained possession of the inner courts, while John of Galilee still occupied the outer courts of the temple.⁵ These three parties waged unceasing war against each other. Multitudes were slain of each party, and many innocent persons fell by their weapons, so that the very altar itself flowed with blood, and the sacred courts were crowded with the carcases of the dead. In their attacks upon each other they set fire to the public granaries, and thus destroyed all the provisions that had been laid in for the siege. Famine very soon completed the miseries of the unhappy people.⁶

The appearance of the Romans obliged the factions to agree to a temporary truce, in order that they might unite against the common enemy. Titus having advanced in front of his army was cut off from the main body by a furious sally of the Jews, and it was only by extraordinary personal bravery that the general succeeded in forcing his way back to his army.⁷ Flushed with this temporary success, the Jews attacked the camp on the Mount of Olives with such fury that nothing but the presence of Titus prevented that part of the Roman army from giving way.⁸ While Titus was concerting his plans for the siege, John of Giscala found means to obtain possession of the inner temple, and thus the party of Eleazar was crushed.⁹

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. v. c. 3.

⁴ Ib. c. 9.

⁷ Ib. c. 2.

² Ib. c. 9.

⁵ Ib. bk. vi. c. 1.

⁸ Ib. c. 3.

³ Ib. c. 7.

⁶ Ib. c. 1.

⁹ Ib. c. 4.

XXV.

Horrors of famine and strife in the city.

The siege of Jerusalem was now regularly commenced on three sides of the city at once. Day and night the balistæ and catapults hurled into the place huge masses of stone which beat down whole ranks. Still the Jews fought with unflinching courage and frequently gained for a time apparent advantages by their desperate sallies.¹ Even when the Romans had gained possession of the first and second walls and poured into the lower city,² they fought with such desperate valour that the troops of Titus were compelled to retreat with considerable loss, and could not recover their position for several days.³ In vain did Titus strive to bring them to reason. In vain did Josephus put forth all his eloquence. His countrymen rejected all overtures with contempt; and though their hands were full of blood, they still confidently believed that MESSIAH would come to their aid, and deliver them from their enemies.⁴

Titus finding lenity of no avail, tried the expedient of severity. Those who were caught outside the walls in search of herbs were tortured and crucified to the number of five hundred in a day.⁵ A wall was built all round the city,⁶ and the Jews were left to the ravages of famine and the two factions.⁷

All the most fearful records of war and famine sink into insignificance when compared with what befel the wretched inhabitants of Jerusalem. The awful predictions of Moses in Deut. xxviii., were now literally fulfilled. Wives snatched the bread from their husbands' mouths, and children from their fathers'; and even mothers would take the bread from their own children who perished in their arms. The Zealots like a pack of wolves or mad dogs ran open-mouthed up and down the streets in search of concealed provisions. They entered every house, and taking the people by the throat forced the morsels from them, beating the old men who defended their bread, tearing the hair of the women who endeavoured to conceal it, and dashing upon the ground the children who would not let go their hold; and their

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. vi. 7, 8.² Ib. c. 9.³ Ib. c. 10.⁴ Ib. c. 11.⁵ Ib. c. 12.⁶ S. Luke xix. 43.⁷ Wars of Jews, bk. vi. c. 13.

greatest fury was against those who had disappointed them by swallowing their meat before they could get in. Whole families died of starvation, and the survivors had no strength to bury the dead. Everything was eaten, even what the most unclean beasts would not touch. They devoured their leathern girdles, the straps of their sandals, the leather of their shields ; even the remains of their old hay was sold at an enormous price, and the very sewers were raked for the most loathsome kind of subsistence. Still the Zealots and Sicarii plundered the houses and stripped the dead, and tried the points of their swords on their bodies, and even on those who were yet alive who in vain besought them to put them out of their misery. Titus when he saw the space outside the walls filled with corpses, sighed, and lifting up his hands to heaven, called God to witness that he was not the cause of these horrors.¹

Later on in the siege occurred an event which excited horror even in the hearts of these fierce murderers. A lady of noble birth and great wealth named Mary, who possessed vast estates east of Jordan, was shut up in the city among the rest. The rebels had taken away from her all she had brought with her, and at last the remainder of her jewels, and even her daily food. In vain, in the excess of her grief, she loaded them with imprecations in hopes that they would put her to death. At last, maddened with hunger and despair she took her child which she suckled, and looking upon it with terror, said, " Wretched child ! wherefore do I keep thee ? is it to be starved with hunger, or to become a slave of the Romans, or what is much worse to fall into the hands of the seditious ? " With these words she killed and roasted it, and eating one half, concealed the rest. The smell of meat soon brought the seditious about the house, and drawing their swords they threatened to kill her if she did not give it up to them. " See," cried she, exposing the remainder of her child, " I have kept you a great part of it." They stood gazing at her in speechless horror. " Yes," continued she, " it is my child ; it was I who killed it ! Surely you may eat after me : you are

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. vi. c. 11, 14, 16.

not more delicate than a woman, or more tender-hearted than a mother." They fled trembling from the house, and the whole city was horror-struck at the report, as if they had been guilty of it themselves. The Romans would scarcely believe it, and Titus again called God to witness that they had brought this war on themselves, and had refused the peace and pardon he had offered them.¹

XXVI.

Jerusalem
taken. City and
Temple burnt
and destroyed.

Titus at length succeeded in taking the fort Antonia,² and then attacked the temple on the 17th of July, on which day the daily sacrifice offered hitherto constantly in spite of all the violence and bloodshed, ceased for want of sacrificers, thus the prophecy of Daniel (ix. 26) was fulfilled. John and his followers consumed the sacred offerings, and rejected all terms offered by Titus in hopes of sparing the splendid temple.³

On the 8th of August the Romans attacked the outer court. They could not beat down the walls with battering rams, nor pull up the door-posts on account of the size of the stones, nor scale the galleries, so desperate was the valour of the Jews. Titus was therefore compelled to set fire to the gates of the temple, and thus the galleries were consumed. On the 10th of August the Jews, having made a sally in order to put out the fire, were driven back into the temple itself;⁴ and a soldier, against the orders of Titus, actuated as he said by a divine impulse, threw a flaming brand into one of the gilded windows of the closets which joined on to the temple on the north side. It caught fire at once, and though Titus used all efforts to extinguish it, the fire penetrated into the temple itself,⁵ which was entirely consumed with above 6000 persons who had assembled there in the vain hope that MESSIAH would even then interfere for their deliverance. It was the same day of the month in which Solomon's temple had been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. All that were found there were massacred without distinction of rank, sex,

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. vii. c. 8. Thus was fulfilled Deut. xxviii. 53—57, and S. Luke xxi. 23; xxiii. 28, 29.

² Wars of Jews, bk. vii. c. 2.

⁴ Ib. c. 9.

³ Ib. c. 4.

⁵ Ib. c. 10.

or age. The altar and the pavement were filled with corpses.¹

Simon and John with a small band of desperadoes cut their way along the bridge which then crossed the Tyropean and connected the temple with Mount Zion. Titus again offered them their lives, but they refused to surrender.² Some time elapsed before the Romans were able to enter this last stronghold of their enemies,³ and when they did they found little else but silent streets, and houses full of dead. Simon and John remained long concealed in the vaults beneath the city, but were at length compelled by hunger to give themselves up, and were reserved together with the best looking youths to grace the triumph of Titus when he should return as conqueror to Rome.⁴

The plough passed over the city and the temple, and nothing remained but part of the west wall with the three towers Hippicus, Phasaelis, and Mariamne, as monuments of the former glory of Jerusalem. 1,100,000 persons are computed to have perished in the siege,⁵ and 95,000 were sold for slaves, though they found but few purchasers.⁶ Many of these were sent to Egypt,⁷ thus fulfilling the prediction of Moses.⁸ Thousands of these wretched captives were taken to Cæsarea where Titus wintered, and where he compelled them to fight with wild beasts or with each other for the amusement of the people.⁹ Thus were accomplished to the full the words of the LORD JESUS: "They shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles."¹⁰ "They shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another."¹¹

XXVII.

A.D. 71.

Triumph of
Titus at Rome.

The following year Titus marched through Antioch and other cities of Syria; and then passing through Egypt, he sailed from Alexandria to Rome, where with Vespasian he celebrated his triumph with great magnificence, the

¹ Wars of Jews, bk. vii. c. 11.

⁴ Ib. c. 16.

⁷ Ib. c. 16.

¹⁰ S. Luke xix. 44.

² Ib. c. 13.

⁵ Ib. c. 17, 18.

⁸ Deut. xxviii. 68.

¹¹ S. Luke xxi. 24.

³ Ib. c. 14, 15.

⁶ Ib. c. 15.

⁹ Wars, vii. 20.

golden table of shewbread, and the golden candlestick, with the book of the Law, being carried in procession, and 700 captives with Simon and John attesting the complete subjugation of Judæa. Simon was put to death according to custom at the foot of the Capitol. And Vespasian erected a splendid temple to Peace where the trophies were deposited.¹ This temple was burned down in the reign of Commodus, but the triumphal arch of Titus still stands with the representation of the table and candlestick taken from the Temple.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FROM THE DAY OF PENTECOST TO THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

ROMAN EMPEROR.	GOVERNOR OF JUDÆA.	A.D.	THE CHURCH.
TIBERIUS (A.D. 14)	PILATE (A.D. 27.)	31	HOLY GHOST <i>descends on Day of Pente-</i> S. STEPHEN, <i>first Martyr.</i> [cost. Gentiles received into the Church. <i>Conversion of S. PAUL.</i>
CALIGULA C. orders his Statue to be set up in the Temple	K. HEROD AGRIP. CUMANUS	37	S. PAUL at TARSUS. CHURCH founded at ANTIOCH.
CLAUDIUS AGRIPPA dies at Cæsarea Famine	FELIX	40	BARNABAS and PAUL at Antioch.
		41	Disciples called Christians there.
		44	S. JAMES the Great Martyred by AGRIPPA.
		51	S. PAUL's 1st JOURNEY.
		51	COUNCIL at JERUSALEM.
		52	S. PAUL's 2nd JOURNEY.
		52	1st and 2nd Thess. <i>from Corinth.</i>
		54	Epistle to Galatians; 3rd JOURNEY.
		56	1st and 2nd Corinthians, Ep. to Romans.
		58	S. PAUL imprisoned at CÆSAREA.
		60	S. PAUL sent to ROME.
		?	Ep. to Ephes., Coloss., Phillip., Philemon.
		?	CHURCH at ALEXANDRIA founded by S. MARK
		62	S. JAMES, Bishop of JERUSALEM, Martyred.
		?	SYMEON succeeds him. Ep. to Hebrews.
		?	S. MARK Martyred, succeeded by ANNIANUS.
		64	1st PERSECUTION at ROME.
		65	S. PAUL at Rome the 2nd time.
		66	2nd Ep. of S. PETER, 2nd to Timothy.
		66	SS. PETER & PAUL, Martyred.
			LINUS, Bishop of ROME.
			Jewish Christians retire to PELLA.
			S. JOHN at Ephesus.
		67	
		68	
		?	Ep. of S. CLEMENT.
		69	
		70	Rise of the heresies of the NAZARENES, EBIONITES, CERINTHIANS.
			DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

¹ S. Luke xxi. 24.

RUTH DIGBY.

CHAPTER II.

“ And we,
Above the world our calling boast.”
Christian Year.

A HEARTY shake of the hand, which seemed almost to involve a dislocation of the shoulder, a cordial, rough voice exclaiming, “There run in and make yourself at home, the less ceremony the better at Faroak; you will find Mrs. Dacre somewhere about the house,” was my welcome to Faroak.

“Squire Dacre,” or “the Master,” as the country people called him, was not at all a formidable looking person, unless his great height and giant proportions, made one consider him so; nor was he handsome, for a weather-beaten and very ruddy complexion was garnished by a tawny or sandy-coloured crop of hair, which abounded in all possible places, eye-brows, moustache, beard and whiskers, and gave “mine host” somewhat the appearance of an overgrown Scotch Terrier. But there was such a kindly light beaming from his eye, so much telling of good nature in his hearty words, that my first impression was decidedly favourable, and I felt instinctively that there was nothing in him to dread, even if he acted towards me according to his title of “the Master.”

He gave me a friendly nod and walked away down the drive, over which I had lately passed, and I stood irresolute on the doorstep. My having met him had prevented the driver’s ringing at the bell, and I felt far more awkward about announcing myself—though the luggage which had been placed beside me by the flyman would prevent any mistake—than I should have been had the usual routine been followed; i.e., a thundering knock or pealing ring in imitation of “John Robert’s” most impressive style, a fully developed plushed individual obeying the summons, and offering me assistance, in descending, and ushering me into the house with the an-

cement of my name to its lady—but there I was on the doorstep of Faroak, and I had been welcomed by its master, and bidden to make entrance, and yet I stood mute.

The house was a red brick mansion of some two hundred years of age; there was nothing remarkable in its appearance, the windows were of that narrow sort belonging to the style, and the only thing which saved them from being ugly was the beautiful creepers, that had themselves far and near over its walls. The prospect from the doorstep was very pleasant, not grand or beautiful, but a happy, English, home-like looking view, with groups of trees and sunny meadows, soft green hills, and undulating slopes, all alike bespeaking peace and comfort. But it would not do to stand note-taking there, and I turned to ring the bell.

Advancing through the open door was a gentleman, and my hasty glance discovered to me that he was young and good-looking; not strictly speaking handsome, for the features were too irregular for that, his complexion was fairer than "the Squire's," and his hair more golden; but there was the same kind and merry twinkle in the eye, the same careless good humour visible throughout, and I knew that I was looking at "the Squire's" son. He glanced at me, then at my luggage on the step and smiled.

"Miss Digby," he said, raising his hat; and returning my salutation I briefly explained the causes of my present situation. He rang the bell, and after giving the servant some orders he himself conducted me into the library, and led the way into Mrs. Dacre's boudoir.

A pretty little doll-like woman rose upon our entrance; so delicate did she appear that one would think the faintest summer's breeze might be too much for a being so fragile. It was a pleasant face to meet a stranger's face. I say a *stranger's*, for all there was of good there was revealed at first: as I learnt to know her better, I grew weary of seeing ever the same constant simper, and soon discovered too a shade of discontent, and peevishness, on those perfect features. The room was very luxurious; a carpet of the softest texture, rich curtains and hangings, easy chairs and sofas of all descriptions, works

of art, and numerous little elegant knick-knacks, filled up all the available spaces.

Two young girls were in the room at no great distance from her; their appearance was prepossessing; and that was all that I could in my hasty glance discover, beyond that, instead of any family likeness existing between them, they were outwardly, at any rate, as far as the poles asunder. Mrs. Dacre surveyed me from head to foot, giving me at the same time a limp shake of the hand, and a slowly delivered "How do you do?" and then in the same inanimate way she introduced me to Elizabeth and Melicent. They both greeted me warmly, the younger in a confiding, childlike way, that spoke at once to my heart; the elder with a sort of hopeful eagerness, as if she trusted that in time we might be more to one another than at present.

"You must be tired," resumed Mrs. Dacre: "Melicent, show Miss Digby her room; and Raymond," she added, looking towards her son, "don't forget to be ready in time for dinner."

He merely smiled, and as Melicent led me from the room, he also followed. His eye rested on my deep mourning dress, and then momentarily on my pale wearied face, and he said kindly, "You must make yourself at home here, Miss Digby, and try to forget all the sufferings and the trials of the past."

He was gone before I could answer; but forget them! should they not rather leave such a memory as an Angel's visit might imprint, a chastening, purifying effect, a longing heavenward, knowing that there shall all tears cease, and sorrow and crying flee away?

"Will you love me?" was Melicent's first question, when I was fairly in my room, and unpacking so as to be able to arrange my dress.

"I hope so," was all I could answer, and then I proceeded to question her about herself. She was very fair, with a clear bright eye, with hair like her brother's, a golden brown that seemed once to have caught the reflection of the sunlight, and to have never let it go. There was a want of purpose and of strength of character in this simple childlike girl. I soon found that

she was one who would pass with mediocrity along the paths of holiness, with no longings or aspirations to tread them as did the Saints of old; and that, if led astray, which her desire for human love and human praise would render likely, with no energy to rise again to better things, with none of that earnestness necessary to those who walk the rough and thorny ways of penitence. Soon she lavished on me many an affectionate term, and claimed the same from me; but I am anticipating events, and must return to the night of my arrival.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville came to dinner. I was glad and yet I was sorry; glad to know those upon whom I was to look as friends, sorry to have to encounter so many new faces in such a brief space. I was shy and awkward too with the Nevilles, because I wished them to receive a favourable impression of me, and accordingly weighed my words and actions, the effects of such a proceeding soon becoming apparent by my self-consciousness and stupidity. After dinner we retired to Mrs. Dacre's boudoir, and Mrs. Neville, finding it useless to try to get anything more from me than "yes," or "no," gave her attention to my pupils. Mrs. Dacre endeavoured to introduce a discussion upon her neighbours, their dress, and style of living, &c. "Was not so and so very unfashionable?" "Did not some one else dress in a very dowdy, unbecoming manner?" and "Was not the appearance of some other person just what you would expect to see in one of the inhabitants of the ark." But Mrs. Neville had better things to which to turn her thoughts; she was too much of a lady to enter into such discussions, and too true a Christian to indulge a spirit of fault-finding and censoriousness, and Mrs. Dacre finding her remarks remained unanswered, resigned herself to her embroidery.

I sat in the recess of the window, partly hidden by its curtains. I heard the gentlemen enter, and hoped that I should remain undiscovered, but it was not to be; and soon Mr. Neville was standing by me. I was seized with a fit of nervousness at once, and could hardly steady my head upon my shoulders, but he said kindly,

"We must be better acquainted soon, Miss Digby;

our mutual friendship for Mr. Manly will surely be a tie." I answered in the affirmative, and he drew a chair close to mine and sat down.

"You must not look upon me as a stranger."

"A stranger! no indeed," I said heartily; "any one whom Mr. Manly loves could hardly hold a stranger's place with me."

They were the first natural words that I had spoken to him, and for that moment all self-consciousness passed away. He spoke the next words in a lower tone.

"You occupy a responsible position here."

"It is a heavy load," I said quietly, "and I shall miss so many things here, which I had to help me in the dear old home."

He glanced at my dress, and then answered, "I fear so, but there are some things here the same as there, daily prayers in Church at eight in the morning, and five in the afternoon, a weekly celebration of the Blessed Sacrament, fasts and festivals noted, and a Clergyman ever willing to counsel and guide, as far as he can, those who seek to learn from him."

"But it cannot be the same here as at home," replied I sorrowfully; "I shall hear the bell, but shall I be able to obey the summons?"

"They breakfast at nine, and dine at seven always," said Mr. Neville, "and those hours will exactly suit for your going to Church. Mrs. Dacre will wonder and marvel, but she will not interfere. I do not think that there will be any difficulty, but should there be, and should your duties not permit you to join us in Church, you must do so in spirit, as did the holy Daniel, who during his captivity in Babylon, three times a day worshipped looking towards the Temple, addressing God as if he had been really praying there. You will need such thoughts here, for kind and amiable as are the Dacres, they quite forget that the life on earth is but a pilgrimage, and that our home is in Heaven."

"I am so much obliged to you for talking to me of all these things," I said.

"Not at all," answered he, simply, "you are my parishioner now, and that gives you a claim upon my thoughts and care."

When I retired to my room that night the sense of loneliness was passing. Go where I might, as a child of the Church I could never be alone ; for the presence of our LORD is still everywhere in her whom He loves as His Body, and one unspeakable blessing yet was left me. Sunday after Sunday might I seek Him, Who though now in glory at the Right Hand of God, is still very really and supernaturally present with us on earth, with us on our Altars, with us "imprisoned of His own sweet will within the bodies of those who have faithfully received Him." Much has been said to me at times for believing this blessed truth. I have ever felt that we need not to define the *manner* of this gracious abiding with us, enough to know what the Church teaches her children "that the Body and Blood of CHRIST are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the LORD's Supper," and that well would it be if hushed for ever were the din of controversy, and this our united prayer, "LORD, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

I looked forth into the night. What though the prospect before me was strange, hills whose forms were unknown, trees beneath whose shadow I had never sheltered, flowers whose fragrance had never made breezes redolent with sweetness for me ? The same blue sky was over me with its countless myriads of stars, the same Church tower was in the distance, not the same material fabric, not the same loved dead resting there, no hallowing memory of a first Communion within its walls, no soft recollections of kneeling there, a tiny child beside a mother's knee ; but there the same Presence dwelt, there the same Sacrifice was pleaded, there in sorrow and in joy would the same FATHER give His children the blessing of peace.

" O SAVIOUR ! in a world like this
What purer joy, what deeper bliss
Can faith for mortals win ?
Their joy, Thy presence to adore,
Their bliss, an ever open door
With grace to enter in."

ODD LEAVES FROM AN OLD MAID'S MINUTES AND MEMORIES.

THE SWAN FAMILY.

CHAPTER VII.

"MISFORTUNES never come single;" says the proverb, and when a few mornings after Henry's accident, Mr. Swan, looking worn and ill, refused anything at breakfast-time but a cup of tea, we all felt anxious.

"Do try an egg, James," said Mrs. Swan.

"Bless me, no! I cannot eat anything."

I noticed Octavius looked at his father as though he were frightened. I passed the newspaper, and Mr. Swan, who was holding his cup in his left hand, attempting to put it down quickly, and take the paper with the same hand, upset the contents into Sophia's lap who sat next him.

Up she jumped with a shrill cry, making things worse by sending the tea streaming down her dress on to the carpet.

"Bless me, child! I hope I have not scalded you?"

"Oh no, papa! only it was so very warm and unexpected, I could not help crying out. How glad I am I put on 'old brownie' this morning, and not my pretty merino! But look at my nice worked sleeve, what a regular whitey-brown, and I declare I am soaked through! Take care of my tea, Charles! I have not half done breakfast."

"Father, how did you do it?" said Charles Edmund.

No answer.

"Father, why do you not use your right hand this morning?"

Still no answer.

"The fact is," said Mr. Swan, "the sooner I see Horley the better, I think. Charles, go and order the chaise. Octavius, help me on with my greatcoat."

"Let me, James," said Mrs. Swan, "I am sure you are more ill than you will own, you look worried."

"Bless me, no! I say. I will have Octavius to help me."

Mrs. Swan reseated herself, and appeared to have found something of deep interest in the bottom of one of the tea-cups.

"But, Mr. Swan," I said, "you will most likely miss Mr. Horley. He has been here at ten o'clock the last four mornings, and intimated an intention of coming to-day at the same hour."

"Bless me, ma'am! I hope not. I do really need his services."

Mrs. Swan jumped up, threw her arms round her husband's neck, with "James, dear James, do tell me what is the matter. You make me miserable."

He groaned with pain. "Clara! Ah, you hurt me; you hurt me! get away!"

Mrs. Swan started aside, and looked bewildered.

"Bless me, Clara! don't look so terrified. It is nothing. I have only hurt my hand, and you squeezed it. There, that is all that is the matter." And he produced his right hand, (which he had till now kept inside his waistcoat,) with a black glove on, and so swollen that the glove appeared bursting, while the cording at the top was buried in the red and swollen wrist.

"How did you do it, father? Why didn't you tell? Doesn't it pain dreadfully? Think it will mortify? How did you get the glove on?" poured forth Charles Edmund.

"Oh, James, James, what a shocking hand!" sobbed Mrs. Swan.

"The fact is," said Mr. Swan, nursing the swollen member with his other hand, and looking as if it were some curious monstrosity, "the fact is, it hurt a good deal to get this glove on; but if I could only get it off again, it would be a great relief to my mind. And Horley is the man to do it, if it can be done."

Octavius lifted his head from the table, where he had laid both his arms first to indulge a true schoolboy's cry, "Oh, mother, mother, it is all my fault!"

"Bless me, boy! hold your tongue! No fault of yours at all; I liked to do it. Go, get your pony and be off to school!"

"Oh, father, how can I go, and your hand like that?"

"Go, I say, this moment; your staying can do no good!"

The poor boy shrunk away. His mother turned to Mary, "Tell Octavius, when his pony is saddled, to come round to the front door. I have an errand for him in Cumbertown."

"It will be an hour and a half before Horley comes," said Mr. Swan.

"Let me put it in a sling at present," said Mrs. Swan.

"Ah, do, my dear," said he. He seemed relieved in mind by having shown it.

"Mr. Swan," I said, "will you let me try and get that glove off?"

"Bless me, my dear madam, I'll thank you as long as I live, if you can. But how will you try to do it?"

"You must first tell me what manner of injury you have met with. Sprain, bruise, cut, or what?"

"Bless me! it is burnt, ma'am; a little inside, and a good deal outside. I did it last night, and I recollected how you floured Harry's face, so I dusted the flour well into my glove, and forced my hand in after it. I took a few drops of laudanum to deaden the pain, and slept, until the thundering suffering of it woke me up, and I could not stir the glove even then."

"Very well; now look here," I said, producing a small pair of muslin scissors. "I propose to cut the glove up the edges of your hand. You see this little round piece of steel which prevents the point going through the muslin, that will hinder me from piercing your hand; but with all this inflammation, the movement of the scissors must add to the pain, for I must press them downwards to release the leather. Then I should like to put your whole hand into a large bread poultice, till Mr. Horley comes."

"Bless me! Do it, ma'am, do it! I'll trust you to do anything you like!"

"Oh, how thankful I am you are here, my dear friend," said Mrs. Swan.

"Octavius is waiting, mamma," said Sophy, just coming in. "Oh! what is the matter?"

I had begun my operation, and the poor girl taken quite by surprise turned faint.

Mrs. Swan laid her on the carpet in a moment. I could not leave off; I knew how excruciating the pain must be, as the thick kid yielded an eighth of an inch at a time, but still appeared stuck fast everywhere to the skin.

Presently Mr. Swan became faint, and Sophy was spurred to get up and open the window; Caroline had gone for the poultice, and Mary was holding Mr. Swan's hand.

George and Charles Edmund had started for the office, to hurry Mr. Horley if possible, or at any rate to ensure his coming.

"If you please, ma'am, Master Octavius wants to see you," said Berners, appearing at the door, "he is afraid he will be late for school."

"Comfort him," I said softly, "all will be well."

"I will," and Mrs. Swan went hastily after Berners.

At last the weary travelling of the scissors was completed. Up and down every finger, &c., but though the flesh swelled out through the interstices, like scarlet wadding through a broken seam, not an inch of the glove could I remove.

The poultice was applied, but little ease at present gained, and we sat listening anxiously for the glad sound of wheels.

Mr. Swan bore the pain bravely, leaning back in his armchair with closed eyes.

Leaving him with the girls, I went to the cradle-room to find Mrs. Swan, but only Nina was there sitting by William with her lessons.

"I expect mamma every minute, Miss Stanwell; she is half an hour later than usual," said Nina, looking at the clock. "Something must have kept her with cook in the store-room. How is papa now?"

I held up a warning finger.

"Oh, William knows. Mamma came and told him; she knew William would miss the usual sounds of papa's going, so she came and said why papa was not going to the office to-day."

"Is my father relieved at all yet?" said William.

I told him what had been done, and added that I hoped the glove would come off when the poultice was re-

moved, and we should then know what was really the matter.

Mrs. Swan now came into the room ; "How did you leave James, dear friend?"

"Much the same," I answered. "Have you any idea how it was done?"

She nodded.

"How?"

"I cannot tell you. Octavius was much too unhappy for me to send him to school, without suffering him to unburden his heart of his trouble, but I found his father had commanded secrecy, so you must await Mr. Horley's arrival. It will come out then."

"It is ten o'clock now," I said; "I will go down again."

"Very well; I will come too, when I hear the door-bell."

Five minutes more, Mr. Horley and Mrs. Swan came in together.

"Bless me, Horley, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Mr. Swan.

"Well, old friend, I am not glad to see you sitting in that plight! Rather have found you inside that green spring-door of yours in Cumbertown."

"Ay, Horley; give me a little ease if you can, this pain is terrible."

"Let me see then. Mrs. Swan, will you hold the arm?"

"Let me!" I said to her, springing forwards, "you have enough already to try your nerves."

"Do, Miss Stanwell," said Mr. Horley, "it does me good to have you for a helper!"

(The old doctor's eyes made his words so genuine an expression of the truth, I am afraid the old maid blushed). Off came the poultice, and the cut fingers of the glove dangled down in strips.

Mr. Horley. "What on earth is this?"

Miss Stanwell. "Only a glove."

Mr. Horley. "Swan, what is it you have done to your hand?"

Mr. Swan. "Bless me! burnt it!"

Mr. Horley. "How?"

Mr. Swan. "I do not care to tell!"

Mr. Horley. "Oh!" (attempting in vain to detach the glove,) "Miss Stanwell, have you been dressing the hand with anything and putting on a glove?"

Miss Stanwell. "No, sir; I have not."

Mr. Horley. "I thought you were not such a—hem! van! what is this mess that sticks the glove to the skin?"

Mr. Swan. "Only Alicompane, Horley."

Mr. Horley, (looking at him). "Alicompane! Have you had any rest, Swan? Miss Stanwell, has she been taking laudanum?"

Miss Stanwell. "A few drops last night, I believe."

Mr. Swan. "Bless me, Horley! Do not fancy me out of my senses! I know what I am saying well enough. It is Alicompane, and the inside of my hand was burnt with the frying-pan."

Here Sophy exploded with a convulsive giggle. A sudden glance of indignation from Mr. Horley made her vanish from the room.

"Mrs. Swan," said Mr. Horley, "will you be kind enough to order in a large basin with warm water, and the kettle full likewise, that I may keep it at one temperature?"

Having placed Mr. Swan's hand in the warm water, and installed me on an ottoman at his feet to support the basin on my lap, Mr. Horley said quietly and determinately, "Now, Swan, I shall do nothing more to that hand, until you have told me the whole story of its getting into its present condition."

Mr. Swan winced, coloured a little, and looked at Mr. Horley, who returned it with a smile and a little nod.

(For my part, I enjoyed seeing Mr. Swan overmatched.)

"Well then, Horley, bless me! if you must know all about it, Octavius has lately developed a decided taste for cookery, (Soyer-like, you know,) and as I knew his mother would not be likely—had not time, you know—did not see it so—bless me! why, I went to help him myself!"

"Yes, I see. Went to help him—yes?"

"Yes, went to help him. That's how it happened."

"I do not yet know how it happened, Swan."

"Bless me, not know! Well, Octavius thought he had discovered a way of making a delicious sort of new sweetmeat, 'Alicompane,' in short, of a very superior quality, and we went into the kitchen, he and I to manufacture it. And the cook was barely civil, you know, just gave me what I asked for, and then went right away. (I can't think where she took herself to, for we couldn't make her hear anyhow, and we called pretty loud, I know.) So we put the materials into the frying-pan, and stirred and stirred, (uncommonly hot work is cooking!) till at last everything was mixed and melted, and presently it began to boil. And when it boiled it spirtled, there was such a surface of it, and the pan was shallow, you know, and the spirtles flamed on the hot plate, and I was afraid all would get alight together. So I caught hold of the frying-pan handle quite low down near the pan, (I never knew how hot it was there!) And Octavius cried, 'Oh, father, mind!' and somehow the pan tipped, I stretched out my hand to stop it, and the sticky stuff was over me in a minute. But we had no time to think, it blazed up like fury! I was afraid of the house taking fire, so I seized a bucket of water I saw standing in the pantry, and throwing it on, put it all out. But we made a dreadful smother, lost all the alicompane, burnt my hand, and cracked the cooking-stove. Have we not, Clara?"

"Yes," Mrs. Swan replied, "and cook has given warning to leave."

"Bless me, how disagreeable! Well, then, I recollected how Harry's face was floured, so I dusted a lot into my glove and drew it on, took a dose of laudanum to lull the pain, and got to bed, and this morning Miss Stanwell has been trying to get the glove off again."

"Now I understand it all," said Mr. Horley. "Oh, Swan, Swan, my dear fellow, will you ever leave off riding these fanciful hobbies of yours? Think of a grave old lawyer like yourself, Swan, making alicompane in the kitchen with a boy!"

"Bless me, Horley! I don't think that is a fair way

to put it. I wished to develop any taste the boy might have!"

"Apprentice him to a cook then, old friend, if that is his ambition. But depend upon it, he only wanted to make 'toffy,' like any other schoolboy, only he went about it in a very ignorant way."

By this time, with the frequent additions of warmer water, the glove lay at the bottom of the basin, and the poor hand, considering all it had gone through, looked a great deal better than we could have expected. When it was thoroughly freed from the alicompane, Mr. Horley put on a dressing which he persisted in calling "Alicompane Ointment," prescribed a little medicine and left us. Mr. Swan has had enough of the kitchen, I should think!

THE EVENING MEETINGS.

CHAPTER XVI.

EVER since Richard had first resolved, by God's help, on overcoming his sullen and perverse temper, he had steadily continued his efforts, forcing himself to answer cheerfully and obediently when reproved; and putting out of his mind the idea that he was ill used, if he was more severely blamed than he deserved. Some quarrel had arisen with Thomas and Joseph. A few months before (especially when as in this case, he felt in the right,) it would have long dwelt on his mind, making him cross, and sulky to every one. Now, though much vexed at harsh words, and not finding it easy to forget injustice, he sincerely tried to avoid all sullenness; and when he was alone, after saying he would be friends with them, and think no more of the past, he cast away his anger. He remembered that he also was in part to blame; and that he had put himself in the way of a quarrel, by idling with some of the mischievous and silly boys, instead of

finding his way home quickly, or going with the workman who always allowed him to sit in his cottage, if he had time free, and often taught him useful things. This wasting time after his day's work was over, with any of his former schoolfellows who might happen to be standing about, had become a frequent practice with Richard; since his home was not a pleasant one to spend his evenings at, from the neglect of his mother, and the worse conduct of his father. He did not think he was wrong, as he always attended the instructions of Mr. Weston; and he thought that by staying out till bed time, he kept away from the risk of quarrelling with his father. The disturbance however, which had on this one evening followed an idle jest, and the conduct of some of his companions, made him less willing to continue this plan. It opened his eyes to the fact, that in reality he was leading himself into temptation by idleness, and to the influence of those who were careless in their talk and manners. Richard was sincere in his wish, and purpose to serve God, and act like the child of God, so he resolved to seek different companions; and rather to bear the discomforts of home, than run into any sin. He could occasionally go with Robert and Matthew, or spend an evening with the head workman; and for the rest he felt that in the evil he *must* meet with, he could with a clear conscience look for sufficient grace and strength to bear him through. It was with a light heart that he gladly joined the party, who were entering the school-room on the Friday evening; sure of a quiet home there, and a kind word from his pastor, who knew and felt for his situation.

After the usual service, Mr. Weston began the explanation of the last petitions in the LORD's prayer, by saying,—“We have in the former part of our supplication prayed, that we might be enabled to serve, worship, and obey our Heavenly FATHER, fully and entirely, even as the Angels do, and as we as God's children are bound to do. We have also asked for the things we need for the daily preservation and welfare of body and soul, and for the forgiveness of our sins. Now lastly we pray to be kept from evil, and to be delivered from spiritual and

temporal enemies who will lead us to ruin. How does the Church in her Catechism speak on these petitions?"

Robert. That it will please God to save and defend us from all dangers, ghostly and bodily; and that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death.

Mr. Weston. You could not have a better explanation, than is here given you, of the meaning of, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." As you may see, these words form but one petition, and are closely connected: since all the evil in the world sprang at first from a yielding to temptation. And if by the grace of God we are kept from the power of the tempter, and from falling into sin when tempted, we have full assurance that nothing shall turn to our real hurt, and that evil shall not touch us.

Malcolm. I know that God never tempts any one to sin, but He allows people to be tempted to try them, does He not, sir? And is that why we ask Him not to lead us into temptation?

Mr. Weston. You are right, that for the trial of His servants, they are exposed to circumstances, which are temptations, and Satan is allowed to exercise his devices to prove them. Our situation in this world is all through one of trial. And it is for that very reason, because such temptations are around us, that our merciful LORD bids us pray that we may not be led into any of them. We ask not to fall under the power of temptation, as we should ask to be kept from any bodily danger. It is true, that in the greatest trials of our faith and obedience, the strength of God is quite sufficient to bring us safely through, and we need not fear any being too great for us in His might. Yet we may well beseech Him not to suffer us to find temptation to evil in our daily course, and in the things around us, nor to permit Satan to prove us with hard trials. We must continually pray that we may be taught to avoid, as well as to overcome evil. In this alone flight is true courage; we must avoid, and go out of our way to avoid and shun the temptation to sin. Amid the numerous cares, griefs, distractions, and pleasures of the world, we have no safety but in the use of

all the means of grace, prayer, public and private, and Sacraments, that we may be led not into temptation, but out of it; and that the evil in the world may not harm us, either by drawing us to love it, or by weakening our faith in the fatherly care and power of God. What other command have we about prayer against temptation?

Charley. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptations," our LORD told His Apostles when He was in the garden, and the Jews were going to take Him. S. Matt. xxvi. 31.

Malcolm. And they fell asleep, and were frightened when they found Him among enemies, and forsook Him and fled.

Mr. Weston. Perhaps this may teach us to understand better, what we pray in asking not to be led into temptation. Would the prayer of the disciples have prevented the malice of the Jews, and the taking of our LORD?

Robert. No, for He had long before determined to suffer for us, and the Jews did what was before ordained in His death.

Mr. Weston. But had they watched and prayed, would those same events have proved so great a trial to their faith? Would S. Peter have so soon been tempted into denying, and the others into forsaking Him?

Richard. I should think not.

Mr. Weston. The same things might have happened, but the temptation might have turned to their good. So we see by many examples in the Word of God, that men have been placed in situations of danger to their souls; and yet have not yielded to temptation, but have been completely delivered from evil. I should like you to think of some.

Charley. Joseph in Potiphar's house, and when he was a great prince, and might have been proud and revengeful to his brothers.

Alex. Moses, who was brought up among heathens in a palace, like a king's son, and yet loved his countrymen, and left his grandeur, because he believed God's promises.

Joseph. Daniel and the three children, who were not.

ghtened by the punishment threatened, but went on
ing right all the same.

Robert. And all the Apostles, when they had to bear
prisonment, and cruel punishments, but they were
edfast and endured the trial.

Mr. Weston. You have mentioned both those who were
empted by the honours, riches, and pleasures of the
orld and those who had trial of its scorn and cruelty;
et alike were preserved, and passed unhurt. This shows
s how when temptation presses on us, yet we are kept
om its power, and delivered from all evil, and the snare
f the devil, in the most trying circumstances. Still,
ough we may boldly say, "the LORD is my helper,"
nd not fear, when it is His Will that we be tried, we
ust pray that He would keep us safely, and prepare us
y continual gifts of His grace not to be overcome. The
lightest can prove too much for us alone, as we often
nd; but to all who are faithful there is the promise,
od will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are
ble, but will with the temptation also make a way to
escape, that ye may be able to bear it. 1 Cor. x. 13. To
prayer we must join watchfulness, if we would receive
he answer we ask, for it is in vain to beg of the AL-
MIGHTY to keep us from what we do not care to avoid,
or rashly run into. Do you understand what is meant
by watching?

Alex. Looking out to see that we are not going wrong,
keeping always prepared against hearing, or joining in
any sinful thing.

Malcolm. Thinking what we are about, whether we
are trying to please God in everything, and looking to
our own hearts to see that we do not let any sin dwell
there.

Mr. Weston. In constant prayer and watchfulness, we
must abide day by day, taking care to find out, and guard
against the tempers and inclinations which most lead us
to sin in ourselves; and the outward things, which
whether of sorrow or delight, draw us from God. Such
watchfulness will teach us what places and amusements,
or companions we ought to keep from, as being likely to
do us harm.

Richard. We cannot help always being with people, who make it difficult for us to do right. Some provoke us to ill-temper, and yet we must be among them.

Mr. Weston. In the trials belonging to our situation, where God has called us to live and work out our salvation, we shall surely find His grace sufficient for us. We must meet with trials, but good not evil is the end of all we have to encounter in the way of our duty if we go on in the spirit of watchful meekness and trust in God. Without them we could not be made strong and perfect; they prove our faith and exercise every virtue; we ought not to wish to be without them, or to desire different ones from what God sends us. He gives opportunities for being proved and exercised as He sees fitted to the peculiar disposition of each of His servants. It is when we turn away from them in murmuring, and try to invent some way of escape, not pointed out by Him, that we are falling into temptation, and likely to come to evil. Look at the prayer of our LORD, S. John xvii. 15, and at S. James i. 12. You see that CHRIST did not ask for His Apostles and disciples to be taken from the trials of the world; at the same time He prayed that they might be kept from its evil. His Apostle guided by the HOLY GHOST says also, that a man who goes well through temptation or trial shall be crowned with glory. So though you all have things likely to tempt you, both in your own hearts, and in your homes, and companions, besides pains and cares without, remember if you pray 'lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' most certainly you will be heard.

Edward. We may ask God to save us from evil to our bodies as well as our souls, may we not?

Mr. Weston. The very granting of the petition as we have now considered it, would secure us from much bodily evil as well as spiritual, for in how many cases is misfortune or suffering the consequence of yielding to sin! You daily see that a great deal of the poverty, sickness, and discomfort around us is caused by people giving way to the temptations of dress, and vanity, and drunkenness, &c. Were all the sufferings caused by sin immediately removed, and were we kept safe from spirit-

al evil, few and easily borne in comparison would be the best. Still, we may and should ask to be preserved from dangers, and to be kept in safety, both in our souls and bodies; and if you think of what I have already said you will perceive I have spoken of both in my explanation before. Satan, as we learn from Scripture, causes pain and loss to us in any way, and therefore we ask to be delivered chiefly from him and his power. He is the evil one, and as he tried Job by losses and disease, Peter by scorn, and the early Christians by persecutions, so he would fain try us, and make us fall by temptations, by vexations, and afflictions. In our prayer against evil we include, you see, all that the malice of the devil, and bad men led by him, can do to hurt us in any way.

I hope you now understand better than you did before the great value of this Prayer, and the extent of its petitions, so that you may use it with more devotion and earnestness. And I hope you will not be content with saying it in your prayers alone and in Church, but think over it afresh from time to time, at length. Try to understand the full meaning and weight of each sentence.

Robert. Did you not once tell us, sir, we might learn a great deal from the beginning of the LORD'S Prayer, because it makes us think of God, and His honour, and His will before ourselves?

Mr. Weston. I did so, and it shows us how our hearts should be set, like that of our Divine Master, on the things of our heavenly FATHER; how we should be zealous for His glory first, anxious to see His will accomplished. In our services, prayers, sacraments, this must be the first motive, and not to be made good ourselves, so that we may escape the punishments of the wicked, and enjoy the pleasures of heaven. Such wishes may help to make us do a great deal; but GOD'S honour and glory is first and above all.

Malcolm. Did you not say that we are taught our duty to each other, as well as to GOD here, sir, because of saying we forgive every one who has offended us?

Mr. Weston. Not only by that, but by those earlier petitions, in which we seek that our heavenly FATHER'S

name may be hallowed, His kingdom come, His will be done among men. For what can be greater love to our fellow creatures than to strive by our prayers and our labours, that they may be brought thus to salvation, and be together with us sons of GOD, members of His kingdom, united with the glorious company of angels in one happy service. Yes, if we indeed enter into the spirit of these words our hearts must be full of love both to our FATHER in heaven and our brethren on earth, no evil, repining or worldly thought can be allowed to remain in us, but faith, hope, and love, will be cherished, and increase in us.

Robert. What a pity it is we do not always think more of this. I am sure I have often and often said the LORD's Prayer, without doing anything but mind the words, and the sense a little.

Charley. You have said nothing, sir, of the doxology at the end of the LORD's Prayer.

Mr. Weston. If you read any of the Psalms, for instance the 27th, 28th, 30th, 61st, 78th, or any prayers recorded of holy men, you will find them always joining praise, and confessions of GOD's majesty and glory, with their supplications. We have prayed to the ALMIGHTY as having all power, to grant what we ask, we expect an answer from His overflowing goodness, and it is fitting that we should thus solemnly acknowledge the kingdom, the power, and the glory to be His; thus at once expressing our faith and rendering praise to Him. It may well remind us also, that in all things we ought to give the glory to Him, and adore His infinite greatness and mercy, offering Him continual thanks for that He hath called us into His kingdom and glory.

Now you may sing the hymn ;—

“ Praise the LORD, ye heavens adore Him.”

The boys all united their voices in this favourite hymn with Mr. Weston, and then returned home.

SHORT EXTRACTS.—No. V.

I WOULD now address myself to those who have gone back in Church feeling and principle. If you know anything of morals, of the nature of the human heart, it must have come across you, though not personally, how unspeakably injurious, weakening, depraving to the character of any man it is, to turn back from any pursuit or principle, unless persuaded or fully believing that it is worthless or pernicious. The condemnations of retrogression are thick in the pages of Scripture, both historical and dogmatic. History, morals, and the Bible, unite in one voice, and declare the peril, the shame, and mischief of retrogression. This peril, and shame, and mischief our country has incurred in the last few years. But there is much to be said for your seniors which cannot be said for you. Men have done strange things, and Church principles have seemed to lead to shameful results. Even to men of no illogical minds, the practical conclusion of Church principle in the case of so many, has seemed of necessity to vitiate the premises. There has been a well-grounded panic, well grounded, that is to say, in persons ill grounded in doctrine, and by age prudent and amenable to fear.

But all this cannot apply to you. Youth is rash, not fearful; energetic, not reasoning. It is not natural to *you* to reason as old men, and say, "Behold the results, what must be the principles?" It is not natural; it is not in harmony with your age and character. If you use such arguments, and act in accordance with them, rely on it you are deceiving yourselves, and not acting upon them, nor really adopting them into your minds. Some other reasons are at work in you, some other motive or principle. What is it?

Is it that you found Church principles at first inviting and now repulsive? Was it pleasing to your sensitiveness to avoid the coarseness of puritanism? Was it taking to revel in chant, to contemplate the cathedral, to talk of architecture, and old legends, and holy days, and hoary

doctors and saints, to judge your elders, and to form part of a rising, moving party? Was there a body of old English feelings, which gathered round the new idea, memories of Edgehill and Culloden, and ancient halls with banquets, and hearty customs, and simple ways? Was all this very poetic and very captivating, but when you came to find Church membership something more than all this; and you had to act as well as to speak and read; when you were told not to censure your friends, but to walk humbly and quietly, and to discipline your heart and mind; when you met with a repulse, and the tide turned, and dreams dispersed, and a dull, long, and almost desperate struggle stretched out before you, in yourselves and without yourselves, was it then that you turned back, finding Churchmanship more real, practical, severe, and hard, than you had expected?

Or was it the ordinary temptation attendant on a religious impulse, which overcame you, the weeds not rooted out, the cares and pleasures of life choking the seed?

Or was it that you frittered away your impulse and impression in talking and reading, and neglected to embody and fix it in action and habit, wearying yourselves out with the very object which interested you; or weakening your moral character by holding principles unpractically and unreally?

Whatever might be the cause, and you must find and root out the evil in order to save yourselves; whatever be the cause, turn—stand *at once*, if you would deliver yourselves from a fearful responsibility and a lasting injury. All the future is still before you; a future of illimitable self-improvement and increasing usefulness.

I speak also to the indifferent, who have never been otherwise; not to the worldly and dissipated, who require the first principles of repentance; but to those whom education or bias has led to look in a cold or hostile spirit upon the struggle in which Churchmen are engaged. I have not space to argue with those who view the struggle with unfriendly eyes, because they disapprove of Church principles themselves. All I can do is to speak a word to young persons who have been led to feel, most unnaturally to themselves, that the strife is one for forms and

ncies, unimportant to them and to the country. But truth it is a battle for things for which we are fighting, for eternities, for life, for the saving of this Church and country.

To make the parochial system a reality instead of a elusion ; to give the Gospel to the poor in such a manner as will most effectually gain them, and when gained, improve ; to make our churches and cathedrals a home and ever present resort to world-worn hearts ; to increase men's hatred of sin, and to generate a fear of heresy, by spiritual discipline ; to teach doctrine as it was before heresies and prejudices made it what it is ; to uphold the Church and love her as our Mother, and upholding and loving to obey faithfully and exactly ; to have a clergy of primitive zeal and life, and a laity hearing them and following their good example, these are the objects for which we contend, and which we trust we shall not fail to pursue while our life lasts us.

Take the best parish, of the best Evangelical clergyman, or churchman of the old school, and place it side by side with such places as ———, and you will see a real vital difference. It is not a better decorated church, nor chanting, nor rubrical exactness, nor anything of the sort in which that vital difference consists ; but *it is something in principle which causes this great difference in practice*, that there is a better-informed piety, a more frequent and devout worship, a reverent and quiet spirit, a more liberal charity, a more disciplined life. If I cannot describe it, you may see it, and seeing may judge whether such reform is a shadow, a fancy, a form ; or a reality, a precious, Christian reality.

If such considerations and such an examination as is here suggested, shall convince any one that the Church, as she is in her services, as she is in those who follow those services and live by them, is that blessing which the country needs, that reality which thousands look for and as yet find not ; I entreat that person *at once* to throw himself heart and soul into the work which lies before the rising generation, *as theirs to do*, and it may be, *theirs to see rewarded*.—From the Rev. W. E. Heygate's *Earnest Address to Young Churchmen*.

Reviews and Notices.

The Second Adam and the New Birth. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, M.A. Bell and Daldy.

The "Sacrament of Responsibility" by this author has often been spoken of and quoted from in our pages. No abler defence of the scripturalness of the Church's doctrine has ever been conceived, and no Churchman can have either read or used that work without feelings of hearty thankfulness to the writer; were it Mr. Sadler's only work he would have done invaluable service to the Church. In the Book which we mention above, the subject of Holy Baptism is exhausted, and every point of doubt and dispute is most carefully and thoroughly cleared up. We should be curious to see how any who either deny the baptism of infants, or deny its efficacy in their case, can meet and answer a book like this; to us it appears most conclusive.

The arguments are mainly grounded on the work of our LORD as the *Second Adam*, the Regenerator of the human race—All things have been created anew in the SON of Thy love.

First, we have the position assigned by our LORD and His Apostles to Holy Baptism connecting it with "believing" at the most solemn time—to Nicodemus; and the very first answer to three thousand anxious inquirers, "repent and be baptized," and its mention in the Epistles.

Next is the analogy of the two Adams. As Adam was the fountain of the whole human race, and transmits the corrupt nature to *all* from the very first, without their knowledge, consent, or consciousness; so our LORD as the Second Adam is the source of life and grace to counteract the corruption, and to *all*, infants as well as adults, as Mr. Sadler admirably puts it, because otherwise GOD's kingdom would fall short of the corrupt kingdom, and if infants are capable of receiving unconsciously the corruption, why should they be thought incapable of receiving the counteracting grace while equally unconscious? Solemn warning is given to those who forget Whose words they are separating when they disjoin the water from the Spirit in the new birth. Next we are shown how the Old Testament anticipates the sacramental teaching of the Apostles; how the Jews were all addressed as sons and daughters, children and chosen people, in the midst of their rebellions and backslidings; and that the Apostles held all Christians to be members of CHRIST, multiplying numerous proofs and examples, such as S. Paul's words to the wilful sinners among the Corinthians, that by their sins they wounded CHRIST, the more deeply because they had been grafted into His body.

The right use of the words saints and believers; the teaching of the parables and lesser Epistles; the objections from the doctrines of Predestination and Justification, Conversion, and finally the practical effect of the Church doctrine, are all set clearly in view.

We have no words to express the value we set upon this work. Oh, that all parents calling themselves Churchmen would take the trouble to carefully and devoutly read and master this work, and show forth the fruit of it in the bringing up of their children. They here learn what it really is that is entrusted to them with every baptized child; that it is not a body only that they have to care for, not a corrupt nature only that they have to correct, but a seed of heavenly grace, really and truly sown, and to be as really nourished and cherished: this is the ground-work, this is the foundation; it is not the fruit or the building. Let them by their care and nurture bring the fruit to perfection, and let stone by stone of the Christian graces be added to the building, till they flourish, as they alone can flourish, who are planted in the House of the LORD, till they become an holy temple acceptable unto GOD.

We trust the Author will continue his labours in the same devout spirit, and with the clearness and precision that distinguish this volume.

Hopes and Fears. By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." J. W. Parker and Son.

Miss Yonge certainly carries off the palm in her own peculiar path of literature, the moral and religious tale, the vivid picture of the domestic circle, and the life-like portraits and development of the families whose history she relates. "*Hopes and Fears*" is in no way behind her other works; indeed, in some respects it seems to keep pace with the times, and to combat evils of our day with more clearness than usual. In this tale the German rationalism, the semi-infidelity, and the self-indulgent worldliness of our day, have their embodiment in her characters.

We are sorry to lose the most beautiful character within the first fifty pages—Humfrey Charlecote, the true English gentleman and pattern country squire, one whom everybody loves and respects, and no wonder. He is thus described:—

"Years passed on. Rumour had bestowed Mr. Charlecote of Hiltonbury on every lady within twenty miles, but still in vain. His mother was dead, his sister married to an old college fellow, who had waited half a lifetime for a living, but still he kept house alone.

"And open house it was, with a dinner table ever expanding for chance guests, strawberry or syllabub feasts half the summer, and Christmas feasts extending wide on either side of the twelve days. Everyone who wanted a holiday was free of the Holt; young sportsmen tried their inexperienced guns under the squire's patient eye;

and mammas disposed of their children for weeks together, to enjoy the run of the house and garden, and rides according to age, on pony, donkey, or Mr. Charlecote. No festivity in the neighbourhood was complete without his sunshiny presence; he was wanted wherever there was any family event; and was godfather, guardian, friend, and adviser of all. Every one looked on him as a sort of exclusive property, yet he had room in his heart for all. As a magistrate, he was equally indispensable in county government, and a charity must be undeserving indeed that had not Humfrey Charlecote, Esq., on the committee. In his own parish he was a beneficent monarch; on his own estate a mighty farmer, owning that his relaxation and delight were his turnips, his bullocks, and machines; and so content with them, and with his guests, that Honora never recollected that walk in the pine woods without deciding that to have monopolized him would have been an injury to the public, and perhaps less for his happiness than this free, open-hearted bachelor life. Seldom did she recall that scene to mind, for she had never been by it rendered less able to trust to him as her friend and protector, and she stood in need of his services and his comfort, when her father's death had left him the nearest relative, who could advise or transact business for her and her mother. Then, indeed, she leant on him as on the kindest and most helpful of brothers."—Pp. 19, 20.

This is the man whom Honora Charlecote, the old maid of the tale, refuses for her idol, the missionary priest, who becomes a popular preacher in a large colonial town, and marries a lady of his congregation. This event startles her from her idolatry, but only in time to find that Humfrey, whom she can then trust and love, has aneurism of the heart, and is now past all earthly ties; and the way in which this good man during the few months he has to live sets his house in order, and prepares for his death, is one of the most telling parts of the book; nothing can exceed the beauty of the good man's life, and the test of that life in the way he faces death. He dies at the altar rails of his own parish church, just after receiving the Holy Communion.

"Humfrey had been scarcely ailing all the summer, he had gone about his occupations with his usual cheerfulness, and had taken part in all the village festivals as genially as ever. Only close observers could have noticed a slackness towards new undertakings, a gradual putting off of old ones, a training of those, dependent on his counsel, to go alone, a preference for being alone in the evening, a greater habit of stillness and contemplation.

"September had come, and he had merrily sent off two happy boy-sportsmen with the keeper, seeing them over the first field himself, and leaning against the gate, as he sent them away in convulsions of laughing at his droll auguries. The second was a Sunday, a lovely day of clear deep blue sky, and rich sunshine laughing upon the full wealth of harvest fields—part fallen before the hand of the reaper, part waving in their ripe glowing beauty, to which he loved to liken

Honora's hair—part in noble redundant shocks of corn in full season. Brooks used afterwards to tell how he overtook the squire slowly strolling to church on that beauteous autumnal morning, and how he paused to remark on the glory of the harvest, and to add, 'Keep the big barn clear, Brooks—let us have all the women and children in for the supper this time—and I say—send the spotted heifer down to-morrow to old Boycotts, instead of his cow that died. With such a crop as this, one can stand something. And,' said Brooks, 'Thank God for it! was as plain written on his face as ever I saw!'

"It was the first Sunday in the month, and there was full service. Hiltonbury church had one of those old-fashioned altar-rails which form three sides of a square, and where it was the custom that at the words 'Draw near with faith,' the earliest communicants should advance to the rail and remain till their place was wanted by others, and that the last should not return to their seats till the service was concluded. Mr. Charlecote had for many years been always the first parishioner to walk slowly up the matted aisle, and kneel beside the wall, under the cumbrous old tables of Commandments. There, on this day, he knelt as usual, and harvest labours tending to thin the number of communicants, the same who came up first remained to the end, joined their voices in the Eucharistic Lord's Prayer and Angelic Hymn, and bowed their heads at the blessing of the peace that passeth all understanding.

"It was not till the rest were moving away, that the vicar and his clerk remarked that the squire had not risen. Another look, and it was plain that he had sunk somewhat forward on his folded arms, and was only supported by the rail and the wall. The vicar hastily summoned the village doctor, who had not yet left the church. They lifted him, and laid him along on the cushioned step where he had been kneeling, but motion and breath were gone, the strong arms were helpless, and the colour had left the open face. Taken at once from the heavenly Feast on earth to the glory above, could this be called sudden death?

"There he lay on the altar step, with hands crossed on his breast, and perfectly blessed repose on his manly countenance, sweetened and ennobled in its stillness, and in every lineament bearing the impress of that HOLY SPIRIT of love who had made it a meet temple.

"What an unpremeditated lying in state was that! as by ones and twos, beneath the clergyman's eye, the villagers stole in with slowly, heavily falling tread to gaze in silent awe on their best friend, some sobbing and weeping beyond control, others with grave, almost stolid tranquillity, or the murmured 'He *was* a gentleman,' which, in a poor man's mouth, means 'he was a just man and patient, the friend of the weak and poor.' His farmers and his own labourers put their shoulders to bear him once more to his own house, through his half-gathered crops—

'The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.'

‘No, bewail him not. It was glory, indeed, but the glory of early autumn, the garnering of the shock of corn in full season. It was well done of the vicar that a few long, full-grained ears of wheat were all that was laid upon his breast in his coffin.’—Pp. 85—87.

He leaves the estate to Honora, who takes charge of the two orphan children of her former lover, and it is in the development of their characters, and of their relations the Charterises and neighbours the Fulmorts, that the main part of the tale is occupied.

We will not anticipate the pleasure of our readers in the story. Robert Fulmort the clergyman, and son of a rich distiller, is one of the best drawn characters in the book. His zeal, though very admirable, is at first so wanting in loving-kindness and consideration for others, that the sound principles he professes seem in danger of doing more harm than good.

His progress to a more CHRIST-like frame of mind, and the beneficial results on all around him, are well pictured. The masculine propensities in dress and manners of some young ladies are well shown up in the madcap, impulsive, flirting Lucilla Sandbrook, and Horatia Charteris, the former of whom marries an elderly curate, and the latter turns Plymouth Sister.

• *The Root of the Matter* (J. Masters) will be found a useful tale for village girls on the danger of slighting Confirmation and other means of grace.

A Christmas Dream, (J. Masters.) This little work (from which our frontispiece is taken) is one well adapted for circulation at the sacred season of Christmas: it is the account of the Nativity told as a simple dream; the dreamer is in the garb of an old pilgrim of the time.

Mr. S. B. Beal, of 11, Paternoster Row, has been for some time engaged and with much success on different series of small Photographic subjects. It is a great advantage to have them in classes. The last set of six are the Nativity, viz.; 1. The Annunciation to the Virgin, by Talabert; 2. The Salutation of the Virgin and Elizabeth, by Rubens; 3. The Adoration, by Wensderverff; 4. Presentation in the Temple, by Barbieri; 5. Flight into Egypt, by Guido; 6. Massacre of Innocents, by Rubens. They are well selected and nicely executed.

We are glad to be able to record the success of the S. George's Working Man's Institution: they have upwards of two hundred members, but are much in want of funds for the needful fittings, &c. of the house.

